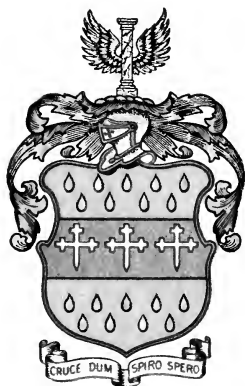




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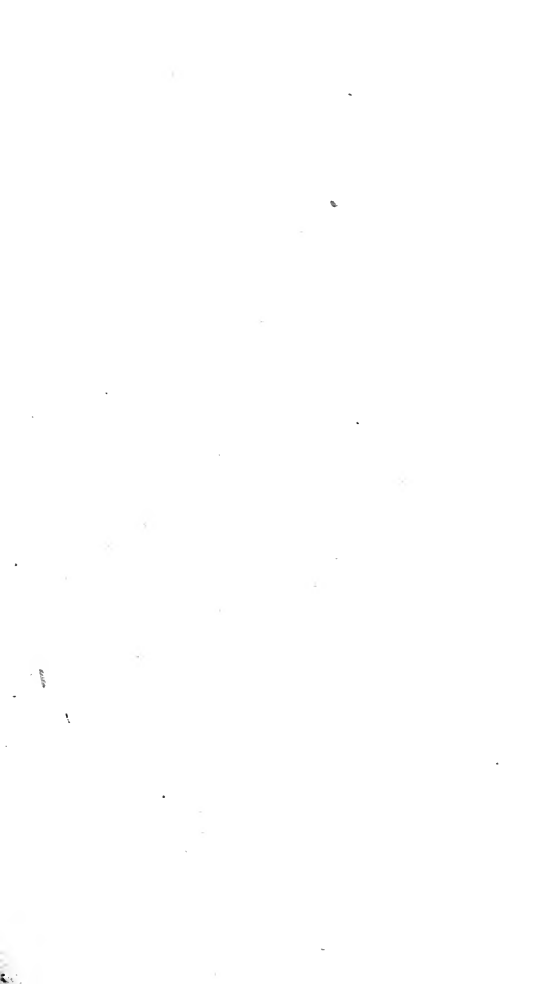
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W. G. 1790.

*MR. MUNDEN as SIR FRANCIS GRIFE.
Well, Sir George, I do think you have
of your Guinea-shal-batnet! thinks he*

London Printed for J. Dodsley, Strand, at one penny.

THE BUSY BODY.

A
COMEDY.

BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRES-ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE, AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,
By Permission of the Managers.

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."
And those printed in Italics are the additions of the Theatres.

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of
JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

M DCC XCI.



SUSANNAH CENTLIVRE.

FROM a situation in her Infancy so obscure that no traces are left to speak of any instruction she ever received, with penury driving her from one place to another a pensioner upon chance, SUSANNAH by the help of much sprightliness and beauty forced herself into three nuptials for her charms, and an admiration of her talents, to which the Stage seems in no haste to affix a boundary.

She married as early as sixteen—We hope that was her first connection; though her Biographers pick up a Cambridge Student by the *way side*, and send her in the male habit to College with him, where they tell us she resided a considerable time.—If she married at sixteen, one should conceive her composed of the inflammable materials of the Spanish females.

A single year compelled her to look abroad for a second husband; and she soon captivated a gentleman whose name was CARROL: him she is said to have tenderly loved. He, however, lost his life in a duel, about a year and a half after their mar-

riage. She was driven again upon expedients, and tried the Stage. She wrote a Tragedy, called the *Perjur'd Husband*; she even attempted the profession of an Actress—We learn, however, that she was unsuccessful. At length, plenty sought after her in the shape of Mr. JOSEPH CENTLIVRE—He was Her Majesty's Cook; and with him she lived happily until the time of her death, on the 1st of December 1723.

Her Plays are in number nineteen, as follows :

<i>Perjur'd Husband</i>	1700	<i>Bickerstaff's Burying, N.D.</i>	
<i>Love's Contrivances</i>	1703	<i>Marplot</i>	1711
<i>Beau's Duel</i> —	1703	<i>Perplex'd Lovers</i>	1712
<i>Stolen Heiress</i> -	1703	<i>Wonder</i> -	1713
<i>Gamester</i> —	1705	<i>Gotham Election</i>	1715
<i>Basset Table</i> —	1706	<i>Wife Well Managed</i>	1715
<i>Love at a Venture</i>	1706	<i>Cruel Gift</i> —	1717
<i>Platonic Lady</i> —	1707	<i>Bold Stroke for a Wife</i>	1718
<i>Busy Body</i> —	1709	<i>Artifice</i> —	1721
<i>Man's Bewitch'd</i>	1710		

THE BUSY BODY.

MRS. CENTLIVRE, after the taste of Mrs. APHRA BEHN, was a Writer of that Comedy, which may be termed the *Intriguing* Drama—built upon chance-medley and situation, mistakes, closets, veils, balconies, old guardians, and young profligates, with a set of ladies who seem bound by no other laws than their inclinations.

I know, positively, no one of her plays which, morally speaking, may not do mischief; but they have bustle, they have business, and carrying the commercial passion with them into their amusements, the English love that their drama should be crowded with *character*, and that its personages should be all people in *plentiful business*.

What may, when her outset in life is considered, be deemed surprising, is, that her Comedies all evidence very forcibly for her acquirements in learning—her assiduity must have augmented with her years,

“Vires acquirit eundo.”

For the modern languages were obviously her own; and of Latin she seems to have had more than to fe-

males is usually given, even where the education has been regular.

She was assuredly an illustrious female Author—
But the literary LADIES of our *own times* dim all preceding claims to the rank of Dramatic Writers—
Mrs. COWLEY, Miss LEE, and the Novel dramatist
BURNEY.

PROLOGUE.

*THO' modern prophets were expos'd of late
The Author could not prophecy her fate ;
If with such scenes an audience had been fir'd
The poet must have really been inspir'd.
But these alas ! are melancholy days
For modern prophets and for modern plays :
Yet since prophetick lies please fools o' fashion,
And women are so fond of agitation,
To men of sense I'll prophesy anew,
And tell you wondrous things that will prove true.
“ Undaunted Col'nels will to camp's repair,
“ Assur'd there'll be no skirmishes this year ;”
On our own terms will flow the wish'd-for peace,
All wars except 'twixt man and wife will cease ;
The Grand Monarque may wish his son a throne,
But hardly will advance to lose his own.
This season most things bear a smiling face,
But play'rs in summer have a dismal case
Since your appearance only is our act of grace.
Court ladies will to country seats begone,
My lord cann't all the year live great in town ;
Where, wanting operas, basset, and a play,
They'll sigh and stitch a gown to pass the time away :*

*Gay city wives at Tunbridge will appear,
Whose husbands long have labour'd for an heir,
Where many a courtier may their wants relieve,
But by the waters only they conceive :
The Fleetstreet sempstress—toast of Temple sparks,
That runs spruce neckcloths for attornies' clerks,
At Cupid's gardens will her hours regale,
Sing fair Dorinda, and drink bottled ale :
At all assemblies rakes are up and down,
And gamesters where they think they are not known.*

*Should I denounce our author's fate to-day,
To cry down prophecies you'd damn the play :
Yet whims like these have sometimes made you laugh ;
'Tis tattling all, like Isaac Bickerstaff.*

*Since war and places claim the bards that write,
Be kind, and bear a woman's treat to-night ;
Let your indulgence all her fears allay,
And none but women-haters damn this play.*

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

<i>Sir GEORGE AIRY, a gentleman of four thousand a year, in love with Miranda</i>	Mr. Palmer.
<i>Sir FRANCIS GRIPE, guardian to Miranda and Marplot, father to Charles, in love with Miranda - - - - -</i>	Mr. Parsons.
<i>CHARLES, friend to Sir George, in love with Isabinda - - - - -</i>	Mr. Barrymore.
<i>Sir JEALOUS TRAFFICK, a merchant that had lived some time in Spain, father to Isabinda - - - - -</i>	Mr. Baddeley.
<i>MARPLOT, a sort of silly fellow, covardly, but very inquisitive to know every body's business - - - - -</i>	Mr. King.
<i>WHISPER, servant to Charles - - -</i>	Mr. Burton.

Women.

<i>MIRANDA, an heiress, worth thirty thousand pounds, really in love with Sir George, but pretends to be so with her guardian, Sir Francis - - - - -</i>	Miss Farren.
<i>ISABINDA, daughter to Sir Jealous, in love with Charles, but designed for a Spanish merchant by her father - - - - -</i>	Miss Wheeler.
<i>PATCH, her woman - - - - -</i>	Miss Pope.
<i>SCENTWELL, woman to Miranda - -</i>	Miss Tidswell.

Dramatis Personae.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

<i>Sir GEORGE AIRY, a gentleman of four thousand a year, in love with Miranda</i>	Mr. Holman.
<i>Sir FRANCIS GRIPE, guardian to Miranda and Marplot, father to Charles, in love with Miranda - - - - -</i>	Mr. Munden.
<i>CHARLES, friend to Sir George, in love with Isabinda - - - - -</i>	Mr. Macready.
<i>Sir JEALOUS TRAFFICK, a merchant that had lived some time in Spain, father to Isabinda - - - - -</i>	Mr. Thompson.
<i>MARPLOT, a sort of silly fellow, cowardly, but very inquisitive to know every body's business - - - - -</i>	Mr. Lewis.
<i>WHISPER, servant to Charles - - -</i>	Mr. Bernard.

Women.

<i>MIRANDA, an heiress, worth thirty thousand pounds, really in love with Sir George, but pretends to be so with her guardian, Sir Francis - - - - -</i>	Miss Pope.
<i>ISABINDA, daughter to Sir Jealous, in love with Charles, but designed for a Spanish merchant by her father - . - - -</i>	Mrs. Mountain.
<i>PATCH, her woman - - - - -</i>	Mrs. Harlowe.
<i>SCENTWELL, woman to Miranda - -</i>	Mrs. Platt.



THE BUSY BODY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Park. Sir GEORGE AIRY meeting CHARLES.

Charles.

HA! Sir George Airy a birding thus early! what forbidden game rous'd you so soon? for no lawful occasion could invite a person of your figure abroad, at such unfashionable hours.

Sir Geo. There are some men, Charles, whom fortune has left free from inquietudes, who are diligently studious to find out ways and means to make themselves uneasy.

Cha. Is it possible that any thing in nature can ruffle the temper of a man whom the four seasons of the year compliment with as many thousand pounds, nay, and a father at rest with his ancestors?

Sir Geo. Why, there it is now! a man that wants money thinks none can be unhappy that has it; but my affairs are in such a whimsical posture that it will

require a calculation of my nativity to find if my gold will relieve me or not.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha! never consult the stars about that; gold has a power beyond them, “gold unlocks
“the midnight councils; gold outdoes the wind, be-
“calms the ship, or fills her sails; gold is omnipotent
“below; it makes whole armies fight or fly; it buys
“even souls, and bribes wretches to betray their
“country:” then what can thy business be that gold won’t serve thee in?

Sir Geo. Why I’m in love.

Cha. In love! —Ha, ha, ha, ha! in love! —Ha, ha, ha, ha! with what pr’ythee? a cherubine?

Sir Geo. No, with a woman.

Cha. A woman! good. Ha, ha, ha, ha! and gold not help thee?

Sir Geo. But suppose I’m in love with two——

Cha. Ay, if thou’rt in love with two hundred, gold will fetch ’em I warrant thee, boy. But who are they? who are they? come.

Sir Geo. One is a lady whose face I never saw, but witty to a miracle; the other beautiful as Venus——

Cha. And a fool——

Sir Geo. For aught I know, for I never spoke to her; but you can inform me. I am charm’d by the wit of the one, and die for the beauty of the other.

Cha. And pray which are you in quest of now?

Sir Geo. I prefer the sensual pleasure; I’m for her I’ve seen, who is thy father’s ward, Miranda.

Cia. Nay, then I pity you; for the Jew my father

will no more part with her and thirty thousand pounds than he would with a guinea to keep me from starving.

Sir Geo. Now you see gold can't do every thing, Charles.

Cha. Yes, for 'tis her gold that bars my father's gate against you.

Sir Geo. Why, if he be this avaricious wretch how can'st thou by such a liberal education?

Cha. Not a souse out of his pocket I assure you: I had an uncle who defray'd that charge; but for some little wildnesses of youth, though he made me his heir, left dad my guardian till I came to years of discretion, which I presume the old gentleman will never think I am; and now he has got the estate into his clutches, it does me no more good than if it lay in Prester John's dominions.

Sir Geo. What, canst thou find no stratagem to redeem it?

Cha. I have made many essays to no purpose; though want, the mistress of invention, still tempts me on, yet still the old fox is too cunning for me.—I am upon my last project, which if it fails, then for my last refuge, a brown musquet.

Sir Geo. What is't? can I assist thee?

Cha. Not yet; when you can I have confidence enough in you to ask it.

Sir Geo. I am always ready. But what does he intend to do with Miranda? is she to be sold in private, or will he put her up by way of auction, at who bids

most? if so, egad I'm for him; my gold, as you say, shall be subservient to my pleasure.

Cha. To deal ingenuously with you, sir George, I know very little of her or home; for since my uncle's death and my return from travel I have never been well with my father; he thinks my expences too great, and I his allowance too little; he never sees me but he quarrels, and to avoid that I shun his house as much as possible. The report is he intends to marry her himself.

Sir Geo. Can she consent to it?

Cha. Yes faith, so they say: but I tell you I am wholly ignorant of the matter. "Miranda and I are like two violent members of a contrary party; I can scarce allow her beauty, though all the world does, nor she me civility for that contempt." I fancy she plays the mother-in-law already, and sets the old gentleman on to do mischief.

Sir Geo. Then I have your free consent to get her?

Cha. Ay, and my helping hand if occasion be.

Sir Geo. Poh! yonder's a fool coming this way, let's avoid him.

Cha. What, Marplot? No, no, he's my instrument; there's a thousand conveniencies in him; he'll lend me his money when he has any, run of my errands, and be proud on it; in short, he'll pimp for me, lie for me, drink for me, do any thing but fight for me, and that I trust to my own arm for.

Sir Geo. Nay, then he's to be endured; I never knew his qualifications before.

Enter MARPLOT with a patch cross his face.

Mar. Dear Charles your's—Ha! Sir George Airy! the man in the world I have an ambition to be known to! [*Aside.*] Give me thy hand, dear boy.

Cha. A good assurance! But hark ye, how came your beautiful countenance clouded in the wrong place?

Mar. I must confess 'tis a little *mal-a-propos*; but no matter for that. A word with you Charles. Pr'y-thee introduce me to sir George—he is a man of wit, and I'd give ten guineas to——

Cha. When you have 'em you mean.

Mar. Ay, when I have 'em; pugh, pox, you cut the thread of my discourse——I would give ten guineas I say to be rank'd in his acquaintance. “Well, “'tis a vast addition to a man's fortune, according to “the rout of the world, to be seen in the company of “leading men, for then we are all thought to be politicians, or whigs, or jacks, or highflyers, or lowflyers, “or levellers—and so forth; for you must know we “all herd in parties now.

“*Cha.* Then a fool for diversion is out of fashion I find.

Mar. “Yes, without it be a mimicking fool, and they “are darlings every where.” But pry'thee introduce me.

Cha. Well, on condition you'll give us a true account how you came by that mourning nose I will.

Mar. I'll do it.

Cha. Sir George, here's a gentleman has a passionate desire to kiss your hand.

Sir Geo. Oh, I honour men of the sword! and I presume this gentleman is lately come from Spain or Portugal—by his scars.

Mar. No, really, sir George, mine sprung from civil fury. Happening last night into the groom porter's—I had a strong inclination to go ten guineas with a sort of a, sort of a—kind of a milksop, as I thought. A pox of the dice! he flung out, and my pockets being empty, as Charles knows they often are, he proved a surly North Briton, and broke my face for my deficiency.

Sir Geo. Ha, ha! and did not you draw?

Mar. Draw sir! why I did but lay my hand upon my sword to make a swift retreat, and he roar'd out, Now the deel a ma sal, sir, gin ye touch yer steel I se whip mine through yer wem.

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha!

Cha Ha, ha, ha, ha! Safe was the word. So you walk'd off I suppose.

Mar. Yes, for I avoid fighting, purely to be serviceable to my friends you know—

Sir Geo. Your friends are much obliged to you, sir: I hope you'll rank me in that number.

Mar. Sir George, a bow from the side box, or to be seen in your chariot, binds me ever your's.

Sir Geo. Trifles; you may command 'em when you please.

Cha. Provided he may command you.

Mar. Me! why I live for no other purpose—Sir George, I have the honour to be caress'd by most of the reigning toasts of the town: I'll tell 'em you are the finest gentleman—

Sir Geo. No, no, pry'thee let me alone to tell the ladies—my parts—Can you convey a letter upon occasion, or deliver a message with an air of business, ha?

Mar. With the assurance of a page and the gravity of a statesman.

Sir Geo. You know Miranda.

Mar. What! my sister ward? why, her guardian is mine; we are fellow sufferers. Ah, he is a covetous, cheating, sanctified, curmudgeon: that sir Francis Gripe is a damn'd old—hypocritical—

Cha. Hold, hold; I suppose, friend, you forget that he is my father.

Mar. Egad and so I did Charles—I ask your pardon, Charles, but it is for your sake I hate him. Well, I say the world is mistaken in him; his outside piety makes him every man's executer, and his inside cunning makes him every heir's gaoler. Egad, Charles, I'm halfpersuaded that thou'rt some ward too, and never of his getting—for never were two things so unlike as you and your father; he scrapes up every thing and thou spend'st every thing; every body is indebted to him, and thou art indebted to every body.

Cha. You are very free, Mr. Marplot,

Mar. Ay, I give and take, Charles—you may be as free with me you know.

Sir Geo. A pleasant fellow.

Cha. The dog is diverting sometimes, or there would be no enduring his impertinence. He is pressing to be employed, and willing to execute; but some ill fate generally attends all he undertakes, and he oftener spoils an intrigue than helps it.

Mar. *I have always your good word, but if I miscarry 'tis none of my fault; I follow my instructions.*

Cha. Yes, witness the merchant's wife.

Mar. Pish, pox! that was an accident.

Sir Geo. What was it, pr'ythee?

Mar. *Nay, Charles, now don't expose your friend.*

Cha. Why, you must know I had lent a certain merchant my hunting horses, and was to have met his wife in his absence. Sending him along with my groom to make the compliment, and to deliver a letter to the lady at the same time, what does he do but gives the husband the letter and offers her the horses!

Mar. *Why, to be sure, I did offer her the horses, and I remember you was even with me, for you deny'd the letter to be your's, and swore I had a design upon her, which my bones paid for.*

Cha. Come, Sir George, let's walk round if you are not engag'd, for I have sent my man upon a little earnest business, and I have ordered him to bring me the answer into the Park.

Mar. Business! and I not know it! Egad I'll watch him.

Sir Geo. I must beg your pardon, Charles, I am to meet your father.

Cha. My father!

Sir Geo. Ay, and about the oddest bargain, perhaps, you ever heard of; but I'll not impart till I know the success.

Mar. What can his business be with Sir Francis? Now would I give all the world to know it. Why the devil should not one know every man's concerns!

[*Aside.*

Cha. Prosperity to't whate'er it be: I have private affairs too: over a bottle we'll compare notes.

Mar. Charles knows I love a glass as well as any man; I'll make one; shall it be to-night? Add I long to know their secrets.

[*Aside.*

Enter WHISPER.

Whisp. Sir, Sir, Mrs. Patch says Isabinda's Spanish father has quite spoil'd the plot, and she can't meet you in the Park, but he infallibly will go out this afternoon she says: but I must step again to know the hour.

Mar. What did Whisper say now? I shall go stark mad if I'm not let into the secret.

[*Aside.*

Cha. Curst misfortune!

Mar. *Curst! what's curst, Charles?*

Cha. Come along with me, my heart feels pleasure at her name. Sir George, your's; we'll meet at the old place the usual hour.

Sir Geo. Agreed. I think I see Sir Francis yonder.

[*Exit.*

Cha. Marplot, you must excuse me ; I am engag'd.
[Exit.]

Mar. Engag'd ! Egad I'll engage my life I'll know what your engagement is.
[Exit.]

Miran. coming out of a chair.] Let the chair wait. My servant that dogg'd Sir George said he was in the Park.

Enter PATCH.

Ha ! miss Patch alone ! did not you tell me you had contrived a way to bring Isabinda to the Park ?

Patch. Oh, madam, your ladyship cann't imagine what a wretched disappointment we have met with ! Just as I had fetch'd a suit of my clothes for a disguise, comes my old master into his closet, which is right against her chamber door : this struck us into a terrible fright—at length I put on a grave face, and ask'd him if he was at leisure for his chocolate ? in hopes to draw him out of his hole ; but he snapp'd my nose off : “ No, I shall be busy here these two hours.” At which my poor mistress seeing no way of escape ordered me to wait on your ladyship with the sad relation.

Miran. Unhappy Isabinda ! was ever any thing so unaccountable as the humour of Sir Jealous Traffick ?

Patch. Oh, madam, it's his living so long in Spain ; he vows he'll spend half his estate but he'll be a parliament-man, on purpose to bring in a bill for women to wear veils, and other odious Spanish customs—He swears it is the height of impudence to have a woman

seen barefac'd even at church, and scarce believes there's a true begotten child in the city.

Miran. Ha, ha, ha! how the old fool torments himself! Suppose he could introduce his rigid rules—does he think we could not match them in contrivance? No, no; let the tyrant man make what laws he will, if there's a woman under the government, I warrant she finds a way to break 'em. Is his mind set upon the Spaniard for his son-in-law still?

Patch. Ay, and he expects him by the next fleet, which drives his daughter to melancholy and despair. But, madam, I find you retain the same gay cheerful spirit you had when I waited on your ladyship.—My lady is mighty good-humour'd too, and I have found a way to make Sir Jealous believe I am wholly in his interest, when my real design is to serve her: he makes me her gaoler, and I set her at liberty.

Miran. I knew thy prolifick brain would be of singular service to her, or I had not parted with thee to her father.

Patch. But, madam, the report is that you are going to marry your guardian.

Miran. It is necessary such a report should be, Patch.

Patch. But is it true, madam!

Miran. That's not absolutely necessary.

Patch. I thought it was only the old strain, coaxing him still for your own, and railling at all the young fellows about town: in my mind now you are as ill plagu'd, with your guardian, madam, as my lady is with her father.

Miran. No, I have liberty, wench; that she wants: what would she give now to be in this dishabille in the open air, nay more, in pursuit of the young fellow she likes? for that's my case I assure you.

Patch. As for that, madam, she's even with you; for tho' she can't come abroad we have a way to bring him home in spite of old Argus.

Miran. Now, Patch, your opinion of my choice, for here he comes.—Ha! my guardian with him! what can be the meaning of this? I'm sure Sir Francis can't know me in this dress.—Let's observe 'em.

[*They withdraw.*]

Enter Sir FRANCIS GRIPE and Sir GEORGE AIRY.

Sir Fran. Verily, Sir George, thou wilt repent throwing away thy money so, for I tell thee sincerely, Miranda, my charge, does not like a young fellow; they are all vicious, and seldom make good husbands: in sober sadness she cannot abide 'em.

Miran. peeping.] In sober sadness you are mistaken.—What can this mean?

Sir Geo. Look ye, Sir Francis, whether she can or cannot abide young fellows is not the business: will you take the fifty guineas?

Sir Fran. In good truth I will not—for I knew thy father, he was a hearty wary man, and I cannot consent that his son should squander away what he sav'd to no purpose.

Miran. peeping.] Now, in the name of wonder what bargain can he be driving about me for fifty guineas?

Patch. I wish it be n't for the first night's lodging, madam.

Sir Geo. Well, Sir Francis, since you 'are so conscientious for my father's sake, then permit me the favour gratis.

Miran. peeping.] The favour! O' my life I believe 'tis as you said, Patch.

Sir Fran. No verily; if thou dost not buy thy experience thou wilt never be wise; therefore give me a hundred, and try thy fortune.

Sir Geo. The scruples arose, I find, from the scanty sum.—Let me see—a hundred guineas—[*Takes 'em out of a purse and chinks 'em.*] Ha! they have a very prettysound, and a very pleasing look—But then, Miranda—but if she should be cruel——

Miran. peeping.] As ten to one I shall——

Sir Fran. Ay, do, consider on't. He, he, he!

Sir Geo. No, I'll do't.

Patch. Do't! what, whether you will or no, madam?

Sir Geo. Come, to the point; here's the gold; sum up the conditions ——

[*Sir Fran. pulling out a paper.*]

Miran. peeping.] Ay, for Heaven's sake do, for my expectation is on the rack.

Sir Fran. Well, at your peril be it.

Sir Geo. Ay, ay, go on.

Sir Fran. Imprimis, you are to be admitted into my house in order to move your suit to Miranda, for the

space of ten minutes, without let or molestation, provided I remain in the same room.

Sir Geo. But out of earshot.

Sir Fran. Well, well, I don't desire to hear what you say; ha, ha, ha! in consideration I am to have that purse and a hundred guineas.

Sir Geo. Take it—— [Gives him the purse.

Miran. peeping.] So, 'tis well it's no worse: I'll fit you both——

Sir Geo. And this agreement is to be performed to-day.

Sir Fran. Ay, ay; the sooner the better. Poor fool! how Miranda and I shall laugh at him!—Well, Sir George, ha, ha, ha! take the last sound of your guineas, ha, ha, ha! [*Chinks 'em.*] [Exit.

Miran. peeping.] Sure he does not know I am Miranda.

Sir Geo. A very extraordinary bargain I have made truly; if she should be really in love with this old cuff now—Psha! that's morally impossible.—But then, what hopes have I to succeed? I never spoke to her——

Miran. peeping.] Say you so? then I am safe.

Sir Geo. What tho' my tongue never spoke? my eyes said a thousand things, and my hopes flatter'd me her's answer'd 'em. If I'm lucky——if not, it is but a hundred guineas thrown away.

[*Miranda and Patch come forward.*

Miran. Upon what, Sir George?

Sir Geo. Ha! my incognita—upon a woman, madam.

Miran. They are the worst things you can deal in, and damage the soonest; your very breath destroys 'em, and I fear you'll never see your return, Sir George, ha, ha!

Sir Geo. Were they more brittle than china, and dropped to pieces with a touch, every atom of her I have ventur'd at, if she is but mistress of thy wit, ballances ten times the sum.—Pr'ythee, let me see thy face.

Miran. By no means; that may spoil your opinion of my sense——

Sir Geo. Rather confirm it, madam.

Patch. So rob the lady of your gallantry, sir.

Sir Geo. No child, a dish of chocolate in the morning never spoils my dinner: the other lady I design a set meal; so there's no danger.—

Miran. Matrimony! ha, ha, ha! what crimes have you committed against the god of Love, that he should revenge 'em so severely, to stamp husband on your forehead?

Sir Geo. For my folly, in having so often met you here without pursuing the laws of Nature and exercising her command——But I resolve ere we part now to know who you are, where you live, what kind of flesh and blood your face is; therefore unmask, and don't put me to the trouble of doing it for you.

Miran. My face is the same flesh and blood with

my hand, Sir George, which if you'll be so rude to provoke—

Sir Geo. You'll apply it to my cheek—the ladies' favours are always welcome, but I must have that cloud withdrawn. [*Taking hold of her.*] Remember you are in the Park, child; and what a terrible thing would it be to lose this pretty white hand?

Miran. And how will it sound in a chocolate house that Sir George Airy rudely pulled off a lady's mask, when he had given her his honour that he never would, directly or indirectly, endeavour to know her till she gave him leave?

“*Patch.* I wish we were safe out.”

Sir Geo. But if that lady thinks fit to pursue and meet me at every turn, like some troubled spirit, shall I be blam'd if I inquire into the reality? I would have nothing dissatisfied in a female shape.

Miran. What shall I do? [*Pauses.*]

Sir Geo. Ay, pr'ythee consider, for thou shalt find me very much at thy service.

Patch. Suppose, sir, the lady should be in love with you?

Sir Geo. Oh! I'll return the obligation in a moment.

Patch. And marry her?

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha! that's not the way to love her, child.

Miran. If he discovers me I shall die—Which way shall I escape?—let me see. [*Pauses.*]

Sir Geo. Well, madam——

Miran. I have it——*Sir George*, 'tis fit you should allow something; if you'll excuse my face, and turn your back, (if you look upon me I shall sink, even mask'd as I am) I will confess why I have engag'd you so often, who I am, and where I live.

Sir Geo. Well, to shew you I'm a man of honour, I accept the conditions: let me but once know those, and the face won't be long a secret to me.

Patch. What mean you, madam!

Miran. To get off.

Sir Geo. 'Tis something indecent to turn one's back upon a lady; but you command and I obey. [*Turns his back.*] Come, madam, begin—

Miran. First, then, it was my unhappy lot to see you at Paris [*Draws back a little way, and speaks.*] at a ball upon a birthday; your shape and air charm'd my eyes, your wit and complaisance my soul, and from that fatal night I lov'd you. [*Drawing back.*

*And when you left the place grief seiz'd me so,
Nor rest my heart nor sleep my eyes could know,*

Last I resolv'd a hazardous point to try,

And quit the place in search of liberty. [Exit.

Sir Geo. Excellent—I hope she's handsome—Well, now madam, to the two other things, your name, and where you live—I am a gentleman, and this confession will not be lost upon me—Nay, pr'ythee don't weep, but go on, for I find my heart melts in thy behalf—Speak quickly, or I shall turn about—Not .

yet—Poor lady! she expects I should comfort her, and to do her justice she has said enough to encourage me. [*Turns about.*] Ha! gone! the devil! jilted! Why, what a tale has she invented—of Paris, balls, and birthdays!—Egad I'd give ten guineas to know who the gipsy is—A curse of my folly—I deserve to lose her. What woman can forgive a man that turns his back!

*The bold and resolute in love and war
To conquer take the right and swiftest way;
The boldest lover soonest gains the fair,
As courage makes the rudest force obey:
Take no denial and the dames adore ye;
Closely pursue them and they fall before ye.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Sir FRANCIS GRIPE and MIRANDA.

Sir Francis.

HA, ha, ha, ha!

Miran. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Oh, I shall die with laughing—the most romantick adventure—Ha, ha, ha! What does the odious young fop mean? A hundred pieces to talk ten minutes with me! ha, ha, ha, ha!

Sir Fran And I am to be by too, there's the jest: adad if it had been in private I should not have car'd to trust the young dog.

Miran. Indeed and indeed but you might, Gardy—
Now methinks there's nobody handsomer than you :
so neat, so clean, so good-humour'd, and so loving—

Sir Fran. Pretty rogue, pretty rogue ! and so thou
shalt find me, if thou dost prefer thy Gardy before
these caperers of the age : thou shalt outshine the
queen's box on an opera night ; thou shalt be the
envy of the ring, (for I will carry thee to Hyde-Park)
and thy equipage shall surpass the——what d'ye call
'em ambassador's.

Miran. Nay, I am sure the discreet part of my sex
will envy me more for the inside furniture, when you
are in it, than my outside equipage.

Sir Fran. A cunning baggage i'faith thou art, and
a wise one too ! and to shew thee that thou hast not
chose amiss, I'll this moment disinherit my son and
settle my whole estate upon thee.

Miran. There's an old rogue now. [*Aside.*] No,
Gardy, I would not have your name be so black in
the world—Yow know my father's will runs that I am
not to possess my estate, without your consent, till I
am five-and-twenty ; you shall only abate the odd
seven years, and make me mistress of my estate to-
day, and I'll make you master of my person to-morrow.

Sir Fran. Humph ! that may not be safe—No,
Chargy, I'll settle it upon thee for pinmoney, and that
will be every bit as well thou know'st.

Miran. Unconscionable old wretch ! bribe me with
my own money !—Which way shall I get out of his
hands.

[*Aside.*

Sir Fran. Well, what art thou thinking on my girl, ha? how to banter Sir George!

Miran. I must not pretend to banter; he knows my tongue too well. [*Aside.*] No, Gardy, I have thought of a way will confound him more than all I could say, if I should talk to him seven years.

Sir Fran. How's that? oh! I'm transported, I'm ravish'd, I'm mad——

Miran. It would make you mad if you knew all. [*Aside.*] I'll not answer him a word, but be dumb to all he says.

Sir Fran. Dumb! good; ha, ha, ha! Excellent! ha, ha, ha, ha! I think I have you now, Sir George. Dumb! he'll go distracted—well, she's the wittiest rogue.—Ha, ha, dumb! I can't but laugh, ha, ha! to think how damn'd mad he'll be when he finds he has given his money away for a dumb show; ha, ha, ha!

Miran. Nay, Gardy, if he did but know my thoughts of him it would make him ten times madder; ha, ha, ha, ha!

Sir Fran. Ay, so it would, Chargy, to hold him in such derision, to scorn to answer him, to be dumb! ha, ha, ha!

Enter CHARLES.

Sir Fran. How now, sirrah! who let you in?

Cha. My necessities, sir.

Sir Fran. Your necessities are very impertinent, and ought to have sent before they enter'd.

Cha. Sir, I knew 'twas a word would gain admittance no where.

Sir Fran. Then, sirrah, how durst you rudely thrust that upon your father, which nobody else would admit?

Cha. Sure the name of a son is a sufficient plea. I ask this lady's pardon if I have intruded.

Sir Fran. Ay, ay, ask her pardon and her blessing too, if you expect any thing from me.

Miran. I believe yours, Sir Francis, in a purse of guineas, would be more material. Your son may have business with you; I'll retire.

Sir Fran. I guess his business, but I'll dispatch him; I expect the knight every minute: you'll be in readiness?

Miran. Certainly; my expectation is more upon the wing than yours, old gentleman. [Exit.]

Sir Fran. Well, sir.

Cha. Nay, it is very ill, sir; my circumstances are I'm sure.

Sir Fran. And what's that to me, sir? your management should have made 'em better.

Cha. If you please to entrust me with the management of my estate I shall endeavour it, sir.

Sir Fran. What, to set upon a card, and buy a lady's favour at the price of a thousand pieces, to rig out an equipage for a wench, or by your carelessness to enrich your steward, to fine for sheriff, or put up for a parliament-man?

Cha. I hope I should not spend it this way: how-

ever I ask only for what my uncle left me; yours you may dispose of as you please, sir.

Sir Fran. That I shall out of your reach, I assure you, sir. Adad these young fellows think old men get estates for nothing but them to squander away in dicing, wenching, drinking, dressing, and so forth.

Cha. I think I was born a gentleman, sir, I'm sure my uncle bred me like one.

Sir Fran. From which you would infer, sir, that gaming, whoring, and the pox, are requisites for a gentleman.

Cha. Monstrous! when I would ask him only for a support he falls into these unmannerly reproaches. I must, tho' against my will, employ invention, and by stratagem relieve myself. *[Aside.]*

Sir Fran. Sirrah, what is it you mutter, sirrah? ha! *[Holds up his cane.]* I say you sha'n't have a groat out of my hands till I please—and may be I'll never please; and what's that to you?

Cha. Nay, to be robb'd or have one's throat cut is not much——

Sir Fran. What's that, sirrah? would you rob me or cut my throat, ye rogue?

Cha. Heaven forbid, sir!—I said no such thing.

Sir Fran. Mercy on me! what a plague it is to have a son of one-and-twenty, who wants to elbow one out of one's life to edge himself into the estate!

Enter MARPLOT.

Mar. Egad he's here—I was afraid I had lost him:

his secret could not be with his father; his wants are publick there.—Guardian, your servant—*O Charles, are you there?* I know by that sorrowful countenance of thine the old man's fist is as close as his strong box—But I'll help thee.

Sir Fran. So! here's another extravagant coxcomb that will spend his fortune before he comes to't, but he shall pay swinging interest, and so let the fool go on.—Well, what, does necessity bring you too, sir?

Mar. You have hit it, Guardian—I want a hundred pounds.

Sir Fran. For what?

Mar. Pugh! for a hundred things; I can't for my life tell you for what.

Cha. Sir, I suppose I have received all the answer I am like to have.

Mar. Oh the devil! if he gets out before me I shall lose him again.

Sir Fran. Ay, sir, and you may be marching as soon as you please—I must see a change in your temper, ere you find one in mine.

Mar. Pray, sir, dispatch me; the money, sir; I'm in mighty haste.

Sir Fran. Fool, take this and go to the cashier. I sha'n't be long piagu'd with thee. [*Gives him a note.*]

Mar. Devil take the cashier! I shall certainly have Charles gone before I come back. [*Runs out.*]

Cha. Well, sir, I take my leave—but remember you expose an only son to all the miseries of wretched

poverty, which too often lays the plan for scenes of mischief.

Sir Fran. Stay, Charles! I have a sudden thought come into my head may prove to thy advantage.

Cha. Ha! does he relent?

Sir Fran. My lady Wrinkle, worth forty thousand pounds, sets up for a handsome young husband; she prais'd thee t'other day; tho' the matchmakers can get twenty guineas for a sight of her I can introduce thee for nothing.

Cha. My lady Wrinkle, sir! why, she has but one eye.

Sir Fran. Then she'll see but half your extravagance, sir.

Cha. Condemn me to such a piece of deformity! a toothless, dirty, wry-neck'd, hunch-back'd, hag!

Sir Fran. Hunch-back'd! so much the better! then she has a rest for her misfortunes, for thou wilt load her swingingly. Now, I warrant, you think this is no offer of a father; forty thousand pounds is nothing with you.

Cha. Yes, sir, I think it is too much; a young beautiful woman with half the money would be more agreeable.—I thank you, sir; but you chuse better for yourself I find.

Sir Fran. Out of my doors, you dog! you pretend to meddle with my marriage, sirrah!

Cha. Sir, I obey; but—

Sir Fran. But me no buts—begone, sir! dare to ask

me for money again——refuse forty thousand pounds!
Out of my doors I say, without reply. [Exit Cha.

Enter MARPLOT running.

Mar. Ha! gone! is Charles gone, Gardy?

Sir Fran. Yes, and I desire your wise worship to walk after him.

Mar. Nay, egad I shall run, I tell you that. A pox of the cashier for detaining me so long! Where the devil shall I find him now? I shall certainly lose this secret, and I had rather by half lose my money——Where shall I find him now——D'ye know where Charles is gone, Gardy?

Sir Fran. Gone to the devil, and you may go after him.

Mar. Ay that I will as fast as I can. [Going returns.] Have you any commands there, Gardy? [Ex.

Sir Fran. What, is the fellow distracted?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir George Airy inquires for you, sir.

Sir Fran. Desire sir George to walk up.——Now for a trial of skill that will make me happy and him a fool. Ha, ha, ha! In my mind he looks like an ass already.

Enter Sir GEORGE.

Well, sir George, do you hold in the same mind, or would you capitulate? ha, ha, ha! Look, here are the guineas; [Chinks them.] ha, ha, ha!

Sir Geo. Not if they were twice the sum, sir Francis,

therefore be brief, call in the lady, and take your post.

Sir Fran. Agreed. Miranda! [Exit.

Sir Geo. If she's a woman, and not seduc'd by witchcraft to this old rogue, I'll make his heart ache; for of she has but one grain of inclination about her I'll vary a thousand shapes but find it.

Enter MIRANDA and Sir FRANCIS.

Sir Fran. There, sir George, try your fortune.

[Takes out his watch.

Sir Geo. So from the eastern chambers breaks the sun, dispels the clouds, and gilds the vales below.

[Salutes her.

Sir Fran. Hold, sir; kissing was not in our agreement.

Sir Geo. Oh! that's by way of prologue. Pry'thee, old mammon, to thy post.

Sir Fran. Well, young Timon, 'tis now four exactly; ten minutes, remember, is your utmost limit; not a minute more.

[Retires to the bottom of the stage.

Sir Geo. Madam, whether you'll excuse or blame my love, the author of this rash proceeding, depends upon your pleasure, as also the life of your admirer; your sparkling eyes speak a heart susceptible of love, your vivacity a soul too delicate to admit the embraces of decayed mortality.

Miran. aside.] Oh! that I durst speak——

Sir Geo. Shake off this tyrant guardian's yoke; assume yourself, and dash his bold aspiring hopes. The deity of his desires is avarice, a heretick in love, and

ought to be banish'd by the queen of beauty. See, madam, a faithful servant kneels, and begs to be admitted in the number of your slaves.

[*Miranda gives him her hand to raise him.*

Sir Fran. "I wish I could hear what he says now."

[*Running up.*] Hold, hold, hold! no palming, that's contrary to articles——

Sir Geo. 'Sdeath, sir, keep your distance, or I'll write another article in your guts.

[*Lays his hand to his sword.*

Sir Fran. going back.] A bloody-minded fellow.

Sir Geo. Not answer me! perhaps she thinks my address too grave: I'll be more free—Can you be so unconscionable, madam, to let me say all these fine things to you without one single compliment in return? View me well; am I not a proper handsome fellow, ha? can you prefer that old, dry, wither'd, sapless log of sixty-five to the vigorous, gay, sprightly love of twenty-four? With snoring only he'll awake thee, but I with ravishing delight would make thy senses dance in concert with the joyful minutes—Ha! not yet? "Sure she's dumb"—Thus would I steal and touch thy beauteous hand, [*Takes hold of her hand.*] 'till by degrees I reach'd thy snowy breasts, then ravish kisses thus.

[*Embraces her with ecstasy.*

Miran. struggles, and flings from him.] Oh, heavens! I shall not be able to contain myself. [*Aside.*

Sir Fran. running up with his watch in his hand.] Sure she did not speak to him——There's five of the ten

minutes gone, sir George—Adad I don't like those close conferences——

Sir Geo. More interruptions—you will have it, sir!

[*Lays his hand to his sword.*]

Sir Fran. going back.] No, no; you sha'n't have her neither. [*Aside.*]

Sir Geo. Dumb still—sure this old dog has enjoin'd her silence. I'll try another way—"I must conclude, madam, that in compliance to your guardian's humour you refuse to answer me. Consider the injustice of his injunction."—Madam, these few minutes cost me a hundred pounds—and would you answer me I could purchase the whole day so. However, madam, you must give me leave to make the best interpretation I can for my money, and take the indication of your silence for the secret liking of my person; therefore, madam, I will instruct you how to keep your word inviolate to sir Francis, and yet answer me to every question: as for example, when I ask any thing to which you would reply in the affirmative, gently nod your head—thus, [*Nods.*] and when in the negative thus, [*Shakes his head.*] and in the doubtful, a tender sigh thus, [*Sighs.*]

Miran. How every action charms me—but I'll fit him for signs I warrant him. [*Aside.*]

"*Sir Fran.* Ha, ha, ha! poor sir George! ha, ha, ha!" [*Aside.*]

Sir Geo. Was it by his desire that you are dumb, madam, to all I can say? [*Miranda nods.*] Very well!

she's tractable I find—And is it possible that you can love him? [*Miranda nods.*] Miraculous! Pardon the bluntness of my questions, for my time is short. May I not hope to supplant him in your esteem? [*Miranda sighs.*] Good! she answers me as I could wish.—You'll not consent to marry him then? [*Miranda sighs.*] How! doubtful in that?—Undone again—Humph! but that may proceed from his power to keep her out of her estate 'till twenty-five: I'll try that—Come, madam, I cannot think you hesitate in this affair out of any motive but your fortune—let him keep it 'till those few years are expired; make me happy with your person, let him enjoy your wealth.—[*Miranda holds up her hands.*] Why, what sign is that now? Nay, nay, madam, except you observe my lesson I can't understand your meaning.

Sir Fran. What a vengeance! are they talking by signs? 'ad I may be fool'd here. What do you mean, sir George?

Sir Geo. To cut your throat if you dare mutter another syllable.

Sir Fran. 'Od I wish he were fairly out of my house!

Sir Geo. Pray, madam, will you answer me to the purpose? [*Miranda shakes her head, and points to sir Francis.*] What does she mean? she won't answer me to the purpose, or is she afraid yon' old cuff shou'd understand her signs?—ay, it must be that. I perceive, madam, you are too apprehensive of the promise you have made to follow my rules, therefore I'll

suppose your mind, and answer for you.—“First
 “for myself, madam; that I am in love with you is
 “an infallible truth.” Now for you. [*Turns on her
 “side.”*] “Indeed, sir! and may I believe it?”—“As
 “certainly, madam, as that ’tis daylight, or that I die
 “if you persist in silence.—Bless me with the musick
 “of your voice, and raise my spirits to their proper
 “heaven. Thus low let me entreat ere I’m oblig’d
 “to quit this place; grant me some token of a fa-
 “vourable reception to keep my hopes alive.” [*Arises
 “hastily, turns on her side.”*] “Rise, sir, and since my
 “guardian’s presence will not allow me privilege of
 “tongue, read that, and rest assur’d you are not indif-
 “ferent to me.” [*Offers her a letter, she strikes it down.*]
 “Ha, right woman! but no matter; I’ll go on.”

Sir Fran. Ha! what’s that! a letter!—Ha, ha,
 ha! thou art baulk’d.

Miran. The best assurance I ever saw— [*Aside.*

Sir Geo. Ha! a letter! oh! let me kiss it with the
 same raptures that I would do the dear hand that
 touch’d it. [*Opens it.*] Now for a quick fancy and a
 long extempore—What’s here? [*Reads.*] “Dear sir
 “George! this virgin muse I consecrate to you, which
 “when it has receiv’d the addition of your voice ’twill
 “charm me into a desire of liberty to love, which
 “you, and only you, can fix.” My angel! oh, you
 transport me! [*Kisses the letter.*] “And see the pow’r
 “of your command, the god of love, has set the verse
 “already, the flowing numbers dance into a tune, and
 “I’m inspir’d with a voice to sing it.”

“*Miran.* I’m sure thou’rt inspir’d with impudence
“enough. [Aside.

Sir Geo. “Great love inspire him,
“Say I admire him.
“Give me the lover
“That can discover
“Secret devotion
“From silent motion;
“Then don’t betray me,
“But hence convey me.

[*Sir Geo.* taking hold of *Miran.*] “With all my heart;”
this moment let’s retire. [*Sir Fran.* coming up hastily.

Sir Fran. The time is expir’d, sir, and you must take
your leave. There, my girl, there’s the hundred
pounds which thou hast won. Go, I’ll be with you
presently; ha, ha, ha, ha! [Exit *Miran*

Sir Geo. Adsheart, madam, you won’t leave me
just in the nick, will you?

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha! she has nick’d you, sir George,
I think; ha, ha, ha! Have you any more hundred
pounds to throw away upon courtship? ha, ha, ha!

Sir Geo. He, he, he, he! A curse of your fleering
jests!—Yet, however ill I succeeded, I’ll venture the
same wager she does not value thee a spoonful of
snuff—nay more, though you enjoin’d her silence to
me, you’ll never make her speak to the purpose with
yourself.

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha! Did I not tell thee thou
wouldst repent thy money? Did I not say she hated
young fellows? ha, ha, ha.

Sir Geo. And I'm positive she's not in love with age.

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha! no matter for that, ha, ha! She's not taken with your youth, nor your rhetorick to boot; ha, ha!

Sir Geo. Whate'er her reasons are for disliking of me, I am certain she can be taken with nothing about thee.

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha! how he swells with envy—Poor man! poor man!—ha, ha, ha! I must beg your pardon, sir George; Miranda will be impatient to have her share of mirth. Verily we shall laugh at thee most egregiously; ha, ha, ha!

Sir Geo. With all my heart, faith—I shall laugh in my turn too—for if you dare marry her, old Belzebub, you will be cuckolded most egregiously: remember that, and tremble——

“ *She that to age her beauteous self resigns,*
 “ *Shews witty management for close designs;*
 “ *Then if thou’rt grac’d with fair Miranda’s bed,*
 “ *Ætæon’s horns she means shall crown thy head.*

[Exit.

“ *Sir Fran.* Ha, ha, ha! he is mad.

“ *These flutt’ring fops imagine they can wind,*
 “ *Turn and decoy to love all womankind;*
 “ *But here’s a pꝛooꝑ of wisdom in my charge,*
 “ *Old men are constant, young men live at large.*
 “ *The frugal hand can bills at sight defray,*
 “ *When he that lavish is has naught to pay.*

[Ex.

SCENE II.

Changes to Sir JEALOUS TRAFFICK's house.

Enter Sir JEALOUS, ISABINDA, and PATCH following.

Sir Jeal. What, in the balcony again, notwithstanding my positive commands to the contrary?—Why don't you write a bill on your forehead to shew passengers there's something to be let?—

Isab. What harm can there be in a little fresh air, sir?

Sir Jeal. Is your constitution so hot, mistress, that it wants cooling, ha? Apply the virtuous Spanish rules; banish your taste and thoughts of flesh, feed upon roots, and quench your thirst with water.

Isab. That and a close room wou'd certainly make me die of the vapours.

Sir Jeal. No, mistress, 'tis your high-fed, lusty, rambling, rampant ladies—that are troubled with the vapours: 'tis your ratafia, persico, cinnamon, citron, and spirit of clara, cause such swimming in the brain, that carries many a guinea full tide to the doctor: but you are not to be bred this way: no galloping abroad, no receiving visits at home, for in our loose country the women are as dangerous as the men.

Patch. So I told her, sir, and that it was not decent to be seen in a balcony—but she threatned to slap

my chops, and told me I was her servant, not her governess.

Sir Jeal. Did she so? but I'll make her to know that you are her duenna. Oh that incomparable custom of Spain! Why, here's no depending upon old women in my country—for they are as wanton at eighty as a girl of eighteen, and a man may as safely trust to Asgil's translation as to his great grandmother's not marrying again.

Isab. Or to the Spanish ladies' veils and duennas for the safeguard of their honour.

Sir Jeal. Dare to ridicule the cautious conduct of that wise nation, and I'll have you lock'd up this fortnight without a peep-hole.

Isab. If we had but the ghostly helps in England which they have in Spain, I might deceive you if you did—"Sir, 'tis not the restraint, but the innate principle, secures the reputation and honour of our sex."——Let me tell you, sir, confinement sharpens the invention, as want of sight strengthen the other senses, and is often more pernicious than the recreation that innocent liberty allows.

Sir Jeal. Say you so, mistress! who the devil taught you the art of reasoning? I assure you they must have a greater faith than I pretend to, that can think any woman innocent who requires liberty; therefore Patch, to your charge I give her; lock her up till I come back from Change. I shall have some sauntering coxcomb, with nothing but a red coat and a feather, think by leaping into her arms to leap into my

estate—but I'll prevent them; she shall be only signior Babinetto's.

Patch. Really, sir, I wish you would employ any body else in this affair; I lead a life like a dog with obeying your commands. Come, madam, will you please to be locked up?

Isab. Ay, to enjoy more freedom than he is aware of. [*Aside.*]

[*Exit with Patch.*]

Sir Jeal. I believe this wench is very true to my interest: I am happy I met with her, if I can but keep my daughter from being blown upon till Signior Babinetto arrives, who shall marry her as soon as he comes, and carry her to Spain as soon as he has married her. She has a pregnant wit, and I'd no more have her an English wife than the Grand Signior's mistress.

[*Exit.*]

Enter WHISPER.

Whisp. So, I saw Sir Jealous go out: where shall I find Mrs. Patch now?

Enter PATCH.

Patch. Oh, Mr. Whisper! my lady saw you out of the window, and order'd me to bid you fly and let your master know she's now alone.

Whisp. Hush! speak softly! I go, I go! But hark ye, Mrs. Patch, shall not you and I have a little confabulation, when my master and your lady are engag'd?

Patch. Ay, ay; farewell. [*Goes in and shuts the door.*]

Re-enter Sir JEALOUS TRAFFICK, meeting WHISPER.

Sir Jeal. Sure, whilst I was talking with Mr. Trade-well, I heard my door clap. [*Seeing Whisper.*] Ha! a man lurking about my house! Who do you want there, sir?

Whisp. Want—want; a pox! Sir Jealous! What must I say now?

Sir Jeal. Ay, want! Have you a letter or message for any body there?—O' my conscience this is some he-bawd——

Whisp. Letter or message, sir?

Sir Jeal. Ay, letter or message, sir?

Whisp. No, not I, sir.

Sir Jeal. Sirrah, sirrah! I'll have you set in the stocks if you don't tell your business immediately.

Whisp. Nay, sir, my business—is no great matter of business neither, and yet 'tis business of consequence too.

Sir Jeal. Sirrah, don't trifle with me.

Whisp. Trifle, sir! have you found him, sir?

Sir Jeal. Found what, you rascal?

Whisp. Why, Trifle is the very lapdog my lady lost, sir; I fancy'd I saw him run into this house. I'm glad you have him—Sir; my lady will be overjoy'd that I have found him.

Sir Jeal. Who is your lady, friend?

Whisp. My lady Lovepuppy, sir.

Sir Jeal. My lady Lovepuppy, sir! then pr'ythee carry thyself to her, for I know of no other whelp

that belongs to her; and let me catch you no more puppy-hunting about my doors, lest I have you prest into the service, sirrah.

Whisp. By no means, sir—Your humble servant. I must watch whether he goes or no before I can tell my master. [Exit.

Sir Jeal. This fellow has the officious leer of a pimp, and I half suspect a design; but I'll be upon them before they think on me, I warrant 'em. [Exit.

SCENE III.

CHARLES's lodgings. Enter CHARLES and MARPLOT.

Cha. Honest Marplot! I thank thee for this supply. I expect my lawyer with a thousand pounds I have ordered him to take up, and then you shall be repaid.

Mar. Pho, pho! no more of that. Here comes sir George Airy,

Enter Sir GEORGE.

cursedly out of humour at his disappointment. See how he looks! ha, ha, ha!

Sir Geo. Ah, Charles! I am so humbled in my pretensions to plots upon women, that I believe I shall never have courage enough to attempt a chambermaid again—I'll tell thee——

Cha. Ha, ha! I'll spare you the relation by telling you—Impatient to know your business with my fa-

ther, when I saw you enter I slipt back into the next room, where I overheard every syllable.

Mar. Did you, Charles? I wish I had been with you.

Sir Geo. That I said—but I'll be hang'd if you heard her answer—But pr'ythee tell me, Charles, is she a fool?

Cha. I never suspected her for one; but Marplot can inform you better if you'll allow him a judge.

Mar. A fool! I'll justify she has more wit than all the rest of her sex put together. Why, she'll rally me till I ha'n't a word to say for myself.

Cha. A mighty proof of her wit, truly—

Mar. There must be some trick in't, sir George: egad I'll find it out if it cost me the sum you paid for't.

Sir Geo. Do, and command me——

Mar. Enough: let me alone to trace a secret—

Enter WHISPER, and speaks aside to his master.

The devil! he here again? damn that fellow, he never speaks out. Is this the same or a new secret? You may speak out, here are none but friends.

Cha. Pardon me, Marplot, 'tis a secret.

Mar. A secret! ay, or ecod I would not give a farthing for it. Sir George, won't you ask Charles what news Whisper brings?

Sir Geo. Not I, sir; I suppose it does not relate to me.

Mar. Lord, Lord! how little curiosity some peo-

ple have! Now my chief pleasure is in knowing every body's business.

Sir Geo. I fancy, Charles, thou hast some engagement upon thy hands?

Mar. Have you, Charles?

Sir Geo. I have a little business too.

Mar. Have you, sir George?

Sir Geo. Marplot, if it falls in your way to bring me any intelligence from Miranda, you'll find me at the Thatch'd-house at six—

Mar. You do me much honour.

Cha. You guess right, sir George; wish me success.

Sir Geo. Better than attended me. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Cha. Marplot, you must excuse me—

Mar. Nay, nay; what need of any excuse amongst friends? I'll go with you.

Cha. Indeed you must not.

Mar. No; then I suppose 'tis a duel, and I will go to secure you.

Cha. Well, but tis no duel, consequently no danger; therefore, pr'ythee be answer'd.

Mar. What, is't a mistress then?—Mum—you know I can be silent upon occasion.

Cha. I wish you could be civil too: I tell you, you neither must nor shall go with me. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Mar. Why then—I must and will follow you. [*Ex.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter CHARLES.

Charles.

WELL, here's the house which holds the lovely prize, quiet and serene : here no noisy footmen throng to tell the world that Beauty dwells within ; no ceremonious visit makes the lover wait, no rival to give my heart a pang. Who would not scale the window at midnight without fear of the jealous father's pistol, rather than fill up the train of a coquette, where every minute he is jostled out of place ! [*Knocks softly.*] Mrs. Patch, Mrs. Patch !

Enter PATCH.

Patch. Oh, are you come, sir ? All's safe.

Cha. So in, in then.

Enter MARPLOT.

Mar. There he goes ! Who the devil lives here ? except I can find out that, I am as far from knowing his business as ever. Gad I'll watch ; it may be a bawdy-house, and he may have his throat cut. If there should be any mischief I can make oath he went in. Well, Charles, in spite of your endeavours to keep me out of the secret I may save your life for aught I know. At that corner I'll plant myself ; there I shall see whoever goes in or comes out. Gad I love discoveries.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Draws, and discovers CHARLES, ISABINDA, and PATCH.

Isab. Patch, look out sharp; have a care of dad.

Patch. I warrant you.

Isab. Well, sir, if I may judge your love by your courage, I ought to believe you sincere, for you venture into the lion's den when you come to see me.

Cha. If you'd consent whilst the furious beast is abroad, I'd free you from the reach of his paws.

Isab. That would be but to avoid one danger by running into another, "like poor wretches who fly the burning ship and meet their fate in the water." Come, come, Charles, I fear if I consult my reason, confinement and plenty is better than liberty and starving. I know you would make the frolick pleasing for a little time, by saying and doing a world of tender things; but when our small substance is exhausted, and a thousand requisites for life are wanting, Love, who rarely dwells with Poverty, would also fail us.

Cha. Faith I fancy not; methinks my heart has laid up a stock will last for life, to back which I have taken a thousand pounds upon my uncle's estate; that surely will support us till one of our fathers relent.

Isab. There's no trusting to that, my friend; I doubt your father will carry his humour to the grave, and mine till he sees me settled in Spain.

Cha. And can you then cruelly resolve to stay till that curs'd Don arrives, and suffer that youth, beauty, fire, and wit, to be sacrific'd to the arms of a dull Spaniard, to be immured, and forbid the sight of any thing that's human ?

Isab. No, when it comes to that extremity, and no stratagem can relieve us, thou shalt list for a soldier, and I'll carry thy knapsack after thee.

Cha. Bravely resolv'd ! the world cannot be more savage than our parents, and Fortune generally assists the bold, therefore consent now : why should she put it to a future hazard ? who knows when we shall have another opportunity ?

Isab. Oh, you have your ladder of ropes I suppose, and the closet window stands just where it did ; and if you ha'n't forgot to write in characters, Patch will find a way for our assignations. Thus much of the Spanish contrivance my father's severity has taught me, I thank him : though I hate the nation I admire their management in these affairs.

Enter PATCH.

Patch. Oh, madam ! I see my master coming up the street.

Cha. Oh, the devil ! would I had my ladder now ! I thought you had not expected him till night. Why, why, why, why, what shall I do, madam ?

Isab. Oh ! for Heaven's sake don't go that way ; you'll meet him full in the teeth. " Oh, unlucky moment ! "

Cha. 'Adsheart! can you shut me into no cupboard, nor ram me into a chest, ha?

Patch. Impossible, sir, he searches every hole in the house.

Isab. Undone for ever! if he sees you I shall never see you more.

Patch. I've thought on it: run you to your chamber, madam; and, sir, come you along with me; I'm certain you may easily get down from the balcony.

Cha. My life! adieu—Lead on, guide.

[*Exeunt Patch and Charles.*

Isab. Heav'n preserve him!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the street. Enter Sir JEALOUS, with MARPLOT behind him.

Sir Jeal. I don't know what's the matter, but I have a strong suspicion all is not right within; that fellow's sauntering about my door, and his tale of a puppy, had the face of a lie, methought. By St. Iago, if I should find a man in the house I'd make mince meat of him—

Mar. Mince meat! Ah, poor Charles! how I sweat for thee! Egad he's old—I fancy I might bully him, and make Charles have an opinion of my courage. Egad I'll pluck up, and have a touch with him.

Sir Jeal. My own key shall let me in; I'll give them no warning.

[*Feeling for his key.*

Mar. What's that you say, sir? [*Going up to sir Jeal.*]

Sir Jeal. What's that to you, sir?

[*Turns quick upon him.*]

Mar. Yes, 'tis to me, sir, for the gentleman you threaten is a very honest gentleman. Look to't, for if he comes not as safe out of your house as he went in.

Sir Jeal. *What is he in, then?*

Mar. *Yes sir, he is then ; and I say if he does not come out I have half a dozen myrmidons hard by shall beat your house about your ears.*

Sir Jeal. Ah! a combination to undo me—I'll myrmidon you, ye dog you—Thieves! thieves!

[*Beat. Marplot all the while he cries thieves.*]

Mar. Murder, murder! I was not in your house, sir.

Enter servant.

Serv. What's the matter, sir?

Sir Jeal. The matter, rascal! you have let a man into my house, but I'll flea him alive. Follow me; I'll not leave a mousehole unsearch'd. If I find him, by St. Iago I'll equip him for the opera.

Mar. A deuce of his cane! there's no trusting to age—What shall I do to relieve Charles? egad I'll raise the neighbourhood.—Murder! murder!—
[*Charles drops down upon him from the balcony.*] Charles! faith I'm glad to see thee safe out with all my heart!

Cha. A pox of your bawling! how the devil came you here?

Mar. Egad *it's very well for you that I was here ; I*

have done you a piece of service: I told the old thunderbolt that the gentleman that was gone in was—

Cha. Was it you that told him, sir? [*Laying hold of him.*] 'Sdeath! I could crush thee into atoms.

[*Exit Charles.*

Mar. What! will you choke me for my kindness? —Will my inquiring soul never leave searching into other people's affairs till it gets squeez'd out of my body? I dare not follow him now for my blood, he's in such a passion.—I'll to Miranda; if I can discover aught that may oblige sir George, it may be a means to reconcile me again to Charles.

Sir Jeal. within.] *Look about! search! find him out!*

Mar. *Oh, the devil! there's old Crabstick again.* [*Ex:*

Enter Sir JEALOUS and his servants.

Sir Jeal. Are you sure you have search'd every where?

Serv. Yes, from the top of the house to the bottom.

Sir Jeal. Under the beds and over the beds?

Serv. Yes, and in them too, but found nobody, sir.

Sir Jeal. Why, what could this rogue mean?

Enter ISABINDA and PATCH.

Patch. Take courage, madam, I saw him safe out.
[*Aside to Isab.*

Isab. Bless me! what's the matter, sir?

Sir Jeal. You know best—Pray where's the man that was here just now?

Isab. What man, sir? I saw none.

Patch. Nor I, by the trust you repose in me. Do you think I wou'd let a man come within these doors when you are absent?

Sir Jeal. Ah, Patch! she may be too cunning for thy honesty: the very scout that he had set to give warning discovered it to me—and threatened me with half-a-dozen myrmidons—but I think I maul'd the villain. These afflictions you draw upon me, mistress!

Isab. Pardon me, sir, 'tis your own ridiculous humour draws you into these vexations, and gives every fool pretence to banter you.

Sir Jeal. No, 'tis your idle conduct, your coquetish flirting into the balcony—Oh! with what joy shall I resign thee into the arms of Don Diego Babinetto!

Isab. And with what industry shall I avoid him.

[*Aside.*

Sir Jeal. Certainly that rogue had a message from somebody or other, but being baulk'd by my coming popp'd that sham upon me. Come along ye sots, let's see if we can find the dog again. Patch, lock her up, d'ye hear?

Patch. Yes, sir—Ay, walk till your heels ache, you'll find nobody I promise you.

Isab. Who could that scout be which he talks of?

Patch. Nay, I can't imagine without it was Whis-per.

Isab. Well, dear Patch! let's employ all our thoughts how to escape this horrid Don Diego; my very heart sinks at his terrible name.

Patch. Fear not, madam; Don Carlo shall be the man, or I'll lose the reputation of contriving, and then what's a chambermaid good for?

“*Isab.* Say'st thou so, my girl? then

“*Let dad be jealous, multiply his cares;*

“*Whilst love instructs me to avoid the snares,*

“*I'll spite of all his Spanish caution show*

“*How much for love a British maid can do.*” [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Sir FRANCIS GRIPE's house. Enter Sir FRANCIS and MIRANDA meeting.

Miran. Well, Gardy, how did I perform the dumb scene?

Sir Fran. To admiration—Thou dear little rogue! let me buss thee for it: nay, adad I will, Chargy, so muzzle, and tuzzle, and hug thee; I will, i'faith I will. [Hugging and kissing her.]

Miran. Nay, Gardy, don't be so lavish. Who would ride post when the journey lasts for life?

Sir Fran. Ah wag, ah wag! I'll buss thee again for that. Oh, I'm transported! When, when, my dear! wilt thou convince the world of the happy day? when shall we marry, ha?

Miran. There's nothing wanting but your consent, sir Francis.

Sir Fran. My consent! what does my charmer mean?

Miran. Nay, 'tis only a whim; but I'll have every thing according to form—therefore when you sign an authentick paper drawn up by an able lawyer, that I have your leave to marry, the next day makes me your's, Gardy.

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha! a whim indeed! why, is it not demonstration I give my leave when I marry thee?

Miran. Not for your reputation, Gardy; the malicious world will be apt to say you trick me into marriage, and so take the merit from my choice: now I will have the act my own, to let the idle fops see how much I prefer a man loaded with years and wisdom.

Sir Fran. Humph! Pr'ythee leave out years, Chargy; I'm not so old, as thou shalt find. Adad I'm young: there's a caper for ye! [*Jumps.*]

Miran. Oh, never excuse it; why, I like you the better for being old—but I shall suspect you don't love me if you refuse me this formality.

Sir Fran. Not love thee, Chargy! Adad I do love thee better than, than, than, better than—what shall I say? egad better than money; i'faith I do—

Miran. That's false I'm sure. [*Aside.*] To prove it do this then.

Sir Fran. Well, I will do it, Chargy, provided I bring a licence at the same time.

Miran. Ay, and a parson too if you please. Ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing to think how all the young coxcombs about town will be mortified when they hear of our marriage.

Sir Fran. So they will, so they will; ha, ha, ha!

Miran. Well, I fancy I shall be so happy with my Gardy—

Sir Fran. If wearing pearls and jewels, or eating gold, as the old saying is, can make thee happy, thou shalt be so, my sweetest, my lovely, my charming, my—verily I know not what to call thee.

Miran. You must know, Gardy, that I am so eager to have this business concluded, that I have employed my woman's brother, who is a lawyer in the Temple, to settle matters just to your liking; you are to give your consent to my marriage, which is to yourself you know: but, mum, you must take no notice of that. So then I will, that is, with your leave, put my writings into his hands; then to-morrow we come slap upon them with a wedding that nobody thought on, by which you seize me and my estate, and I suppose make a bonfire of your own act and deed.

Sir Fran. Nay, but Chargy, if——

Miran. Nay, Gardy, no ifs.—Have I refus'd three northern lords, two British peers, and half a score knights, to have put in your ifs?

Sir Fran. So thou hast indeed, and I will trust to thy management. 'Od I'm all of a fire.

Miran. 'Tis a wonder the dry stubble does not blaze.

[*Aside.*

Enter MARPLOT.

Sir Fran. How now, who sent for you, sir? What, is the hundred pound gone already?

Mar. No, sir; I don't want money now, Gardy.

Sir Fran. No, that's a miracle! but there's one thing you want I'm sure.

Mar. Ay, what's that?

Sir Fran. Manners! What, had I no servants with-out?

Mar. None that could do my business, Guardian, which is as present with this lady.

Miran. With me, Mr. Marplot! what is it I be-seech you?

Sir Fran. Ay, sir, what is it? any thing that re-lates to her may be delivered to me.

Mar. I deny that.

Miran. That's more than I do, sir.

Mar. Indeed, madam! Why then to proceed: Fame says, *you know best whether she lies or not*, that you and my most conscionable Guardian here design'd, contriv'd, plotted, and agreed, to chouse a very civil, honest, honourable gentleman out of a hundred pounds: *Guilty or not?*

Miran. That I contriv'd it!

Mar. Ay, you—you said never a word against it, so far you are guilty.

Sir Fran. Pray tell that civil, honest, honourable gentleman, that if he has any more such sums to fool away, they shall be receiv'd like the last; ha, ha, ha!

Chous'd quotha ! But hark ye, let him know at the same time, that if he dare to report I trick'd him of it, I shall recommend a lawyer to him shall shew him a trick for twice as much. D'ye hear ? tell him that.

Mar. So, and this is the way you use a gentleman, and my friend !

Miran. Is the wretch thy friend ?

Mar. The wretch ! look ye, madam, don't call names, egad I won't take it.

Miran. Why, you won't beat me, will you ? Ha, ha !

Mar. I don't know whether I will or no.

Sir Fran. Sir, I shall make a servant shew you out at the window if you are saucy.

Mar. I am your most humble servant, Guardian ; I design to go out the same way I came in. I would only ask this lady one question, *Don't you think he's a fine gentleman ?*

Sir Fran. *Who's a fine gentleman ?*

Mar. *Not you, Gardy, not you !* Don't you think in your soul that sir George Airy is a very fine gentleman ?

Miran. He dresses well.

Sir Fran. Which is chiefly owing to his taylor and valet de chambre.

Mar. *Well ! and who is your dress owing to, ha ? There's a beau, ma'am—do but look at him !*

Sir Fran. *Sirrah !*

Miran. And if being a beau be a proof of his being a fine gentleman, he may be so.

Mar. *He may be so!* Why, ma'am, the judicious part of the world allow him wit, courage, gallantry, ay, and economy too, tho' I think he forfeited that character when he flung away a hundred pounds upon your dumb ladyship.

Sir Fran. Does that gall him? Ha, ha, ha!

Miran. So, sir George, remaining in deep discontent, has sent you, his trusty squire, to utter his complaint. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Yes, madam; and you, like a cruel hard-hearted Jew, value it no more—than I wou'd your ladyship, were I sir George; you, you, you——

Miran. Oh, don't call names: I know you love to be employed, and I'll oblige you, and you shall carry him a message from me.

Mar. According as I like it. What is it?

Miran. Nay, a kind one you may be sure——First, tell him I have chose this gentleman to have and to hold, and so forth.

[*Clapping her hand into Sir Francis's.*

Mar. *Much good may do you!*

Sir Fran. Oh, the dear rogue! how I dote on her!

[*Aside.*

Miran. And advise his Impertinence to trouble me no more, for I prefer sir Francis for a husband before all the fops in the universe.

Mar. Oh Lord, oh Lord! she's bewitched, that's certain. Here's a husband for eighteen—*here's a tit-bit for a young lady—here's a shape, an air, and a grace—here's bones rattling in a leathern bag—*[*Turning*

sir Francis about.] here's buckram and canvas to scrub you to repentance.

Sir Fran. Sirrah, my cane shall teach you repentance presently.

Mar. No, faith, I have felt its twin brother from just such a wither'd hand too lately.

Miran. One thing more; advise him to keep from the garden-gate on the left hand, for if he dare to saunter there, about the hour of eight, as he us'd to do, he shall be saluted with a pistol or a blunderbuss.

Sir Fran. Oh, monstrous! Why, Chargy, did he use to come to the garden-gate?

Miran. The gard'ner described just such another man that always watch'd his coming out, and fain wou'd have brib'd him for his entrance—Tell him he shall find a warm reception if he comes this night.

Mar. Pistols and blunderbusses! Egad a warm reception indeed! I shall take care to inform him of your kindness, and advise him to keep farther off.

Miran. I hope he will understand my meaning better than to follow your advice. [*Aside.*

Sir Fran. Thou hast sign'd, seal'd, and ta'en possession of my heart for ever, Chargy, ha, ha, ha! and for you, Mr. Saucebox, let me have no more of your messages, if ever you design to inherit your estate, gentleman.

Mar. Why, there 'tis now. Sure I shall be out of your clutches one day—Well, Guardian, I say no more: but if you be not as arrant a cuckold as e'er drove bargain upon the Exchange, or paid attend-

ance to a court, I am the son of a whetstone; and so your humble servant. [Exit.

Miran. Mr. Marplot, don't forget the message: ha, ha, ha, ha!

Mar. *Nang, nang, nang!* [Exit.

Sir Fran. I am so provok'd—'tis well he's gone.

Miran. Oh, mind him not, Gardy, but let's sign articles, and then——

Sir Fran. And then—Adad I believe I am metamorphos'd, my pulse beats high, and my blood boils, methinks—— [Kissing and hugging her.

Miran. Oh, fie, Gardy! be not so violent: consider the market lasts all the year.—Well; I'll in, and see if the lawyer be come: you'll follow? [Exit.

Sir Fran. Ay, to the world's end, my dear! Well, Frank, thou art a lucky fellow in thy old age to have such a delicate morsel, and thirty thousand pounds, in love with thee. I shall be the envy of bachelors, the glory of married men, and the wonder of the town. some guardians would be glad to compound for part of the estate at dispatching an heiress, but I engross the whole. *O! mihi præteritos referet si Jupiter annos.* [Exit.

SCENE V.

Changes to a tavern, discovers Sir GEORGE and CHARLES with wine before them, and WHISPER waiting.

Sir Geo. Nay, pr'ythee, don't be grave, Charles:

misfortunes will happen. Ha, ha, ha ! 'tis some comfort to have a companion in our sufferings.

Cha. I am only apprehensive for Isabinda ; her father's humour is implacable ; and how far his jealousy may transport him to her undoing, shocks my soul to think.

Sir Geo. But since you escap'd undiscover'd by him, his rage will quickly lash into a calm, never fear it.

Cha. But who knows what that unlucky dog, Marplot, told him, nor can I imagine what brought him hither : that fellow is ever doing mischief ; and yet, to give him his due, he never designs it. This is some blundering adventure wherein he thought to shew his friendship, as he calls it ! a curse on him !

Sir Geo. Then you must forgive him. What said he ?

Cha. Said ! nay, I had more mind to cut his throat, than to hear his excuses.

Sir Geo. Where is he ?

Whisp. Sir, I saw him go into sir Francis Gripe's just now.

Cha. Oh ! then he's upon your business, sir George : a thousand to one but he makes some mistake there too.

Sir Geo. Impossible, without he huffs the lady and makes love to Sir Francis.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Mr. Marplot is below, gentlemen, and desires to know if he may have leave to wait upon ye.

F iij

Cha. How civil the rogue is when he has done a fault !

Sir Geo. Ho ! desire him to walk up. Pr'ythee, Charles, throw off this chagrin, and be good company.

Cha. Nay, hang him, I'm not angry with him. Whisper, fetch me pen, ink, and paper.

Whisp. Yes, sir.

[*Exit Whisper.*]

Enter. MARPLOT.

Cha. Do but mark his sheepish look, sir George.

Mar. Dear Charles ! don't overwhelm a man already under insupportable affliction. I'm sure I always intend to serve my friends, but if my malicious stars deny the happiness, is the fault mine ?

Sir Geo. Never mind him, Mr. Marplot ; he's eat up with spleen. But tell me, what says Miranda ?

Mar. Says !—nay, we are all undone there too.

Cha. I told you so ; nothing prospers that he undertakes.

Mar. Why, can I help her having chose your father for better for worse ?

Cha. So ; there's another of Fortune's strokes. I suppose I shall be edged out of my estate with twins every year, let who will get 'em.

Sir Geo. What ! is the woman really possess'd ?

Mar. Yes, with the spirit of contradiction : she rail'd at you most prodigiously.

Sir Geo. That's no ill sign.

Enter WHISPER with pen, ink, and paper.

Mar. You'd say it was no good sign if you knew all.

Sir Geo. Why, pr'ythee?

Mar. Hark 'e, sir George, let me warn you; pursue your old haunt no more; it may be dangerous.

[Charles sits down to write.

Sir Geo. My old haunt! what do you mean?

Mar. Why in short then, since you will have it, Miranda vows if you dare approach the garden-gate at eight o'clock, as you us'd, *you shall meet with a warm reception.*

Sir Geo. *A warm reception!*

Mar. *Ay, a very warm reception*—you shall be saluted with a blunderbuss, sir. These were her very words: nay, she bid me tell you so too.

Sir Geo. Ha! the garden-gate at eight, as I us'd to do! There must be meaning in this. Is there such a gate, Charles?

Mar. *Is there such a gate, Charles?*

Cha. Yes, yes, it opens into the Park: I suppose her ladyship has made many a scamper thro' it.

Sir Geo. It must be an assignation then. Ha! my heart springs for joy; 'tis a propitious omen. My dear Marplot! let me embrace thee; thou art my friend, my better angel.—

Mar. What do you mean, sir George?

Sir Geo. No matter what I mean. Here, take a bumper to the garden-gate, you dear rogue you!

Mar. You have reason to be transported, sir George; I have sav'd your life.

Sir Geo. My life! thou hast sav'd my soul, man. Charles, if thou dost not pledge this health, may'st thou never taste the joys of love.

Cha. Whisper, be sure you take care how you deliver this. [*Gives him the letter.*] Bring me the answer to my lodgings.

Whisp. I warrant you, sir.

Mar. Whither does that letter go? Now dare I not ask for my blood—*That fellow knows more secrets than I do.* [*Exit Whisper.*]

Cha. Now I'm for you.

Sir Geo. To the garden-gate at the hour of eight, Charles; along; huzza!

Char. I begin to conceive you.

Mar. That's more than I do, egad—To the garden-gate, huzza! [*Drinks.*] But I hope you design to keep far enough off on't, sir George.

Sir Geo. Ay, ay, never fear that; she shall see I despise her frowns; let her use the blunderbuss against the next fool; she sha'n't reach me with the smoke I warrant her; ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Ah, Charles! if you could receive a disappointment thus *en cavalier*, one should have some comfort in being beat for you.

Cha. The fool comprehends nothing.

Sir Geo. Nor would I have him. Pr'ythee, take him along with thee.

Cha. Enough.

Sir Geo. I kiss both your hands—And now for the garden-gate.

It's beauty gives the assignation there,

And love too powerful grows t' admit of fear. [Exit.

Cha. Come, you shall go home with me.

Mar. Shall I! and are we friends, Charles?—I am glad of it.

Cha. Come along. [Exit Charles.

Mar. Egad, Charles' asking me to go home with him gives me a shrewd suspicion there's more in the garden-gate than I comprehend. Faith I'll give him the drop, and away to Gardy's and find it out. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The outside of Sir JEALOUS TRAFFICK's house, PATCH peeping out of the door. Enter WHISPER.

Whisper.

HA! Mrs. Patch, this is a lucky minute, to find you so readily; my master dies with impatience.

Patch. My lady imagin'd so, and by her orders I have been scouting this hour in search of you, to inform you that sir Jealous has invited some friends to supper with him to-night, which gives an opportunity to your master to make use of his ladder of

ropes. The closet window shall be open, and Isabinda ready to receive him. Bid him come immediately.

Whisp. Excellent! he'll not disappoint, I warrant him.—But hold, I have a letter here which I'm to carry an answer to. I can't think what language the direction is.

Patch. Pho! 'tis no language, but a character which the lovers invented to avert discovery—Ha! I hear my old master coming down stairs; it is impossible you should have an answer: away, and bid him come himself for that. Begone, we're ruin'd if you're seen, for he has doubled his care since the last accident.

Whisp. I go, I go.

[*Exit.*]

Patch. There, go thou into my pocket. [*Puts it beside and it falls down.*] Now I'll up the back stairs lest I meet him—Well, a dexterous chambermaid is the ladies' best utensil, I say.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Sir JEALOUS, with a letter in his hand.

Sir Jeal. So, this is some comfort; this tells me that Signior Don Diego Babinetto is safely arriv'd. He shall marry my daughter the minute he comes—Ha, ha! what's here? [*Takes up the letter Patch dropp'd.*] A letter! I don't know what to make of the superscription. I'll see what's withinside. [*Opens it.*]—Humph—'tis Hebrew I think. What can this mean?—There must be some trick in it. This was certainly design'd for my daughter; but I don't know that she can speak any language but her mother tongue.—No matter

for that; this may be one of Love's hieroglyphicks; and I fancy I saw Patch's tail sweep by: that wench may be a slut, and instead of guarding my honour betray it. I'll find it out, I'm resolv'd—"Who's there?"

Enter Servant.

"What answer did you bring from the gentleman I sent you to invite?"

"*Serv.* That they'd all wait on you, sir, as I told you before; but I suppose you forgot, sir.

"*Sir Jeal.* Did I so, sir? but I sha'n't forget to break your head if any of them come, sir.

"*Serv.* Come, sir! why, did not you send me to desire their company, sir?"

"*Sir Jeal.* But I send you now to desire their absence. Say I have something extraordinary fallen out, which calls me abroad contrary to expectation, and ask their pardon; and, d'ye hear, send the butler to me.

"*Serv.* Yes, sir. [Exit.

Enter Butler.

"*Sir Jeal.* If this paper has a meaning I'll find it—Lay the cloth in my daughter's chamber, and bid the cook send supper thither presently.

"*But.* Yes, sir.—Hey-day! what's the matter now? [Exit.

"*Sir Jeal.* He wants the eyes of Argus that has a

“ young handsome daughter in this town ; but my
“ comfort is I shall not be troubled long with her.
“ He that pretends to rule a girl once in her teens
“ had better be at sea in a storm, and would be in less
“ danger ;

“ *For let him do or counsel all he can,*

“ *She thinks and dreams of nothing else but man.*” [Ex.]

SCENE II.

ISABINDA'S chamber. ISABINDA and PATCH.

Isab. Are you sure nobody saw you speak to Whis-
per ?

Patch. Yes, very sure, madam ; but I heard sir
Jealous coming down stairs, so clapt his letter into my
pocket. [Feels for the letter.

Isab. A letter ! give it me quickly.

Patch. Bless me ! what's become on't—I'm sure I
put it— [Searching still.

Isab. Is it possible thou couldst be so careless ?—
Oh, I'm undone for ever if it be lost.

Patch. I must have dropt it upon the stairs. But
why are you so much alarm'd ? if the worst happens
nobody can read it, madam, nor find out whom it
was design'd for.

Isab. If it falls into my father's hands the very fi-
gure of a letter will produce ill consequences. Run
and look for it upon the stairs this moment.

Patch. Nay, I'm sure it can be no where else—
[*As she is going out of the door meets the butler.*] How
now, what do you want?

But. My master ordered me to lay the cloth here
for supper.

Isab. Ruin'd past redemption— [Aside.

Patch. You mistake, sure. What shall we do?

Isab. I thought he expected company to-night—
Oh, poor Charles! oh, unfortunate Isabinda!

But. I thought so too, madam; but I suppose he
has altered his mind. [Lays the cloth, and exit.

Isab. The letter is the cause. This heedless action
has undone me. Fly and fasten the closet window,
which will give Charles notice to retire. Ha! my fa-
ther! oh, confusion!

Enter Sir JEALOUS.

Sir Jeal. Hold, hold, Patch; whither are you go-
ing? I'll have nobody stir out of the room till after
supper.

Patch. Sir, I was going to reach your easy chair—
oh, wretched accident!

Sir Jeal. I'll have nobody stir out of the room. I
don't want my easy chair.

Isab. What will be the event of this? [Aside.

Sir Jeal. Hark ye, daughter, do you know this
hand?

Isab. As I suspected—Hand do you call it, sir?
'tis some schoolboy's scrawl.

Patch. Oh, Invention! thou chambermaid's best friend, assist me!

Sir Jeal. Are you sure you don't understand it?

[*Patch feels in her bosom and shakes her coats.*]

Isab. Do you understand it, sir?

Sir Jeal. I wish I did.

Isab. Thank Heav'n you do not. [*Aside.*] Then I know no more of it than you do, indeed, sir?

Patch. Oh Lord, O Lord! what have you done, sir? why, the paper is mine; I dropp'd it out of my bosom.

[*Snatching it from him.*]

Sir Jeal. Ha! yours, mistress?

Isab. What does she mean by owning it?"

Patch. Yes, sir, it is.

Sir Jeal. What is it? speak.

Patch. Yes, sir, it is a charm for the tooth-ache—I have worn it these seven years; 'twas given me by an angel for aught I know, when I was raving with the pain, for nobody knew from whence he came nor whither he went. He charged me never to open it, lest some dire vengeance befall me, and Heaven knows what will be the event. Oh, cruel misfortune! that I should drop it and you should open it—If you had not open'd it—

Isab. Excellent wench!"

[*Aside.*]

Sir Jeal. Pox of your charms and whims for me! if that be all 'tis well enough: there, there, burn it, and I warrant you no vengeance will follow.

Patch. So all's right again thus far.

[*Aside.*]

Isab. I would not lose Patch for the world—I'll

take courage a little. [*Aside.*] Is this usage for your daughter, sir? must my virtue and conduct be suspected for every trifle? You immure me like some dire offender here, and deny me all the recreations which my sex enjoy, and the custom of the country, "and modesty," allow; yet not content with that, you make my confinement more intolerable by your mistrusts and jealousies. Would I were dead so I were free from this.

Sir Jeal. To-morrow rids you of this tiresome load: Don Diego Babinetto will be here, and then my care ends and his begins.

Isab. Is he come then?—Oh, how shall I avoid this hated marriage! [*Aside.*]

Enter servants with supper.

Sir Jeal. Come, will you sit down?

Isab. I can't eat, sir.

Patch. No, I dare swear he has given her supper enough. I wish I could get into the closet. [*Aside.*]

Sir Jeal. Well, if you can't eat, then give me a song whilst I do.

Isab. I have such a cold I can scarce speak, sir, much less sing. How shall I prevent Charles coming in? [*Aside.*]

Sir Jeal. I hope you have the use of your fingers, madam. Play a tune upon your spinnet whilst your woman sings me a song.

Patch. I'm as much out of tune as my lady, if he knew all. [*Aside.*]

Isab. I shall make excellent music.

[*Sits down to play.*]

Patch. Really, sir, I am so frightened about your opening this charm that I can't remember one song.

Sir Jeal. Pish! hang your charm! come, come, sing any thing.

Patch. Yes, I'm likely to sing truly. [*Aside.*] Humph, humph; bless me! I can't raise my voice, my heart pants so.

Sir Jeal. Why, what, does your heart pant so that you can't play neither? Pray what key are you in, ha?

Patch. Ah, would the key was turn'd on you once.

[*Aside.*]

Sir Jeal. Why don't you sing, I say?

Patch. When madam has put her spinnet in tune, sir; humph, humph—

Isab. I cannot play, sir, whatever ails me. [*Rising.*]

Sir Jeal. Zounds! sit down and play me a tune, or I'll break the spinnet about your ears.

Isab. What will become of me? [*Sits down and plays.*]

Sir Jeal. Come, mistress. [*To Patch.*]

Patch. Yes, sir. [*Sings, but horridly out of tune.*]

Sir Jeal. Hey, hey! why, you are a-top of the house, and you are down in the cellar. What is the meaning of this? is it on purpose to cross me, ha?

Patch. Pray, madam, take it a little lower; I cannot reach that note—nor any note I fear.

Isab. Well, begin—Oh, Patch, we shall be discover'd.

Patch. I sink with apprehension, madam.—Humph, humph—[*Sings.*] [Charles opens the closet door.]

Cha. Music and singing!

'Tis thus the bright celestial court above

Beguiles the hours with music and with love.

Death! her father there! [*The women shriek.*] then I must fly—[*Exit into the closet.*] [*Sir Jealous rises up hastily seeing Charles slip back into the closet.*]

Sir Jeal. Hell and Furies! a man in the closet!—

Patch. Ah! a ghost! a ghost!—He must not enter the closet—[*Isabinda throws herself down before the closet door as in a swoon.*]

Sir Jeal. The devil! I'll make a ghost of him I warrant you. [Strives to get by.]

Patch. Oh, hold, sir, have a care; you'll tread upon my lady—Who waits there? bring some water. Oh! this comes of your opening the charm. Oh, oh, oh, oh! [Weeps aloud.]

Sir Jeal. I'll charm you, housewife. Here lies the charm that conjur'd this fellow in I'm sure on't. Come, out, you rascal, do so. Zounds! take her from the door or I'll spurn her from it, and break your neck down stairs.

Isab. He's gone; I heard him leap down.

[*Aside to Patch.*]

Patch. Nay then, let him enter—"Here, here, madam, smell to this: come, give me your hand; "come nearer to the window; the air will do you "good."

Sir Jeal. I wou'd she were in her grave. Where are you, sirrah? Villain! robber of my honour! I'll pull you out of your nest. [*Goes into the closet.*]

Patch. You'll be mistaken, old gentleman; the bird is flown.

Isab. I'm glad I have 'scap'd so well; I was almost dead in earnest with the fright.

Re-enter Sir JEALOUS out of the closet.

Sir Jeal. Whoever the dog were he has escap'd out of the window, for the sash is up: but tho' he is got out of my reach you are not. And first, Mrs. Pander, with your charms for the tooth-ache, get out of my house, go, troop; yet hold, stay, I'll see you out of my doors myself; but I'll secure your charge ere I go.

Isab. What do you mean, sir? was she not a creature of you own providing?

Sir Jeal. She was of the devil's providing for ought I know.

Patch. What have I done, sir, to merit you displeasure?

Sir Jeal. I don't know which of you have done it, but you shall both suffer for it, till I can discover whose guilt it is. Go, get in there; I'll move you from this side of the house. [*Pushes Isabinda in at the door and locks it, puts the key in his pocket.*] I'll keep the key myself; I'll try what ghost will get into that room: and now forsooth I'll wait on you down stairs.

Patch. Ah, my poor lady!—Down stairs, sir! but I won't go out, sir, till I have lock'd up my clothes.

Sir Jeal. If thou wertst as naked as thou wert born thou shouldst not stay to put on a smock. Come along, I say. When your mistress is marry'd you shall have your rags and every thing that belongs to you; but till then— *[Exit pulling her out.]*

Patch. Oh, barbarous usage for nothing!

Re-enter at the lower end.

Sir Jeal. There, go, and come no more within sight of my habitation these three days I charge you.

[Slaps the door after her.]

Patch. Did ever any body see such an old monster!

Enter CHARLES.

Oh, Mr. Charles! your affairs and mine are in an ill posture.

Cha. I am inur'd to the frowns of fortune; but what has befall'n thee?

Patch. Sir Jealous, whose suspicious nature is always on the watch, nay, even while one eye sleeps the other keeps centinel, upon sight of you flew into such a violent passion, that I cou'd find no stratagem to appease him, but in spite of all arguments he lock'd his daughter into his own apartment, and turn'd me out of doors.

Cha. Ha! oh, Isabinda!

Patch. And swears she shall see neither sun nor moon till she is Don Diego Babinetto's wife, who arrived last night, and is expected with impatience.

Cha. He dies; yes, by all the wrongs of love he shall: here will I plant myself, and through my breast he shall make his passage if he enters.

Patch. A most heroic resolution! there might be ways found out more to your advantage: policy is often preferr'd to open force.

Cha. I apprehend you not.

Patch. What think you of personating this Spaniard, imposing upon the father, and marrying your mistress by his own consent?

Cha. Say'st thou so, my angel! Oh, cou'd that be done, my life to come wou'd be too short to recompense thee: but how can I do that when I neither know what ship he came in, nor from what part of Spain, who recommends him, or how attended.

Patch. I can solve all this. He is from Madrid, his father's name Don Pedro Questo Portento Babinetto. Here's a letter of his to sir Jealous, which he dropt one day. You understand Spanish, and the hand may be counterfeited. You conceive me, sir.

Cha. My better genius! thou hast reviv'd my drooping soul. I'll about it instantly. Come to my lodgings, and we'll concert matters.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Garden-gate open, SCENTWELL waiting within. Enter Sir GEORGE AIRY.

Sir Geo. So, this is the gate, and most invitingly open. If there should be a blunderbuss here now, what a dreadful ditty would my fall make for fools, and what a jest for the wits; how my name would be roar'd about the streets! Well, I'll venture all.

Scent. Hist, hist! sir George Airy— *[Enters.*

Sir Geo. A female voice! thus far I'm safe—My dear.

Scent. No, I'm not your dear, but I'll conduct you to her. Give me your hand; you must go thro' many a dark passage and dirty step before you arrive—

Sir Geo. I know I must before I arrive at paradise; therefore be quick, my charming guide.

Scent. For aught you know. Come, come, your hand, and away.

Sir Geo. Here, here, child; you can't be half so swift as my desires. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The house. Enter MIRANDA.

Miran. Well, let me reason a little with my mad self. Now, don't I transgress all rules to venture

upon a man without the advice of the grave and wise! But then a rigid, knavish guardian who would have marry'd me—to whom? even to his nauseous self, or nobody. Sir George is what I have try'd in conversation, inquir'd into his character, and am satisfied in both. Then his love! who would have given a hundred pounds only to have seen a woman he had not infinitely lov'd? So I find my liking him has furnish'd me with arguments enough of his side; and now the only doubt remains whether he will come or no.

Enter SCENTWELL and Sir GEORGE.

Scent. That's resolv'd, madam, for here's the knight.

[Exit Scentwell.]

Sir Geo. And do I once more behold that lovely object whose idea fills my mind, and forms my pleasing dreams!

Miran. What, beginning again in heroicks!—Sir George, don't you remember how little fruit your last prodigal oration produc'd? Not one bare single word in answer.

Sir Geo. Ha! the voice of my incognita!—Why did you take ten thousand ways to captivate a heart your eyes alone had vanquish'd?

Miran. “Pr'ythee,” no more of these flights; “for our time's but short, and we must fall to business.” Do you think we can agree on that same terrible bugbear matrimony, without heartily repenting on both sides?

Sir Geo. It has been my wish since first my longing eyes beheld you.

“*Miran.* And your happy ears drank in the pleasing news I had thirty thousand pounds.

“*Sir Geo.* Unkind! did I not offer you, in those purchas’d minutes, to run the risk of your fortune, so you wou’d but secure that lovely person to my arms?

“*Miran.* Well, if you have such love and tenderness, since our wooing has been short, pray reverse it for our future days, to let the world see we are lovers after wedlock; ’twill be a novelty.”

Sir Geo. Haste then, and let us tie the knot, and prove the envy’d pair——

Miran. Hold, not so fast; I have provided better than to venture on dangerous experiments headlong——My Guardian, trusting to my dissembled love, has given up my fortune to my own disposal, but with this proviso, that he to morrow morning weds me. He is now gone to Doctors Commons for a licence.

Sir Geo. Ha! a licence!

Miran. But I have planted emissaries that infallibly take him down to Epsom, under a pretence that a brother usurer of his is to make him his executor, the thing on earth he covets.

Sir Geo. ’Tis his known character.

Miran. Now my instruments confirm him this man is dying, and he sends me word he goes this minute.

It must be to-morrow ere he can be undeceiv'd : that time is ours.

Sir Geo. Let us improve it then, and settle on our coming years endless, endless happiness.

Miran. I dare not stir till I hear he's on the road —then I and my writings, the most material point, are soon remov'd.

Sir Geo. I have one favour to ask : if it lies in your power you wou'd be a friend to poor Charles ; tho' the son of this tenacious man, he is as free from all his vices as nature and a good education can make him ; and what now I have vanity enough to hope will induce you, he is the man on earth I love.

Miran. I never was his enemy, and only put it on as it help'd my designs on his father. If his uncle's estate ought to be in his possession, which I shrewdly suspect, I may do him a singular piece of service.

Sir Geo. You are all goodness.

Enter SCENTWELL.

Scent. Oh, madam ! my master and Mr. Marplot are just coming into the house.

Miran. Undone, undone ! if he finds you here in this crisis all my plots are unravell'd.

Sir Geo. What shall I do ? can't I get back into the garden ?

Scent. Oh no ! he comes up those stairs.

Miran. Here, here, here ! can you condescend to stand behind this chimney-board, sir George ?

Sir Geo. Any where, any where, dear madam! without ceremony.

Scent. Come, come, sir, lie close——

[*They put him behind the chimney-board.*]

Enter Sir FRANCIS and MARPLOT, Sir FRANCIS peeling an orange.

Sir Fran. I cou'd not go, tho' 'tis upon life and death, without taking leave of dear chargy. Besides, this fellow buzz'd into my ears that thou might'st be so desperate as to shoot that wild rake which haunts the garden-gate, and that would bring us into trouble, dear——

Miran. So, Marplot brought you back then?

Mar. Yes, I brought him back.

Miran. I'm oblig'd to him for that I'm sure.

[*Frowning at Marplot aside.*]

Mar. By her looks she means she's not oblig'd to me. I have done some mischief now, but what I cann't imagine.

Sir Fran. Well, chargy, I have had three messengers to come to Epsom to my neighbour Squeezum's, who, for all his vast riches, is departing. [*Sighs.*]

Mar. Ay, see what all you usurers must come to.

Sir Fran. Peace, you young knave! Some forty years hence I may think on't—But, chargy, I'll be with thee to-morrow before those pretty eyes are open; I will, I will, chargy, I'll rouse you i'faith—Here, Mrs. Scentwell, lift up your lady's chimney-

board, that I may throw my peel in, and not litter her chamber.

Miran. Oh my stars! what will become of us now?

Scent. Oh, pray, sir, give it me; I love it above all things in nature, indeed I do.

Sir Fran. No, no, hussy; you have the green pip already; I'll have no apothecary's bills.

[*Goes towards the chimney.*]

Miran. Hold, hold, hold, dear gardy! I have a, a, a, a, a, monkey shut up there, and if you open it before the man comes that is to tame it, 'tis so wild 'twill break all my china or get away, and that would break my heart; for I'm fond on't to distraction, next thee, dear gardy! [In a flattering tone.]

Sir Fran. Well, well, chargy, I won't open it; she shall have her monkey, poor rogue! Here, throw this peel out of the window. [Exit Scentwell.]

Mar. A monkey! dear madam, let me see it; I can tame a monkey as well as the best of them all. Oh, how I love the little miniatures of man!

Miran. Be quiet, mischief! and stand farther from the chimney——You shall not see my monkey——why sure—— [Striving with him.]

Mar. For Heav'n's sake, dear madam! let me but peep, to see if it be as pretty as lady Fiddle Faddle's. Has it got a chain?

Miran. Not yet, but I design it one shall last its lifetime. Nay, you shall not see it.——Look, gardy, how he teazes me!

Sir Fran. [*Getting between him and the chimney.*] Sir-

rah, sirrah, let my chargy's monkey alone, or bam-boo shall fly about your ears. What! is there no dealing with you?

Mar. Pugh, pox of the monkey! here's a rout! I wish he may rival you.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, they have put two more horses to the coach, as you order'd, and 'tis ready at the door.

Sir Fran. Well, I am going to be executor; better for thee, jewel. B'ye, chargy: one buss!—I'm glad thou hast got a monkey to divert thee a little.

Miran. Thank'e, dear gardy!—Nay, I'll see you to the coach.

Sir Fran. That's kind adad.

Miran. Come along, Impertinence. [*To Marplot.*

Mar. [*Stepping back.*] Egad, I will see the monkey now. [*Lifts up the board, and discovers Sir George.*] O Lord! O Lord! Thieves! thieves! murder!

Sir Geo. Damn ye, you unlucky dog! 'tis I. Which way shall I get out? Shew me instantly, or I'll cut your throat.

Mar. Undone, undone! At that door there. "But hold, hold; break that china, and"—I'll bring you off. [*He runs off at the corner, and throws down some china.*

Re-enter Sir FRANCIS, MIRANDA, and SCENTWELL.

Sir Fran. Mercy on me! what's the matter?

Miran. O, you toad! what have you done?

Mar. No great harm; I beg of you to forgive me,

Longing to see the monkey, I did but just raise up the board, and it flew over my shoulders, scratch'd all my face, broke yon' china, and whisked out of the window.

Sir Fran. *Where, where is it, sirrah?*

Mar. *There, there, sir Francis, upon your neighbour Parmazan's pantiles.*

Sir Fran. Was ever such an unlucky rogue! Sirrah, I forbid you my house. Call the servants to get the monkey again. *Pug, Pug, Pug!* I wou'd stay myself to look it, but that you know my earnest business.

Scent. Oh, my lady will be best to lure it back: all them creatures love my lady extremely.

Miran. Go, go, dear gardy! I hope I shall recover it.

Sir Fran. B'ye, b'ye, dearee! Ah, Mischief! how you look now! B'ye, b'ye. [Exit.]

Miran. Scentwell, see him in the coach, and bring me word.

Scent. Yes, madam. [Exit.]

Miran. So, sir, you have done your friend a signal piece of service, I suppose.

Mar. Why, look you, madam, if I have committed a fault, thank yourself; no man is more serviceable when I am let into a secret, and none more unlucky at finding it out. Who cou'd divine your meaning; when you talk'd of a blunderbuss, who thought of a rendezvous? and when you talk'd of a monkey, who the devil dreamt of sir George?

Miran. A sign you converse but little with our sex, when you can't reconcile contradictions.

Enter SCENTWELL.

Scent. He's gone, madam, as fast as the coach and six can carry him——

Enter Sir GEORGE.

Sir Geo. Then I may appear.

Mar. *Here's Pug, ma'am*—Dear sir George! make my peace. On my soul I *never took you for a monkey before.*

Sir Geo. I dare swear thou didst not. Madam, I beg you to forgive him.

Miran. Well, sir George, if he can be secret.

Mar. 'Odsheart, madam! I'm as secret as a priest, when trusted.

Sir Geo. Why, 'tis with a priest our business is at present.

Scent. Madam, here's Mrs. Isabinda's woman to wait on you.

Miran. Bring her up.

Enter PATCH.

How do ye, Mrs. Patch? What news from your lady?

Patch. That's for your private ear, madam. Sir George, there's a friend of your's has an urgent occasion for your assistance.

Sir Geo. His name.

Patch. Charles.

Mar. Ha! then there's something a-foot that I know nothing of. I'll wait on you, sir George.

Sir Geo. A third person may not be proper, perhaps. As soon as I have dispatched my own affairs I am at his service. I'll send my servant to tell him I'll wait on him in half an hour.

Miran. How came you employ'd in this message, Mrs. Patch?

Patch. Want of business, madam; I am discharg'd by my master, but hope to serve my lady still.

Miran. How! discharg'd! you must tell me the whole story within.

Patch. With all my heart, madam.

Mar. Tell it here, Mrs. Patch. Pish, Pox! I wish I were fairly out of the house. I find marriage is the end of this secret; and now I am half mad to know what Charles wants him for. [*Aside.*

Sir Geo. Madam, I'm doubly press'd by love and friendship. This exigence admits of no delay. Shall we make Marplot of the party?

Miran. If you'll run the hazard, sir George; I believe he means well.

Mar. Nay, nay, for my part I desire to be let into nothing; I'll be gone, therefore pray don't mistrust me. [*Going.*

Sir Geo. So, now he has a mind to be gone to Charles: "but not knowing what affairs he may "have upon his hands at present"—I'm resolv'd he sha'n't stir. No, Mr. Marplot, you must not leave us; we want a third person. [*Takes hold of him.*

Mar. I never had more mind to be gone in my life.

Miran. Come along then ; if we fail in the voyage, thank yourself for taking this ill-starr'd gentleman on board.

Sir Geo. *That vessel ne'er can unsuccessful prove,
Whose freight is beauty, and whose pilot's love.*

[Exit Sir George and Miranda.]

Mar. Tyty ti, tyty ti. [Steals off the other way.]

Re-enter Sir GEORGE.

Sir Geo. Marplot ! Marplot !

*Mar. entering.] Here ! I was coming, Sir George.
Lord, can't you let one tie up one's garter.* [Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter MIRANDA, PATCH, and SCENTWELL.

Miranda.

WELL, Patch, I have done a strange bold thing ; my fate is determin'd, and expectation is no more. Now to avoid the impertinence and roguery of an old man, I have thrown myself into the extravagance of a young one ; if he should despise, slight, or use me ill, there's no remedy from a husband but the grave, and that's a terrible sanctuary to one of my age and constitution.

Patch. O ! fear not, madam ; you'll find your ac-

count in sir George Airy ; it is impossible a man of sense should use a woman ill endued with beauty, wit, and fortune. It must be the lady's fault if she does not wear the unfashionable name of wife easy, when nothing but complaisance and good humour is requisite on either side to make them happy.

Miran. I long till I am out of this house, lest any accident should bring my guardian back. Scentwell, put my best jewels into the little casket, slip them into thy pocket, and let us march off to sir Jealous's.

Scent. It shall be done, madam. [*Exit Scent.*]

Patch. Sir George will be impatient, madam. If their plot succeeds we shall be well receiv'd ; if not, he will be able to protect us. Besides, I long to know how my young lady fares.

Miran. Farewell old Mammon, and thy detested walls ! 'Twill be no more sweet sir Francis ! I shall be compell'd the odious task of dissembling no longer to get my own, and coax him with the wheedling names of my precious, my dear, dear gardy ! O Heav'ns !

Enter Sir FRANCIS behind.

Sir Fran. Ah, my sweet chargy ! don't be frighted ; [*She starts*] but thy poor Gardy has been abus'd, cheated, fool'd, betray'd ; but nobody knows by whom.

Miran. Undone, past redemption ! [*Aside.*]

Sir Fran. What ! won't you speak to me, Chargy ?

Miran. I am so surpriz'd with joy to see you I know not what to say.

Sir Fran. Poor dear girl! But do you know that my son, or some such rogue, to rob or murder me, or both, contrived this journey? for upon the road I met my neighbour Squeezum well, and coming to Town.

Miran. Good lack! good lack! what tricks are there in this world!

Enter SCENTWELL with a diamond necklace in her hand, not seeing Sir FRANCIS.

Scent. Madam, be pleas'd to tie this necklace on, for I can't get into the— [Seeing sir Fran.]

Miran. The wench is a fool I think! cou'd you not have carried it to be mended without putting it in the box?

Sir Fran. What's the matter?

Miran. Only, dearee! I bid her, I bid her—Your ill-usage has put every thing out of my head. But won't you go, Gardy, and find out these fellows, and have them punished? and, and—

Sir Fran. Where should I look for them, child? no, I'll sit me down contented with my safety, nor stir out of my own doors till I go with thee to a parson.

Miran. aside.] If he goes into his closet I am ruin'd. Oh bless me! in this fright I had forgot Mrs. Patch.

Patch. Ay, madam, and I stay for your speedy answer.

Miran. aside.] I must get him out of the house. Now assist me, Fortune!

Sir Fran. Mrs. Patch! I profess I did not see you: how dost thou do, Mrs. Patch? Well, don't you repent leaving my Chargy?

Patch. Yes, every body must love her—but I come now——Madam, what did I come for? my invention is at the last ebb. [*Aside to Miranda.*]

Sir Fran. Nay, never whisper, tell me.

Miran. She came, dear Gardy! to invite me to her lady's wedding, and you shall go with me, Gardy; 'tis to be done this moment, to a Spanish merchant. Old sir Jealous keeps on his humour; the first minute he sees her the next he marries her.

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha, ha! I'd go if I thought the sight of matrimony wou'd tempt Chargy to perform her promise. There was a smile, there was a consenting look, with those pretty twinklers, worth a million! 'Ods-precicus! I am happier than the Great Mogul, the Emperor of China, or all the potentates that are not in wars. Speak, confirm it, make me leap out of my skin.

Miran. When one has resolved, 'tis in vain to stand shilly-shally. If ever I marry, positively this is my wedding day.

Sir Fran. Oh! happy, happy man—Verily I will beget a son the first night shall disinherit that dog Charles. I have estate enough to purchase a barony, and be the immortalizing the whole family of the Gripes.

Miran. Come then, Gardy, give me thy hand ; let's to this house of Hymen.

My choice is fix'd, let good or ill betide.

Sir Fran. *The joyful bridegroom I,*

Miran. *And I the happy bride.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Sir JEALOUS, meeting a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a couple of gentlemen inquire for you ; one of them calls himself Signior Diego Babinetto.

Sir Jeal. Ha ! Signior Babinetto ! admit 'em instantly—joyful minute ; I'll have my daughter marry'd to-night.

Enter CHARLES in a Spanish habit, with Sir GEORGE dressed like a merchant.

Sir Jeal. Senhor, beso las manos : vuestra merced es muy bien venido en esta tierra.

Cha. Senhor, soy muy humilde, y muy obligado cryado de vuestra merced : mi padre embia a vuestra merced, los mas profundos de sus respetos ; y a commissionedo este mercadel Ingles, de concluyr un negocio, que me haze el mas dichoss hombre del mundo, haziendo me su yerno.

Sir Jeal. I am glad on't, for I find I have lost much of my Spanish. Sir, I am your most humble servant. Signior Don Diego Babinetto has informed me that you are commissioned by signior Don Pedro, &c. his worthy father—

Sir Geo. To see an affair of marriage consummated between a daughter of your's and signior Diego Babinetto his son here. True, sir, such a trust is repos'd in me, as that letter will inform you. I hope 'twill pass upon him. [*Aside.*] [*Gives him a letter.*]

Sir Jeal. Ay, 'tis his hand. [*Seems to read.*]

Sir Geo. Good, you have counterfeited to a nicety, Charles. [*Aside to Charles.*]

Cha. If the whole plot succeeds as well I'm happy.

Sir Jeal. Sir, I find by this that you are a man of honour and probity; I think, sir, he calls you Meanwell.

Sir Geo. Meanwell is my name, sir.

Sir Jeal. A very good name, and very significant.

Cha. Yes, faith, if he knew all. [*Aside.*]

Sir Jeal. For to mean well is to be honest, and to be honest is the virtue of a friend, and a friend is the delight and support of human society.

Sir Geo. You shall find that I'll discharge the part of a friend in what I have undertaken, sir Jealous.

Cha. But little does he think to whom. [*Aside.*]

Sir Geo. Therefore, sir, I must entreat the presence of your fair daughter, and the assistance of your chaplain; for signior Don Pedro strictly enjoined me to see the marriage rites performed as soon as we should arrive, to avoid the accidental overtures of Venus.

Sir Jeal. Overtures of Venus!

Sir Geo. Ay, sir; that is, those little hawking females that traverse the Park and the playhouse to put off their damag'd ware—they fasten upon foreigners

like leeches, and watch their arrival as carefully as the Kentish men do a shipwreck: I warrant you they have heard of him already.

Sir Jeal. Nay, I know this Town swarms with them.

Sir Geo. Ay, and then you know the Spaniards are naturally amorous, but very constant; the first face fixes 'em; and it may be very dangerous to let him ramble ere he is tied.

Cha. Well hinted.

Sir Jeal. Pat to my purpose—Well, sir, there is but one thing more, and they shall be married instantly.

Cha. Pray Heaven that one thing more don't spoil all. [*Aside.*

Sir Jeal. Don Pedro writ me word, in his last but one, that he designed the sum of five thousand crowns by way of jointure for my daughter, and that it should be paid into my hand upon the day of marriage—

Cha. Oh, the devil! [*Aside.*

Sir Jeal. In order to lodge it in some of our funds in case she should become a widow, and return for England——

Sir Geo. Pox on't! this is an unlucky turn. What shall I say? [*Aside.*

Sir Jeal. And he does not mention one word of it in this letter.

Cha. I don't know how he should. [*Aside.*

Sir Geo. Humph! True, sir Jealous, he told me such a thing, but, but, but, but—he, he, he, he—he

did not imagine that you would insist upon the very day ; for, for, for, for money, you know, is dangerous returning by sea, an, an, an, an—

Cha. Zounds! say we have brought it in commodities. [*Aside to sir Geo.*

Sir Geo. And so, sir, he has sent it in merchandize, tobacco, sugars, spices, lemons, and so forth, which shall be turned into money with all expedition : in the mean time, sir, if you please to accept of my bond for performance—

Sir Jeal. It is enough, sir; I am so pleas'd with the countenance of signior Diego, and the harmony of your name, that I'll take your word, and will fetch my daughter this moment. Within there. [*Enter Servant.*] Desire Mr. Tackum, my neighbour's chaplain, to walk hither.

Serv. Yes, sir. [*Exit.*

Sir Jeal. Gentlemen, I'll return in an instant. [*Exit.*

Cha. Wondrous well! let me embrace thee.

Sir Geo. Egad, that five thousand crowns had like to have ruined the plot.

Cha. But that's over ; and if Fortune throws no more rubs in our way—

Sir Geo. Thou'lt carry the prize—But hist! here he comes.

Enter Sir JEALOUS dragging in ISABINDA.

Sir Jeal. Come along, you stubborn baggage you! come along.

Isab. Oh! hear me, sir, hear me but speak one word;

Do not destroy my everlasting peace ;
My soul abhors this Spaniard you have chose,
“ Nor can I wed him without being curst.”

Sir Jeal. How's that !

Isab. Let this posture move your tender nature.

[*Kneels.*

For ever will I hang upon these knees,
Nor loose my hands till you cut off my hold,
If you refuse to hear me, sir.

Cha. Oh! that I cou'd discover myself to her!

[*Aside.*

Sir Geo. Have a care what you do : you had better trust to his obstinacy.

[*Aside*

Sir Jeal. Did you ever see such a perverse slut ?
Off, I say. Mr. Meanwell, pray help me a little.

Sir Geo. Rise, madam, and do not disoblige your father, who has provided a husband worthy of you, one that will love you equal with his soul, and one that you will love, when once you know him.

Isab. Oh! never, never !

Could I suspect that falsehood in my heart,
I would this moment tear it from my breast,
And straight present him with the treach'rous part.

“ *Cha.* Oh! my charming, faithful dear !” [*Aside.*

Sir Jeal. Falsehood! why, who the devil are you in love with? Don't provoke me, for by St. Iago I shall beat you, housewife.

Cha. Heaven forbid ! for I shall infallibly discover myself if he should.

Sir Geo. Have patience, madam, and look at him:

why will ye prepossess yourself against a man that is master of all the charms you would desire in a husband.

Sir Jeal. Ay, look at him, Isabinda. Senhor pase vind adelante.

Cha. "My heart bleeds to see her grieve whom I "imagined would with joy receive me." Senhora oblique me vuestra merced de sa mano.

Sir Jeal. *pulling up her head.*] Hold up your head, hold up your head, hussy, and look at him. Is there a properer, handsomer, better shaped, fellow in England, ye jade you? Ha! see, see the obstinate baggage shuts her eyes; by St. Iago I have a good mind to beat 'em out. *[Pushes her down.*

Isab. Do then, sir, kill me, kill me instantly ; 'Tis much the kinder action of the two, For 'twill be worse than death to wed him.

Sir Geo. Sir Jealous, you are too passionate. Give me leave, I'll try by gentle words to work her to your purpose.

Sir Jeal. I pray do, Mr. Meanwell, I pray do ; she'll break my heart. *[Weeps.]* There is in that jewels of the value of three thousand pounds, which were her mother's, and a paper wherein I have settled one half of my estate upon her now, and the whole when I die, but provided she marries this gentleman, else by St. Iago I'll turn her out of doors to beg or starve. Tell her this, Mr. Meanwell, pray do. *[Walks off.*

Sir Geo. Ha! this is beyond expectation—Trust to me, sir, I'll lay the dangerous consequence of dis-

obeying you at this juncture before her I warrant you.

“*Cha.* A sudden joy runs through my heart like a propitious omen.” [*Aside.*]

Sir Geo. Come, madam, do not blindly cast your life away just in the moment you would wish to save it.

Isab. Pray cease your trouble, sir; I have no wish but sudden death to free me from this hated Spaniard. If you are his friend, inform him what I say; my heart is given to another youth, whom I love with the same strength of passion that I hate this Diego, with whom, if I am forced to wed, my own hand shall cut the Gordian knot.

Sir Geo. Suppose this Spaniard, which you strive to shun, should be the very man to whom you'd fly?

Isab. Ha!

Sir Geo. Would you not blame your rash resolve, and curse your eyes that would not look on Charles?

Isab. On Charles! “Oh! you have inspired new life, and collected every wandering sense.” Where is he? oh! let me fly into his arms. [*Rises.*]

Sir Geo. Hold, hold, hold. 'Sdeath! madam, you'll ruin all. Your father believes him to be signior Babinetto. Compose yourself a little, pray madam.

[*He runs to sir Jealous.*]

Cha. Her eyes declare she knows me. [*Aside.*]

Sir Geo. She begins to hear reason, sir; the fear of being turned out of doors has done it.

[*Runs back to Isabinda.*]

Isab. 'Tis he! Oh my ravish'd soul!

Sir Geo. Take heed, madam, you don't betray yourself. Seem with reluctance to consent, or you are undone. [*Runs to sir Jealous.*] Speak gently to her, sir; I'm sure she'll yield; I see it in her face.

Sir Jeal. Well, Isabinda, can you refuse to bless a father whose only care is to make you happy, as Mr. Meanwell has informed you? Come, wipe thy eyes; nay, pr'ythee do, or thou wilt break thy father's heart. See, thou bring'st the tears in mine, to think of thy undutiful carriage to me. [*Weeps.*]

Isab. Oh, do not weep, sir! your tears are like a poignard to my soul. Do with me what you please; I am all obedience.

Sir Jeal. Ha! then thou art my child again.

Sir Geo. 'Tis done, and now, friend, the day's thy own.

Char. The happiest of my life, if nothing intervene.

Sir Jeal. And wilt thou love him?

Isab. I will endeavour it, sir.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here is Mr. Tackum.

Sir Jeal. Shew him into the parlour.—Senhor tome vind sueipora; cette momento les junta les manos.

[*Gives her to Charles.*]

Cha. "Oh transport!"—Senhor, yo la recibo como se deve un tesoro tan grande. "Oh! my joy, my life, my soul!" [*Embrace.*]

"*Isab.* My faithful, everlasting comfort!"

Sir Jeal. Now, Mr. Meanwell, let's to the parson,
Who, by his art, will join this pair for life,
Make me the happiest father, her the happiest wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Changes to the street before Sir JEALOUS'S door. Enter
MARPLOT solus.

Mar. I have hunted all over the Town for Charles, but cann't find him, and by Whisper's scouting at the end of the street, I suspect he must be in the house again. I am informed too that he has borrowed a Spanish habit out of the playhouse: what can it mean?

Enter a Servant of Sir JEALOUS'S to him out of the
house.

Hark'e, sir, do you belong to this house?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Mar. Isn't your name Richard?

Serv. No, sir, Thomas.

Mar. Oh, ay, Thomas—Well, Thomas, there's a shilling for you.

Serv. Thank you, sir.

Mar. Pray, Thomas, can you tell if there be a gentleman in it in a Spanish habit?

Serv. There's a Spanish gentleman within that is just a-going to marry my young lady, sir.

Mar. Are you sure he is a Spanish gentleman?

Serv. I'm sure he speaks no English that I hear of.

Mar. Then that can't be him I want, for 'tis an English gentleman that I inquire after; he may be dressed like a Spaniard for ought I know.

Serv. Ha! who knows but this may be an impostor? I'll inform my master, for if he should be impos'd upon, he'll beat us all round. [*Aside.*] Pray come in, sir, and see if this be the person you inquire for.

Mar. Ay, I'll follow you—Now for it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Changes to the inside of the house. Enter MARPLOT and Servant.

Serv. Sir, please to stay here, I'll send my master to you. [Exit.]

Mar. So, this was a good contrivance. If this be Charles now, he will wonder how I found him out.

Enter Servant and Sir JEALOUS.

Sir Jeal. What is your earnest business, block-head! that you must speak with me before the ceremony's past? Ha! who's this?

Serv. Why this gentleman, sir, wants another gentleman in a Spanish habit, he says.

Sir Jeal. In a Spanish habit! 'tis some friend of signior Don Diego's, I warrant. Sir, your servant.

Mar. *Your servant, sir.*

Sir Jeal. I suppose you would speak with signior Babinetto.

Mar. Sir!

Sir Jeal. I say, I suppose you would speak with signior Babinetto.

Mar. Hey day! what the devil does he say now?—Sir, I don't understand you.

Sir Jeal. Don't you understand Spanish, sir?

Mar. Not I indeed, sir.

Sir Jeal. I thought you had known signior Babinetto.

Mar. Not I, upon my word, sir.

Sir Jeal. What then, you'd speak with his friend, the English merchant, Mr. Meanwell?

Mar. Neither, sir, not I; *I don't mean any such thing.*

Sir Jeal. Why, who are you then, sir? and what do you want? *[In an angry tone.]*

Mar. Nay, nothing at all, not I, sir. Pox on him! I wish I were out; he begins to exalt his voice; I shall be beaten again.

Sir Jeal. Nothing at all, sir! Why then, what business have you in my house? ha!

Serv. You said you wanted a gentleman in a Spanish habit.

Mar. Why, ay, but his name is neither Babinetto nor Meanwell.

Sir Jeal. What is his name then, sirrah? Ha! now I look at you again, I believe you are the rogue that threatened me with half-a-dozen myrmidons——

Mar. *Me, sir! I never saw your face in all my life before.*

Sir Jeal. Speak, sir, who is it you look for? or, or—

Mar. A terrible old dog!—Why, sir, only an honest young fellow of my acquaintance—I thought that here might be a ball, and that he might have been here in a masquerade. 'Tis Charles, sir Francis Gripe's son, because I knew he us'd to come hither sometimes.

Sir Jeal. Did he so?—not that I know of, I'm sure. Pray Heav'n that this be Don Diego——If I should be trick'd now—Ha! my heart misgives me plaguily——Within there! stop the marriage——Run, sirrah, call all my servants! I'll be satisfied that this is signior Pedro's son ere he has my daughter.

Mar. Ha! sir George! what have I done now?

Enter Sir GEORGE with a drawn sword between the scenes.

Sir Geo. Ha! Marplot here—oh, the unlucky dog—What's the matter, sir Jealous?

Sir Jeal. Nay, I don't know the matter, Mr. Meanwell.

Mar. Upon my soul, sir George——

[*Going up to sir George.*]

Sir Jeal. Nay then, I'm betray'd, ruin'd, undone. Thieves, traitors, rogues! [*Offers to go in.*] Stop the marriage, I say——

Sir Geo. I say go on, Mr. Tackum.—Nay, no entering here; I guard this passage, old gentleman :

the act and deed were both your own, and I'll see 'em sign'd, or die for't.

Enter Servant.

Sir Jeal. A pox on the act and deed!—Fall on, knock him down.

Sir Geo. Ay, come on, scoundrels! I'll prick your jackets for you.

Sir Jeal. Zounds! sirrah, I'll be reveng'd on you.
[Beats Marplot.]

Sir Geo. Ay, there your vengeance is due. Ha, ha!

Mar. Why, what do you beat me for? I ha'n't marry'd your daughter.

Sir Jeal. Rascals! why don't you knock him down?

Serv. We are afraid of his sword, sir; if you'll take that from him we'll knock him down presently.

Enter CHARLES and ISABINDA.

Sir Jeal. Seize her then.

Cha. Rascals! retire; she's my wife; touch her if you dare; I'll make dog's meat of you.

Mar. Ay, I'll make dog's meat of you, rascal.

Sir Jeal. Ah! downright English—Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Enter Sir FRANCIS GRIPE, MIRANDA, PATCH, SCENTWELL, and WHISPER,

Sir Fran. Into the house of joy we enter without knocking—Ha! I think 'tis the house of sorrow, sir Jealous.

Sir Jeal. Oh, sir Francis, are you come? What! was this your contrivance, to abuse, trick, and chouse me out of my child.

Sir Fran. My contrivance! what do you mean?

Sir Jeal. No, you don't know your son there in a Spanish habit!

Sir Fran. How! my son in a Spanish habit! Sirrah, you'll come to be hang'd. Get out of sight, ye dog! get out of my sight.

Sir Jeal. Get out of your sight, sir! get out with your bags. Let's see what you'll give him now to maintain my daughter on.

Sir Fran. Give him! he shall never be the better for a penny of mine—and you might have look'd after your daughter better, sir Jealous, Trick'd quotha! Egad I think you design'd to trick me: but look ye, gentlemen, I helieve I shall trick you both. This lady is my wife do you see, and my estate shall descend only to the heirs of her body.

Sir Geo. Lawfully begotten by me—I shall be extremely obliged to you, sir Francis.

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha, ha! poor sir George! you see your project was of no use: does not your hundred pound stick in your stomach! ha, ha, ha!

Sir Geo. No faith, sir Francis, this lady has given me a cordial for that. [Takes her by the hand.]

Sir Fran. Hold, sir, you have nothing to say to this lady.

Sir Geo. Nor you nothing to do with my wife, sir.

Sir Fran. Wife, sir!

Miran. Ay, really, guardian, 'tis even so. I hope you'll forgive my first offence.

Sir Fran. What, have you chous'd me out of my consent and your writings then, mistress, ha?

Miran. Out of nothing but my own, Guardian.

Sir Jeal. Ha, ha, ha! 'tis some comfort at least to see you are over-reach'd as well as myself. Will you settle your estate upon your son now?

Sir Fran. He shall starve first.

Miran. That I have taken care to prevent. There, sir, are the writings of your uncle's estate, which have been your due these three years.

[*Gives Charles papers.*]

Cha. I shall study to deserve this favour.

Mar. Now, how the devil could she get those writings and I know nothing of it.

Sir Fran. What, have you robb'd me too, mistress! egad I'll make you restore 'em—hussy, I will so.

Sir Jeal. Take care I don't make you pay the arrears, sir. 'Tis well 'tis no worse since 'tis no better. Come, young man, seeing thou hast outwitted me, take her, and bless you both!

Cha. I hope, sir, you'll bestow your blessing too; 'tis all I ask.

[*Kneels.*]

Mar. Do, Gardy, do.

Sir Fran. Confound you all!

[*Exit.*]

Mar. Mercy upon us, how he looks!

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha! ne'er mind his curses, Charles; thou'lt thrive not one jot the worse for 'em. Since this gentleman is reconcil'd we are all made happy.

Sir Jeal. I always lov'd precaution, and took care to avoid dangers; but when a thing was past, I ever had philosophy to be easy.

Cha. Which is the true sign of a great soul. I

lov'd your daughter, and she me, and you shall have no reason to repent her choice.

Isab. You will not blame me, sir, for loving my own country best.

Mar. So here's every body happy I find but poor Pilgarlick. I wonder what satisfaction I shall have for being cuff'd, kick'd, and beaten in your service!

Sir Jeal. I have been a little too familiar with you as things are fallen out; but since there's no help for't, you must forgive me.

Mar. Egad I think so—but provided that you be not so familiar for the future.

Sir Geo. Thou hast been an unlucky rogue.

Mar. But very honest.

Cha. That I'll vouch for, and freely forgive thee.

Sir Geo. And I'll do you one piece of service more, Marplot; I'll take care that sir Francis make you master of your estate.

Mar. That will make me as happy as any of you.

Patch. Your humble servant begs leave to remind you, madam.

Isab. Sir, I hope you'll give me leave to take Patch into favour again.

Sir Jeal. Nay, let your husband look to that; I have done with my care.

Cha. Her own liberty shall always oblige me.
“Here's nobody but honest Whisper and Mrs. Scent-
“well to be provided for now. It shall be left to
“their choice to marry or keep their services.

“*Whisp.* Nay then, I'll stick to my master.

“ Scent. Coxcomb ! and I prefer my lady before a
“ footman.

“ Sir Jeal. Hark, I hear the music ; the fiddlers
“ smell a wedding. What say you, young fellows,
“ will you have a dance ?

“ Sir Geo. With all my heart ; call ’em in.”

[A dance.]

Sir Jeal. Now let us in and refresh ourselves with
a cheerful glass, in which we’ll bury all animosities :
and

*By my example let all parents move,
And never strive to cross their childrens’ love.
But still submit that care to Providence above.*

[Exeunt omnes.]

EPILOGUE.

*IN me you see one Busy Body more,
Tho’ you may have enough of one before.
With Epilogues, the Busy Body’s way,
We strive to help but sometimes mar a play.
At this mad sessions, half condemn’d ere try’d,
Some in three days have been turn’d off and dy’d:
In spite of parties, their attempts are vain,
For like false prophets they ne’er rise again:
Too late when cast your favour one beseeches,
And Epilogues prove execution speeches.
Yet sure I spy no Busy Bodies here,
And one may pass since they do ev’ry where.*

*Sour criticks time, and breath, and censures waste,
And balk your pleasures to refine your taste;
One busy Don ill-tim'd high tenets preaches,
Another yearly shews himself in speeches;
Some sniv'ling cit would have a piece for spite,
To starve those warriors who so bravely fight,
Still of a foe upon his knees afraid,
Whose well-bang'd troops want money, heart, and bread;
Old beaux, who none, not e'en themselves, can please,
Are busy still for nothing—but to tease;
The young, so busy to engage a heart,
The mischief done are busy most to part;
Ungrateful wretches! who still cross one's will,
When they more kindly might be busy still:
One to a husband who ne'er dream'd of horns
Shews how dear spouse with friend his brows adorns;
Th' officious tell-tale fool (he should repent it)
Parts three kind souls that liv'd at peace contented:
Some with law quirks set houses by the ears;
With physick one what he would heal impairs;
Like that dark mop'd-up fry, that neighb'ring curse,
Who to remove love's pains bestow a worse.
Since then this meddling tribe infest the age,
Bear one a while expos'd upon the stage;
Let none but Busy Bodies vent their spite,
And with good-humour pleasure crown the night.*



Del. Will. pin.

A. D. 1792.

MISS WILKINS

— A. P. 1792.

I want that no man can make a Queen.

ALL FOR LOVE;
OR,
THE WORLD WELL LOST.

A
TRAGEDY,
BY MR. DRYDEN.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRES-ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,
By Permission of the Managers.

⁶⁶ The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation. ⁶⁷

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MDCCLXXII.



ALL FOR LOVE.

A MODERN would not have ventured to write upon a subject which SHAKSPERE had treated, so fully are we convinced of the unrivalled strength of his muse, and the irregular grandeur of his imagination.

That such efforts have been made by DRYDEN and by THOMSON, after the *Antony* and *Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus* of our Bard, must be ascribed to their habitual veneration for the scholastic regularity of the Greek drama—wanting this preservation of the unities, he wanted in their idea the principal ingredient of rational pleasure. Accordingly, the former professing to imitate his style, the latter without such profession, both equally unlike him, have given us tragedies upon the same subjects.

DRYDEN'S *All for Love* is the standard of what dramatically he could effect—it is written with the utmost strain of his powers, and abounds with varieties of poetic beauty—it is more regular, consistent, and florid than the play of Shakspeare ; has less nerve, less nature, less action—It is like a French play translated.

The master scene between Antony and Ventidius is a copy from FLETCHER.—Ventidius is Melantius in the *Maids Tragedy*.

PROLOGUE.

WHAT flocks of critics hover here to-day,
As vultures wait on armies for their prey,
All gaping for the carcass of a play!
With croaking notes they bode some dire event,
And follow dying poets by the scent.
Ours gives himself for gone; you 'ave watch'd your time;
He fights this day unarm'd, without his rhyme,
And brings a tale, which often has been told,
As sad as Dido's, and almost as old.
His hero, whom you twits his bully call,
Bates of his mettle, and scarce rants at all:
He's somewhat lewd, but a well-meaning mind;
Weeps much, fights little, but is wondrous kind:
In short, a pattern and companion fit
For all the keeping tonies of the pit:
I cou'd name more; a wife and mistress too,
Both (to be plain) too good for most of you;
The wife well-natur'd, and the mistress true.

Now, Poets, if your fame has been his care,
Allow him all the candour you can spare.
A brave man scorns to quarrel once a-day,
Like Hector, in at ev'ry petty fray.

*Let those find fault whose wit's so very small
They've need to show that they can think at all.
Errors like straws upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below:
Fops may have leave to level all they can,
As pigmies would be glad to lop a man.
Half-wits are fleas, so little and so light,
We scarce could know they live but that they bite.
But as the rich, when tir'd with daily feasts,
For change become their next poor tenant's guests,
Drink hearty draughts of ale from plain brown bowls,
And snatch the homely rasher from the coals;
So you, retiring from much better cheer,
For once may venture to do penance here:
And since that plenteous autumn now is past,
Whose grapes and peaches have indulg'd your taste,
Take in good part from our poor Poet's board
Such rivel'd fruits as winter can afford.*

Dramatis Personae.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

MARC ANTONY	-	-	-	-	Mr. Holman.
VENTIDIUS, <i>his general</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Harley.
DOLABELLA, <i>his friend</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Farren.
ALEXAS, <i>the Queen's eunuch</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Davies.
SERAPION, <i>priest of Isis</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Hull.
Romans	-	-	-	-	{ Mr. Evatt.
					{ Mr. Ledger.
MYRIS	-	-	-	-	- Mr. Thompson.

Women.

CLEOPATRA, <i>Queen of Egypt</i>	-	-	Mrs. Merry.
OCTAVIA, <i>Antony's wife</i>	-	-	Mrs. Pope.
CHARMION, }	Cleopatra's maids	-	{ Mrs. Rock.
IRAS,			{ Miss Francis.

Antony's two little daughters.

SCENE, *Alexandria.*



ALL FOR LOVE;
OR,
THE WORLD WELL LOST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Temple of Isis. SERAPION, MYRIS, Priests of Isis, discovered.

Serapion.

PORTENTS and prodigies are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name. Our fruitful Nile
Flow'd, ere the wonted season, with a torrent
So unexpected and so wondrous fierce,
That the wild deluge overtook the haste
Ev'n of the hinds that watch'd it. Men and beasts
Were borne above the tops of trees that grew
On th' utmost margin of the watermark :
Then with so swift an ebb the flood drove backward,
It slipt from underneath the scaly herd :
Here monstrous phocæ panted on the shore,
Forsaken dolphins there with their broad tails
Lay lashing the departing waves, hard by 'em

B ij

Sea-horses flound'ring in the slimy mud
Toss'd up their heads, and dash'd the ooze about 'em.

Enter ALEXAS behind them.

Myr. Avert these omens, Heav'n!

Ser. Last night, between the hours of twelve and
one,

In a lone aisle o' the temple, while I walk'd,
A whirlwind rose, that with a violent blast
Shook all the dome; the doors around me clapt;
The iron wicket, that defends the vault
Where the long race of Ptolemies is laid,
Burst open, and disclos'd the mighty dead:
From out each monument, in order plac'd,
An armed ghost starts up; the boy-king last
Rear'd his inglorious head: a peal of groans
Then follow'd, and a lamentable voice
Cry'd Egypt is no more. My blood ran back,
My shaking knees against each other knock'd,
On the cold pavement down I fell entranc'd,
And so unfinish'd left the horrid scene?

Alex. And dreamt you this, or did invent the story
[Shewing himself.]

To frighten our Egyptian boys withal,
And train 'em up betimes in fear of priesthood?

Ser. My lord, I saw you not,
Nor meant my words should reach your ears; but
what

I utter'd was most true.

Alex. A foolish dream,

Bred from the fumes of indigested feasts
And holy luxury.

Ser. I know my duty :
This goes no farther.

Alex. 'Tis not fit it should,
Nor would the times now bear it were it true,
All southern from yon' hills the Roman camp
Hangs o'er us black and threat'ning, like a storm
Just breaking on our heads.

" *Ser.* Our faint Egyptians pray for Antony,
" But in their servile hearts they own Octavius.

" *Myr.* Why then does Antony dream out his
hours,

" And tempts not fortune for a noble day,
" Which might redeem what Actium lost ?

" *Alex.* He thinks 'tis past recovery.

" *Ser.* Yet the foe

" Seems not to press the siege.

" *Alex.* Oh, there's the wonder.

" Mecænas and Agrippa, who can most

" With Cæsar, are his foes. His wife, Octavia,

" Driv'n from his house, solicits her revenge ;

" And Dolabella, who was once his friend,

" Upon some private grudge now seeks his ruin ;

" Yet still war seems on either side to sleep."

Ser. 'Tis strange that Antony, for some days past,
Has not beheld the face of Cleopatra,
But here in Isis' temple lives retir'd,
And makes his heart a prey to black despair.

Alex. 'Tis true ; and we much fear he hopes by absence

To cure his mind of love.

“ *Ser.* If he be vanquish'd,

“ Or make his peace, Egypt is doom'd to be

“ A Roman province, and our plenteous harvests

“ Must then redeem the scarceness of their soil.

“ While Antony stood firm, our Alexandria

“ Rivall'd proud Rome, (dominion's other seat)

“ And fortune striding, like a vast Colossus,

“ Could fix an equal foot of empire here.

“ *Alex.* Had I my wish, these tyrants of all nature,

“ Who lord it o'er mankind, should perish, perish,

“ Each by the other's sword ; but since our will

“ Is lamely follow'd by our pow'r, we must

“ Depend on one, with him to rise or fall.”

Ser. How stands the queen affected ?

Alex. Oh, she dotes,

She dotes, Serapion, on this vanquish'd man,

And winds herself about his mighty ruins,

Whom, would she yet forsake, yet yield him up,

This hunted prey, to his pursuer's hands,

She might preserve us all : but 'tis in vain——

This changes my designs, this blasts my counsels,

And makes me use all means to keep him here

Whom I could wish divided from her arms

Far as the earth's deep centre. Well, you know

The state of things : no more of your ill omens

And black prognostics ; labour to confirm

The people's hearts.

Enter VENTIDIUS, talking aside with a Gentleman of ANTONY'S.

Ser. These Romans will o'erhear us.
But who's that stranger? by his warlike port,
His fierce demeanour, and erected lock,
He's of no vulgar note.

Alex. Oh, 'tis Ventidius,
Our emperor's great lieutenant in the east,
Who first shew'd Rome that Parthia could be conquer'd.

When Antony return'd from Syria last,
He left this man to guard the Roman frontiers.

Ser. You seem to know him well.

Alex. Too well. I saw him in Cilicia first,
When Cleopatra there met Antony :
A mortal foe he was to us and Egypt.
But let me witness to the worth I hate ;
A braver Roman never drew a sword :
Firm to his prince, but as a friend, not slave :
He ne'er was of his pleasures, but presides
O'er all his cooler hours and morning counsels :
In short, the plainness, fierceness, rugged virtue
Of an old true stamp'd Roman lives in him.
His coming bodes, I know not what, of ill
To our affairs. Withdraw to mark him better,
And I'll acquaint you why I sought you here,
And what's our present work.

[They withdraw to a corner of the stage, and Ventidius, with the other, comes forward to the front.]

Vent. Not see him, say you?

I say I must and will.

Gent. He has commanded,

On pain of death, none should approach his presence.

Vent. I bring him news will raise his drooping spirits,
Give him new life.

Gent. He sees not Cleopatra.

Vent. Would he had never seen her.

Gent. He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no use
Of any thing but thought; or if he talks,
'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect raving;
Then he defies the world, and bids it pass.
Sometimes he gnaws his lips, and curses loud
The boy Octavius; then he draws his mouth
Into a scornful smile, and cries, Take all,
The world's not worth my care.

Vent. Just, just his nature.

Virtue's his path, but sometimes 'tis too narrow
For his vast soul, and then he starts out wide,
And bounds into a vice that bears him far
From his first course, and plunges him in ills:
"But when his danger makes him find his fault,
"Quick to observe, and full of sharp remorse,
"He censures eagerly his own misdeeds,
"Judging himself with malice to himself,
"And not forgiving what as man he did,
"Because his other parts are more than man."
He must not thus be lost.

[*Alexas and the priests come forward.*]

Alex. You have your full instructions; now advance;
reclaim your orders loudly.

Ser. Romans! Egyptians! hear the queen's command.

Thus Cleopatra bids: let labour cease;
To pomp and triumphs give this happy day
That gave the world a lord; 'tis Antony's.
Live Antony, and Cleopatra live!

Be this the gen'ral voice sent up to Heav'n,
And ev'ry public place repeat this echo.

Vent. Fine pageantry!

[*Aside.*

Ser. Set out before your doors
The images of all your sleeping fathers
With laurels crown'd, with laurels wreath your posts,
And strew with flow'rs the pavement; let the priest
Do present sacrifice, pour out the wine,
And call the gods to join with you in gladness.

Vent. Curse on the tongue that bids this gen'ral joy!
Can they be friends of Antony, who revel
When Antony's in danger? Hide, for shame,
You Romans, your great grandsires' images,
For fear their souls should animate their marbles
To blush at their degenerate progeny.

Alex. A love, which knows no bounds to Antony,
Would mark the day with honours; when all Heav'n
Labour'd for him, when each propitious star,
Stood wakeful in his orb to watch that hour,
And shed his bitter influence, her own birth-day
Our queen neglected, like a vulgar fate
That pass'd obscurely by.

Vent. Would it had slept
Divided far from his, till some remote

And future age had call'd it out to ruin
Some other prince, not him.

Alex. Your emperor,
Tho' grown unkind, would be more gentle than
T' upbraid my queen for loving him too well.

Vent. " Does the mute sacrifice upbraid the priest ?
" He knows him not his executioner.

" Oh! she has deck'd his ruin with her love,
" Led him in golden bands to gaudy slaughter,
" And made perdition pleasing: she has left him
" The blank of what he was."

I tell thee, eunuch, she has quite unmann'd him :
Can any Roman see and know him now,
Thus alter'd from the lord of half mankind,
Unbent, unsinew'd, made a woman's toy,
Shrunk from the vast extent of all his honours,
And cramp'd within a corner of the world ?
Oh, Antony !

Thou bravest soldier, and thou best of friends !
Bounteous as nature, next to nature's God !
Couldst thou but make new worlds, so wouldst thou
give 'em,

As bounty were thy being. Rough in battle
As the first Romans when they went to war,
Yet after victory more pitiful
Than all their praying virgins left at home !

Alex. Would you could add to those more shining
virtues

His truth to her who loves him.

Vent. Would I could not.

But wherefore waste I precious hours with thee?
 Thou art her darling mischief, her chief engine,
 Antony's other fate. Go tell thy queen
 Ventidius is arriv'd to end her charms.
 Let your Egyptian timbrels play alone,
 Nor mix effeminate sounds with Roman trumpets.
 You dare not fight for Antony; go pray,
 And keep your coward's holyday in temples.

[*Excunt Alex. Serap.*

Re-enter the Gentleman of MARC ANTONY.

Second Gent. The emperor approaches, and commands

On pain of death that none presume to stay.

First Gent. I dare not disobey him.

[*Going out with the other.*

Vent. Well, I dare;

But I'll observe him first unseen, and find
 Which way his humour drives: the rest I'll venture.
 [*Withdraws.*

Enter ANTONY, walking with a disturbed motion before he speaks.

Ant. They tell me 'tis my birth-day, and I'll keep it

With double pomp of sadness:

'Tis what the day deserves which gave me breath.

Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,

Hang in the skies, and blazing as I travell'd,

Till all my fires were spent, and then cast downward
To be trod out by Cæsar ?

Vent. [Aside.] On my soul

'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful !

Ant Count thy gains

Now Antony ; wouldst thou be born for this ?

Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth

Has starv'd thy wanting age.

Vent. [Aside.] How sorrow shakes him !

So now the tempest tears him up by the roots,

And on the ground extends the noble ruin.

Ant. [Having thrown himself down.] Lie there, thou
shadow of an emperor ;

The place thou pressest on thy mother earth

Is all thy empire now : now it contains thee ;

Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,

When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow urn.

Shrunk to a few cold ashes ; then Octavia,

(For Cleopatra will not live to see it)

Octavia then will have thee all her own,

And bear thee in her widow'd hand to Cæsar ;

“ Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,

“ To see his rival of the universe

“ Lie still and peaceful there.” I'll think no more
on't.

Give me some music ; look that it be sad.

I'll sooth my melancholy till I swell,

And burst myself with sighing—— *[Soft music.]*

'Tis somewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy

I'm now turn'd wild, a commoner of nature ;

Of all forsaken, and forsaking all,
Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene,
Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted oak,
I lean my head upon the mossy bark,
And look just of a piece as I grew from it :
My uncomb'd locks, matted like mistletoe,
Hang o'er my hoary face ; a murm'ring brook
Runs at my foot——

Vent. "Methinks I fancy
"Myself there too.

"*Ant.* The herd come jumping by me,
"And fearless quench their thirst while I look on,
"And take me for their fellow-citizen.
"More of this image, more ; it lulls my thoughts."

[*Soft music again.*

Vent. I must disturb him : I can hold no longer.

[*Stands before him.*

Ant. [*Starting up.*] Art thou Ventidius ?

Vent. Are you Anthony ?

I'm liker what I was than you to him
I left you last.

"*Ant.* I'm angry.

"*Vent.* So am I."

Ant. I would be private. Leave me.

Vent. Sir, I love you,

And therefore will not leave you.

Ant. Will not leave me !

Where have you learnt that answer ? Who am

Vent. My emperor ; the man I love next Heav'n :

If I said more I think 'twere scarce a sin :
You're all that's good and godlike.

Ant. All that's wretched.

You will not leave me then ?

Vent. 'Twas too presuming
To say I would not; but I dare not leave you;
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Ant. Now thou hast seen me art thou satisfied?
For if a friend thou hast beheld enough,
And if a foe too much.

Vent. Look, emperor, this is no common dew:

[Weeping.

I have not wept this forty years ; but now
My mother comes afresh into my eyes :
I cannot help her softness.

Ant. By Heav'n he weeps, poor good old man, he weeps !

" The big round drops course one another down
 " The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, Ventidius,
 " Or I shall blush to death ; they set my shame
 " That caus'd 'em full before me.

"*Vent.* I'll do my best."

Ant. Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends;
See, I have caught it too. Believe me 'tis not
For my own griefs but thine——Nay, father ——

Vent. Emperor.

Ant. Emperor! why that's the style of victory:
The conq'ring soldier, red with unfelt wounds,

Salutes his gen'ral so ; but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.

Vent. I warrant you.

Ant. Actium, Actium ! Oh—

Vent. It sits too near you.

Ant. Here, here it lies, a lump of lead by day,
And in my short distracted nightly slumbers
The hag that rides my dreams——

Vent. Out with it ; give it vent.

Ant. Urge not my shame—

I lost a battle.

Vent. So has Julius done.

Ant. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half thou
think'st ;

For Julius fought it out and lost it fairly ;
But Antony——

Vent. Nay, stop not.

Ant. Antony

(Well, thou wilt have it) like a coward fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought ; fled first Ventidius.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave ;
“ I know thou can'st prepar'd to rail.

“ *Vent.* I did.”

Ant. I'll help thee—I have been a man, Ventidius.

Vent. Yes, and a brave one ; but—

Ant. I know thy meaning.

But I have lost my reason, have disgrac'd
The name of soldier with inglorious ease ;
“ In the full vintage of my flowing honours
“ Sat still, and saw it prest by other hands ;

“ Fortune came smiling to my youth and woo’d it,
“ And purple greatness met my ripen’d years.
“ When first I came to empire I was borne
“ On tides of people crowding to my triumphs,
“ The wish of nations, and the willing world
“ Receiv’d me as its pledge of future peace.
“ I was so great, so happy, so belov’d,
“ Fate could not ruin me, till I took pains,
“ And work’d against my Fortune, chid her from me,
“ And turn’d her loose; yet still she came again.
“ My careless days and my luxurious nights
“ At length have weary’d her, and now she’s gone,
“ Gone, gone, divorc’d for ever.” Help me, soldier,
To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
Who labour’d to be wretched. Pr’ythee curse me.

Vent. No.

Ant. Why?

Vent. You are too sensible already
Of what you ’ave done, too conscious of your failings,
And like a scorpion whipt by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distemper’d mind, and heal your fortunes.

Ant. I know thou wouldst.

Vent. I will.

“ *Ant.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

“ *Vent.* You laugh.

“ *Ant.* I do, to see officious love

“ Give cordials to the dead.

“ *Vent.* You would be lost then?

“ *Ant.* I am.

“ *Vent.* I say you are not. Try your fortune.

“ *Ant.* I have to th’ utmost. Dost thou think me
desperate

“ Without just cause? No, when I found all lost

“ Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,

“ And learn’d to scorn it here, which now I do

“ So heartily, I think it is not worth

“ The cost of keeping.

“ *Vent.* Cæsar thinks not so;

“ He’ll thank you for the gift he could not take.

“ You would be kill’d like Tully, would you? Do

“ Hold out your throat to Cæsar and die tamely.

“ *Ant.* No, I can kill myself, and so resolve.

“ *Vent.* I can die with you too when time shall
serve;

“ But Fortune calls upon us now to live,

“ To fight, to conquer.”

Ant. Sure thou dream’st, Ventidius.

Vent. No, ’tis you dream; you sleep away your
hours

In desp’rate sloth, miscall’d philosophy.

Up, up, for honour’s sake! twelve legions wait you,

And long to call you chief: by painful journies

I led ’em, patient both of heat and hunger,

Down from the Parthian marches of the Nile:

’Twill do you good to see their sunburnt faces,

Their scarr’d cheeks, and chopt hands: there’s vir-
tue in ’em:

They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon' trim bands can buy.

Ant. Where left you them?

Vent. I said in Lower Syria.

Ant. Bring 'em hither;

There may be life in these.

Vent. They will not come.

Ant. Why didst thou mock my hopes with promis'd
aids

To double my despair? they're mutinous.

Vent. Most firm and loyal.

“*Ant.* Yet they will not march

“To succour me. Oh trifler!

“*Vent.* They petition

“You would make haste to head 'em.

“*Ant.* I'm besieg'd.

“*Vent.* There's but one way shut up—How came
I hither?

“*Ant.* I will not stir.

“*Vent.* They would perhaps desire

“A better reason.

“*Ant.* I have never us'd

“My soldiers to demand a reason of

“My actions.” Why did they refuse to march?

Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.

Ant. What was't they said?

Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra:
Why should they fight indeed to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave? to gain you kingdoms,

Which for a kiss at your next midnight feast
 You'll sell to her?—"Then she new names her jewels,
 "And calls this diamond such or such a tax;
 "Each pendant in her ear shall be a province."

Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence
 On all my other faults, but on your life
 No word of Cleopatra; she deserves
 More worlds than I can lose.

Vent. Behold, you Pow'rs!
 To whom you have entrusted humankind;
 See Europe, Afric, Asia, put in balance,
 And all weigh'd down by one light worthless woman!
 "I think the gods are Antonies, and give,
 "Like prodigals, this nether world away
 "To none but wasteful hands."

Ant. You grow presumptuous.

Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance, plain insolence!
 Thy men are cowards, thou an envious traitor,
 Who under seeming honesty hath vented
 The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.
 Oh that thou wert my equal, great in arms
 As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee
 Without stain to my honour!

Vent. You may kill me:
 You have done more already, call'd me traitor!

Ant. Art thou not one?

Vent. For shewing you yourself,
 Which none else durst have done? But had I been
 That name, which I disdain to speak again

I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hinder'd me t' 'ave led my conq'ring Eagles
To fill Octavia's bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious happy traitor,
And not have been so call'd.

Ant. Forgive me, soldier;
I 'ave been too passionate.

Vent. You thought me false,
Thought my old age betray'd you. Kill me, sir,
Pray kill me: yet you need not; your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.

Ant. I did not think so;
I said it in my rage: pr'ythee forgive me.
Why didst thou tempt my anger by discov'ry
Of what I would not hear?

Vent. No prince, but you
Could merit that sincerity I us'd,
Nor durst another man have ventur'd it:
“ But you, ere love misled your wand'ring eyes,
“ Were sure the chief and best of human race,
“ Fram'd in the very pride and boast of nature;
“ So perfect, that the gods who form'd you wonder'd
“ At their own skill, and cry'd, A lucky hit
“ Has mended our design. Their envy hinder'd,
“ Else you had been immortal, and a pattern,
“ When Heav'n would work for ostentation sake,
“ To copy out again.”

Ant. But Cleopatra——
Go on, for I can bear it now.

Vent. No more.

Ant. Thou dar'st not trust my passion, but thou
may'st :

Thou only lov'st, the rest have flatter'd me.

Vent. Heav'n's blessing on your heart for that kind
word !

May I believe you love me ? Speak again.

Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this.

[*Hugging him.*]

Thy praises were unjust ; but I'll deserve 'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt :
Lead me to victory, thou know'st the way.

Vent. And will you leave this——

Ant. Pr'ythee do not curse her,
And I will leave her, tho' Heav'n knows I love
Beyond life, conquest, empire, all but honour :
But I will leave her.

Vent. That's my royal master.
And shall we fight ?

Ant. I warrant thee, old soldier ;
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron,
And at the head of our old troops that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, Come, follow me.

Vent. Oh, now I hear my emperor ! In that word
Octavius fell. Gods ! let me see that day,
And if I have ten years behind, take all ;
I'll thank you for th' exchange.

“ *Ant.* Oh, Cleopatra !

“ *Vent.* Again !

“ *Ant.* I 'ave done ; in that last sigh she went.

“ Cæsar shall know what ’tis to force a lover

“ From all he holds most dear.

“ *Vent.* Methinks you breathe

“ Another soul ; your looks are most divine ;

“ You speak a hero, and you move a god.”

Ant. Oh, thou hast fir’d me! my soul’s up in arms,

And man’s each part about me. Once again

That noble eagerness of fight has seiz’d me,

That eagerness with which I darted upward

To Cassius’ camp : in vain the steepy hill

Oppos’d my way, in vain a war of spears

Sung round my head, and planted all my shield ;

I won the trenches, while my foremost men

Lagg’d on the plain below.

Vent. Ye gods, ye gods,

For such another honour!

Ant. Come on my soldier ;

Our hearts and arms are still the same : I long

Once more to meet our foes, that thou and I,

Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,

May taste fate to ’em, mow ’em out a passage,

And, ent’ring where the foremost squadrons yield,

Begin the noble harvest of the field.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A grand Saloon. Enter CLEOPATRA, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleopatra.

WHAT shall I do, or whither shall I turn !
Ventidius has o'ercome, and he will go.

Alex. He goes to fight for you.

Cleo. Then he would see me ere he went to fight.
Flatter me not ; if once he goes he's lost,
And all my hopes destroy'd.

Alex. Does this weak passion
Become a mighty queen ?

Cleo. I am no queen :
If this to be a queen to be besieg'd
By yon' insulting Roman, and to wait
Each hour the victor's chain ? These ills are small,
For Antony is lost, and I can mourn
For nothing else but him. Now come, Octávius ;
I have no more to lose ; prepare thy bands ;
I'm fit to be a captive : Antony
Has taught my mind the fortune of a slave.

Irás. Call reason to assist you.

Cleo. I have none,
And none would have : my love's a noble madness,
Which shows the cause deserv'd it. Moderate sorrow
Fits vulgar love, and for a vulgar man ;
But I have lov'd with such transcendent passion,

- I soar'd at first quite out of reason's view,
And now am lost above it—"No, I'm proud
'Tis thus: would Antony could see me now:
"Think you he would not sigh? tho' he must leave
me
"Sure he would sigh, for he is noble-natur'd,
"And bears a tender heart: I know him well:
"Ah no! I know him not: I knew him once,
"But now 'tis past.
"Iras. Let it be past with you:
"Forget him, madam.
"Cleo. Never, never, Iras:
"He once was mine, and once, tho' now 'tis gone,
"Leaves a faint image of possession still.
"Alex. Think him inconstant, cruel, and ungrateful.
"Cleo. I cannot; if I could those thoughts were vain:
"Faithless, ungrateful, cruel, tho' he be,
"I still must love him."

Enter CHARMION.

- Now, what news, my Charmion?
Will he be kind? and will he not forsake me?
Am I to live or die? "Nay, do I live,
"Or am I dead? for when he gave his answer
"Fate took the word, and then I liv'd or dy'd."
Char. I found him, madam——
Cleo. A long speech preparing!
If thou bring'st comfort, haste and give it me,
For never was more need.
Iras. I know he loves you.

Cleo. Had he been kind, her eyes had told me so
 Before her tongue could speak it : now she studies
 To soften what he said : but give me death
 Just as he sent it, Charmion, undisguis'd,
 And in the words he spoke.

Char. I found him then,
 Encompass'd round, I think, with iron statues,
 So mute, so motionless, his soldiers stood,
 While awfully he cast his eyes about,
 And ev'ry leader's hopes and fears survey'd ;
 Methought he look'd resolv'd, and yet not pleas'd :
 When he beheld me struggling in the crowd,
 He blush'd and bad make way.

Alex. There's comfort yet.

Char. Ventidius fix'd his eyes upon my passage
 Severely, as he meant to frown me back,
 And sullenly gave place. I told my message
 Just as you gave it, broken and disorder'd ;
 I number'd in it all your sighs and tears,
 And while I mov'd your pitiful request,
 That you but only begg'd a last farewell,
 He fetch'd an inward groan, and ev'ry time
 I nam'd you, sigh'd as if his heart were breaking,
 But shunn'd my eyes, and guiltily look'd down.
 He seem'd not now that awful Antony
 Who shook an arm'd assembly with his nod,
 But making show as he would rub his eyes,
 Disguis'd and blotted out a falling tear.

Cleo. Did he then weep ; and was I worth a tear ?

If what thou hast to say be not as pleasing,
Tell me no more, but let me die contented.

Char. He bid me say, He knew himself so well
He could deny you nothing if he saw you,
And therefore——

Cleo. Thou wouldst say he would not see me.

Char. And therefore begg'd you not to use a pow'r
Which he could ill resist ; yet he should ever
Respect you as he ought.

Cleo. Is that a word
For Antony to use to Cleopatra ?
Oh, that faint word Respect ! how I disdain it !
Disdain myself for loving after it !
“ He should have kept that word for cold Octavia ;
“ Respect is for a wife. Am I that thing,
“ That dull insipid lump, without desires,
“ And without power to give 'em ?”

Alex. You misjudge ;
You see thro' love, and that deludes your sight,
“ As what is straight seems crooked thro' the water ;”
But I who bear my reason undisturb'd
Can see this Antony, this dreaded man,
A fearful slave, who fain would run away,
And shuns his master's eyes ; if you pursue him,
My life on't, he still drags a chain along
That needs must clog his flight.

Cleo. Could I believe thee——

Alex. By ev'ry circumstance I know he loves.
True, he's hard prest by int'rest and by honour ;

Yet he but doubts and parlies, and casts out
Many a long look for succour.

Cleo. He sends word
He fears to see my face.

Alex. And would you more ?
He shows his weakness who declines the combat ;
And you must urge your fortune. Could he speak
More plainly ? to my ears the message sounds,
Come to my rescue, Cleopatra, come ;
Come, free me from Ventidius, from my tyrant ;
See me, and give me a pretence to leave him.

[*A march.*

I hear his trumpets. This way he must pass.
Please you retire a while ; I'll work him first,
That he may bend more easy.

Cleo. You shall rule me,
But all, I fear, in vain. [*Exit with Char. and Iras.*

Alex. I fear so too,
Tho' I conceal'd my thoughts to make her bold ;
But 'tis our utmost means, and Fate befriend it.

[*Withdraws. A march till all are on.*

*Enter Liſtors with fasces, one bearing the Eagle ; then
enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS, followed by other
Commanders.*

Ant. Octavius is the minion of blind Chance,
But holds from Virtue nothing.

Vent. Has he courage ?

Ant. But just enough to season him from coward
Oh ! 'tis the coldest youth upon a charge,

The most deliberate fighter! if he ventures
(As in Ilyria once they say he did)
To storm a town 'tis when he cannot choose,
When all the world have fixt their eyes upon him;
And then he lives on that for sev'n years after:
But at a close revenge he never fails.

Vent. I heard you challeng'd him.

Ant. I did, Ventidius:

What think'st thou was his answer? 'twas so tame—
He said he had more ways than one to die,
I had not.

Vent. Poor!

Ant. He has more ways than one,
But he would choose 'em all before that one.

Vent. He first would choose an ague or a fever.

Ant. No, it must be an ague, not a fever;
He has not warmth enough to die by that.

Vent. Or old age and a bed.

Ant. Ay, there's his choice;
He would live like a lamp to the last wink,
And crawl upon the utmost verge of life.
Oh, Hercules! why should a man like this,
Who dares not trust his fate for one great action,
Be all the care of Heav'n? why should he lord it
O'er fourscore thousand men, of whom each one
Is braver than himself?

“*Vent.* You conquer'd for him;
“Philippi knows it: there you shar'd with him
“That empire which your sword made all your own.

“*Ant.* Fool that I was! upon my Eagle's wings

“ I bore this wren till I was tir’d with soaring,
 “ And now he mounts above me.
 “ Good Heav’ns! is this, is this the man who braves
 me,
 “ Who bids my age make way, drives me before him
 “ To the world’s ridge, and sweeps me off like rub-
 bish ?”

Vent. Sir, we lose time ; the troops are mounted all.

Ant. Then give the word to march :

I long to leave this prison of a town
 To join thy legions, and in open field
 Once more to shôw my face. Lead, my deliverer.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Great emperor,
 In mighty arms renown’d above mankind,
 But in soft pity to th’ oppress’d a god,
 This message sends the mournful Cleopatra
 To her departing lord.

Vent. Smooth sycophant !

Alex. A thousand wishes, and ten thousand pray’rs,
 Millions of blessings, wait you to the wars ;
 Millions of sighs and tears she sends you too,
 And would have sent
 “ As many dear embraces to your arms.”
 As many parting kisses to your lips,
 But those she fears have weary’d you already.

Vent. [*Aside.*] False crocodile !

Alex. And yet she begs not now you would not
 leave her ;

That were a wish too mighty for her hopes,
And too presuming (for her low fortune and your
ebbing love),

That were a wish for her most prosp'rous days,
Her blooming beauty, and your growing kindness.

Ant. [*Aside.*] Well, I must man it out—What would
the Queen?

Alex. First to these noble warriors who attend
Your daring courage in the chase of fame
(Too daring and too dang'rous for her quiet)
She humbly recommends all she holds dear,
All her own cares and fears, the care of you.

Vent. Yes, witness Actium.

Ant. Let him speak, Ventidius.

Alex. You, when his matchless valour bears him
forward

With ardour too heroic on his foes,
Fall down as she would do before his feet,
Lie in his way, and stop the paths of Death;
Tell him this god is not invulnerable,
That absent Cleopatra bleeds in him;
And, that you may remember her petition,
She begs you wear these trifles as a pawn,
Which at your wish'd return she will redeem

[*Gives jewels to the Commanders.*]

With all the wealth of Egypt.
This to the great Ventidius she presents,
Whom she can never count her enemy,
Because he loves her lord.

Vent. Tell her I'll none on't;

I'm not ashamed of honest poverty:
Not all the diamonds of the East can bribe
Ventidius from his faith. I hope to see
These and the rest of all her sparkling store
Where they shall more deservedly be plac'd.

Ant. And who must wear 'em then?

Vent. The wrong'd Octavia.

Ant. You might have spar'd that word.

Vent. And she that bribe.

Ant. But have I no remembrance?

Alex. Yes, a dear one;

Your slave, the queen——

Ant. My mistress.

Alex. Then your mistress.

Your mistress would, she says, have sent her soul,
But that you had long since; she humbly begs
This ruby bracelet, set with bleeding hearts,
(The emblems of her own) may bind your arm.

[*Presenting a bracelet.*]

Vent. Now, my best lord, in honour's name I ask
you,

For manhood's sake, and for your own dear safety,
Touch not these poison'd gifts,
Infected by the sender; touch 'em not;
Myriads of bluest plagues lie underneath 'em,
And more than aconite has dipt the silk.

Ant. Nay, now you grow too cynical, Ventidius;
A lady's favours may be worn with honour.
What, to refuse her bracelet! on my soul,

When I lie pensive in my tent alone,
'Twill pass the wakeful hours of winter nights
To tell these pretty beads upon my arm,
To count for ev'ry one a soft embrace,
A melting kiss at such and such a time,
And now and then the fury of her love,
When—And what harm's in this?

Alex. None, none, my lord,

But what's to her, that now 'tis past for ever.

Ant. [*Going to tie it.*] We soldiers are so awkward—
help me tie it.

Alex. In faith, my lord, we courtiers too are awkward

In these affairs; so are all men indeed;

“Ev'n I who am not one.” But shall I speak?

Ant. Yes, freely.

Alex. Then, my lord, fair hands alone

Are fit to tie it; she who sent it can.

Vent. Hell! death! this eunuch pander ruins you.

You will not see her?

[*Alexas whispers an Attendant, who goes out.*]

Ant. But to take my leave.

Vent. Then I have wash'd an Ethiop. Y' are undone!

Y' are in the toils! y' are taken! y' are destroy'd!
Her eyes do Cæsar's work.

Ant. You fear too soon:

I'm constant to myself: I know my strength;
And yet she shall not think me barb'rous neither,

Born in the deeps of Afric: I'm a Roman,
Bred to the rules of soft humanity.
A guest, and kindly us'd, should bid farewell.

Vent. You do not know
How weak you are to her, how much an infant;
You are not proof against a smile or glance;
A sigh will quite disarm you.

Ant. See, she comes!
Now you shall find your error. Gods! I thank you;
I form'd the danger greater than it was,
And now 'tis near 'tis lessen'd.

Vent. Mark the end yet.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, and IRAS.

Ant. Well, madam, we are met.

Cleo. Is this a meeting!

Then we must part!

Ant. We must.

Cleo. Who says we must?

Ant. Our own hard fates.

Cleo. We make those fates ourselves.

Ant. Yes, we have made 'em; we have lov'd each
other

Into our mutual ruin.

Cleo. The gods have seen my joys with envious eyes;
"I have no friends in heav'n;" and all the world
(As 'twere the bus'ness of mankind to part us)
Is arm'd against my love; ev'n you yourself
Join with the rest: you, you are arm'd against

Ant. I will be justify'd in all I do
To late posterity, and therefore hear me.
If I mix a lie
With any truth, reproach me freely with it,
Else favour me with silence.

Cleo. You command me,
And I am dumb.

Vent. I like this well: he shows authority.

Ant. That I derive my ruin
From you alone——

Cleo. Oh, Heav'ns! I ruin you!

Ant. You promis'd me your silence, and you break it
Ere I have scarce begun.

Cleo. Well, I obey you.

Ant. When I beheld you first it was in Egypt,
Ere Cæsar saw your eyes: you gave me love,
And were too young to know it. That I settled
Your father in his throne was for your sake;
I left th' acknowledgment for time to ripen.
Cæsar stepp'd in, and with a greedy hand
Pluck'd the green fruit ere the first blush of red
Yet cleaving to the bough. He was my lord,
And was beside too great for me to rival:
But I deserv'd you first tho' he enjoy'd you.
When after I beheld you in Cilicia
An enemy to Rome, I pardon'd you.

Cleo. I clear'd myself——

Ant. Again you break your promise.
I lov'd you still, and took your weak excuses,
Took you into my bosom stain'd by Cæsar,

And not half mine : I went to Egypt with you,
And hid me from the bus'ness of the world,
Shut out inquiring nations from my sight
To give whole years to you.

Vent. Yes, to your shame be't spoken. [*Aside.*

Ant. How I lov'd,

Witness ye days and nights, and all ye hours,
That danc'd away with down upon your feet,
As all your bus'ness were to count my passion.
One day past by and nothing saw but love ;
Another came, and still 'twas only love :
The suns were weary'd out with looking on,
And I untir'd with loving.

I saw you ev'ry day, and all the day,
And ev'ry day was still but as the first,
So eager was I still to see you more.

Vent. 'Tis all too true.

Ant. Fulvia, my wife, grew jealous,
As she indeed had reason, rais'd a war
In Italy to call me back.

Vent. But yet

You went not.

Ant. While within your arms I lay
The world fell mould'ring from my hands each hour,
And left me scarce a grasp ; I thank your love for't.

Vent. Well push'd : that last was home.

Cleo. Yet may I speak ?

Ant. If I have urg'd a falsehood, yes ; else not.
Your silence says I have not. Fulvia dy'd :
(Pardon, you gods ! with my unkindness dy'd.)

To set the world at peace, I took Octavia,
This Cæsar's sister. In her pride of youth
And flow'r of beauty did I wed that lady,
Whom, blushing, I must praise, altho' I left her.
You call'd; my love obey'd the fatal summons:
This rais'd the Roman arms; the cause was yours.
I would have fought by land, where I was stronger;
You hinder'd it; yet when I fought at sea
Forsook me fighting; and, oh stain to honour!
Oh lasting shame! I knew not that I fled,
But fled to follow you.

Vent. What haste she made to hoist her purple sails!
And to appear magnificent in flight,
Drew half our strength away.

Ant. All this you caus'd:
And would you multiply more ruins on me?
This honest man, my best, my only friend,
Has gather'd up the shipwreck of my fortunes:
Twelve legions I have left, my last recruits,
And you have watch'd the news, and bring your eyes
To seize them too. If you have aught to answer
Now speak, you have free leave.

Alex. She stands confounded:
Despair is in her eyes. [*Aside.*

Vent. Now lay a sigh i' th' way to stop his passage;
Prepare a tear, and bid it for his legions:
'Tis like they shall be sold.

Cleo. How shall I plead my cause, when you, my
judge,
Already have condemn'd me? Shall I bring

The love you bore me for my advocate ?
 That now is turn'd against me, that destroys me ;
 For love, once past, is at the best forgotten,
 But oftner sours to hate. It will please my lord
 To ruin me, and therefore I'll be guilty ;
 But could I once have thought it would have pleas'd
 you,

That you would pry with narrow searching eyes
 Into my faults, severe to my destruction,
 And watching all advantages with care
 That serve to make me wretched ! Speak, my lord,
 For I end here. Tho' I deserve this usage,
 Was it like you to give it ?

Ant. Oh, you wrong me
 To think I sought this parting, or desir'd
 T' accuse you more than what will clear myself,
 And justify this breach.

Cleo. Thus low I thank you,
 And since my innocence will not offend
 I shall not blush to own it.

Vent. After this,
 I think she'll blush at nothing.

Cleo. You seem griev'd
 (And therein you are kind) that Cæsar first
 Enjoy'd my love, tho' you deserv'd it better ;
 For had I first been yours, it would have sav'd
 My second choice ; I never had been his,
 And ne'er had been but yours. But Cæsar first,
 You say, possess'd my love. Not so, my lord :
 He first possess'd my person, you my love :

Cæsar lov'd me, but I lov'd Antony :

“ If I endur'd him after, 'twas because

“ I judg'd it due to the first name of men ;

“ And half constrain'd I gave, as to a tyrant,

“ What he would take by force.”

Vent. Oh, Siren ! Siren !

Yet grant that all the love she boasts were true,

Has she not ruin'd you ? I still urge that,

The fatal consequence.

Cleo. The consequence indeed,

For I dare challenge him, my greatest foe,

To say it was design'd. It is true I lov'd you,

And kept you far from an uneasy wife,

Such Fulvia was.

Yes ; but he'll say you left Octavia for me :

And can you blame me to receive that love

Which quitted such desert for worthless me ?

How often have I wish'd some other Cæsar,

Great as the first, and as the second young,

Would court my love to be refus'd for you !

Vent. Words, words ! but Actium, sir, remember

Actium !

Cleo. Ev'n there I dare his malice. True, I coun-
sell'd

To fight at sea ; but I betray'd you not :

I fled, but not to the enemy. 'Twas fear :

Would I had been a man not to have fear'd,

For none would then have envy'd me your friendship

Who envy me your love.

Ant. We're both unhappy :

If nothing else, yet our ill fortune parts us.
 Speak ! would you have me perish by my stay ?

Cleo. If, as a friend, you ask my judgment, go ;
 If, as a lover, stay. If you must perish—
 'Tis a hard word : but stay.

Vent. See now th' effects of her so boasted love !
 She strives to drag you down to ruin with her ;
 But could she 'scape without you, oh, how soon
 Would she let go her hold, and haste to shore,
 And never look behind !

Cleo. Then judge my love by this.

[*Giving Antony a writing.*]

Could I have borne
 A life or death, a happiness or wo,
 From yours divided, this had giv'n me means.

Ant. By Hercules the writing of Octavius !
 " I know it well : 'tis that proscribing hand,
 " Young as it was, that led the way to mine,
 " And left me but the second place in murder"—
 See, see, Ventidius ! here he offers Egypt,
 And joins all Syria to it as a present,
 So in requital she forsakes my fortunes,
 And joins her arms with his.

Cleo. And yet you leave me !
 You leave me, Antony ; and yet I love you !
 Indeed I do ! I have refus'd a kingdom,
 That's a trifle ;
 For I could part with life, with any thing,
 But only you. Oh let me die but with you !
 Is that a hard request ?

Ant. Next living with you

'Tis all that Heav'n can give.

Alex. He melts; we conquer." [Aside.

Cleo. No, you shall go; your int'rest calls you
hence :

Yes, your dear int'rest pulls too strong for these
Weak arms to hold you here—— [Takes his hand.

Go, leave me, soldier,

(For you're no more a lover) leave me dying;

Push me all pale and panting from your bosom,

And when your march begins let one run after,

Breathless almost for joy, and cry, She's dead!

The soldiers shout. You then perhaps may sigh,

And muster all your Roman gravity;

Ventidius chides, and straight your brow clears up

As I had never been.

Ant. Gods! 'tis too much! too much for man to
bear!

Cleo. What, is't for me then,

A weak forsaken woman and a lover?

Here let me breathe my last; envy me not

This minute in your arms! I'll die "apace,

"As fast as e'er I can," and end your trouble.

Ant. Die!—rather let me perish, loosen'd nature

Leap from its hinges, sink the props of heav'n,

And fall the skies to crush the nether world!

My eyes! my soul! my all!—— [Embraces her.

Vent. And what's this toy

"In balance with your fortune, honour, fame?

Ant. What is't Ventidius? it outweighs them all.

"Why, we have more than conquer'd Cæsar now;
 "My queen's not only innocent but loves me.
 "This, this is she who drags me down to ruin!"
 But could she 'scape without me, with what haste
 Would she let slip her hold, and make to shore
 And never look behind!

Down on thy knees, blasphemer as thou art,
 And ask forgiveness of wrong'd innocence.

Vent. I'll rather die than take it. Will you go?

Ant. Go! whither? go from all that's excellent!

"Faith, honour, virtue, all good things, forbid
 "That I should go from her who sets my love!
 "Above the price of kingdoms." Give, you gods!
 Give to your boy, your Cæsar,
 This rattle of a globe to play withal,
 This gewgaw world, and put him cheaply off;
 I'll not be pleas'd with less than Cleopatra.

Cleo. She's wholly yours. My heart's so full of joy
 That I shall do some wild extravagance
 Of love in public, and the foolish world,
 Which knows not tenderness, will think me mad.

Vent. Oh women! women! women! all the gods
 Have not such power of doing good to man
 As you of doing harm.

[Exit.]

Ant. Our men are arm'd:
 Unbar the gate that looks to Cæsar's camp;
 I would revenge the treachery he meant me,
 And long security makes conquest easy.
 I'm eager to return before I go,

For all the pleasures I have known beat thick
On my remembrance. How I long for night!
That both the sweets of mutual love may try,
And triumph once o'er Cæsar ere we die. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, ALEXAS,
and a train of Egyptians, ANTONY and Romans;
Cleopatra crowns Antony.*

Antony.

“ I THOUGHT how those white arms would fold me
in,

“ And strain me close and melt me into love :

“ So pleas'd with that sweet image I sprung forwards,

“ And added all my strength to ev'ry blow.

“ *Cleo.* Come to me, come, my soldier, to my arms,

“ You've been too long away from my embraces ;

“ But when I have you fast, and all my own,

“ With broken murmurs and with am'rous sighs

“ I'll say you are unkind, and punish you,

“ 'And mark you red with many an eager kiss.'”

Ant. My brighter Venus!

Cleo. Oh, my greater Mars!

Ant. Thou join'st us well my love.

“ Suppose me come from the Phlegræan plains,

“ Where gasping giants lay cleft by my sword,

“ And mountain-tops par'd off each other blow

“ To bury those I slew ; receive me, goddess !
“ Let Cæsar spread his subtle nets like Vulcan,
“ In thy embraces I would be beheld
“ By heav’n and earth at once,
“ And make their envy what they meant their sport.
“ Let those who took us blush ; I would love on
“ With awful state, regardless of their frowns,
“ As their superior god.”
There’s no satiety of love in thee ;
Enjoy’d thou still art new ; perpetual spring
Is in thy arms ; the ripen’d fruit but falls,
And blossoms rise to fill its empty place,
And I grow rich by giving.

Enter VENTIDIUS, and stands apart.

Alex. Oh, now the danger’s past, your general comes ;
He joins not in your joys, nor minds your triumphs,
But with contracted brows looks frowning on,
As envying your success.

Ant. Now on my soul he loves me, truly loves me ;
He never flatter’d me in any vice,
But awes me with his virtue : ev’n this minute
Methinks he has a right of chiding me.
Lead to the temple ; I’ll avoid his presence ;
It checks too strong upon me. *[Exeunt the rest.*

[As Antony is going Ventidius pulls him by the robe.

Vent. Emperor !

Ant. ’Tis the old argument ; I pr’ythee spare me.

[Looking back.

Vent. But this one hearing, emperor.

Ant. Let go

My robe, or by my father Hercules——

Vent. By Hercules' father—that's yet greater,
I bring you somewhat you would wish to know.

Ant. Thou seest we are observ'd; attend me here,
And I'll return. [Exit.

Vent. I'm waining in his favour, yet I love him;
I love this man who runs to meet his ruin!
And sure the gods like me are fond of him:
His virtues lie so mingled with his crimes,
As would confound their choice to punish one
And not reward the other.

Enter ANTONY.

Ant. We can conquer
You see without your aid:
We have dislodg'd their troops.
“They look on us at distance, and like curs,
“’Scap'd from the lion's paws, they bay far off,
“And lick their wounds, and faintly threaten war.”
Five thousand Romans, with their faces upward,
Lie breathless on the plain.

Vent. 'Tis well; and he
Who lost 'em could have spar'd ten thousand more:
Yet if by this advantage you could gain
An easier peace, while Cæsar doubts the chance
Of arms——

Ant. Oh, think not on't, Ventidius!
The boy pursues my ruin; he'll no peace!
“His malice is consid'rate in advantage:

“ Oh, he’s the coolest murderer ! so staunch,
 “ He kills and keeps his temper.”

Vent. Have you no friend
 In all his army who has pow’r to move him ?
 Mæcenas or Agrippa might do much.

“ *Ant.* They’re both too deep in Cæsar’s interests.
 “ We’ll work it out by dint of sword, or perish.

“ *Vent.* Fain I would find some other.

“ *Ant.* Thank thy love.
 “ Some four or five such victories as this
 “ Will save thy farther pains.

“ *Vent.* Expect no more ; Cæsar is on his guard.
 “ I know, sir, you have conquer’d against odds ;
 “ But still you draw supplies from one poor town,
 “ And of Egyptians ; he has all the world,
 “ And at his beck nations come pouring in
 “ To fill the gaps you make.” Pray think again.

Ant. Why dost thou drive me from myself to search
 For foreign aids, to hunt my memory,
 And range all o’er a wide and barren place
 To find a friend ? The wretched have no friends——
 Yet I have one, the bravest youth of Rome,
 Whom Cæsar loves beyond the love of women ;
 “ He could resolve his mind as fire does wax,
 “ From that hard rugged image melt him down,
 “ And mould him in what softer form he pleas’d.”

Vent. Him would I see, that man of all the world ?
 Just such a one we want.

Ant. He lov’d me too ;
 I was his soul ; he liv’d not but in me :

We were so clos'd within each other's breasts,
The rivets were not found that join'd us first

“ That does not reach us yet : we were so mixt

“ As meeting streams, both to ourselves were lost :

“ We were one mass : we could not give or take

“ But from the same ; for he was I, I he.

“ *Vent.* He moves as I would wish him. [*Aside.*

“ *Ant.*” After this

I need not tell his name : 'twas Dolabella.

Vent. He's now in Cæsar's camp.

Ant. No matter where,

Since he's no longer mine. He took unkindly

That I forbid him Cleopatra's sight,

Because I fear'd he lov'd her. “ He confest

“ He had a warmth which for my sake he stifled ;

“ For 'twere impossible that two so one

“ Should not have lov'd the same. When he departed

“ He took no leave, and that confirm'd my thoughts.

“ *Vent.* It argues that he lov'd you more than her,

“ Else he had staid ; but he perceiv'd you jealous,

“ And would not grieve his friend. I know he loves
you.

“ *Ant.* I should have seen him then ere now.

“ *Vent.* Perhaps

“ He has thus long been lab'ring for your peace.

“ *Ant.*” Would he were here !

Vent. Would you believe he lov'd you ?

I read your answer in your eyes you would.

Not to conceal it longer, he has sent

A messenger from Cæsar's camp with letters.

Ant. Let him appear.

Vent. I'll bring him instantly.

[*Exit Ventidius, and re-enters immediately with Dolabella.*]

Ant. 'Tis he himself, himself! by holy friendship!
[*Runs to embrace him.*]

Art thou return'd at last, my better half!

Come, give me all myself!

"Let me not live

"If the young bridegroom longing for his night

"Was ever half so fond."

Dol. I must be silent, for my soul is busy
About a nobler work. She's new come home,
Like a long absent man, and wanders o'er
Each room, a stranger to her own, to look
If all be safe.

Ant. Thou hast what's left of me,
"For I am now so sunk from what I was
"Thou find'st me at my lowest watermark:
"The rivers that ran in and rais'd my fortunes
"Are all dry'd up, or take another course:
"What I have left is from my native spring;
"I 'ave still a heart that swells in scorn of Fate,
"And lifts me to my banks.

"*Dol.* Still you are lord of all the world to me.

"*Ant.* Why, then I yet am so, for thou art all!
"If I had any joy when thou wert absent
"I grudg'd it to myself; methought I robb'd
"Thee of thy part." But oh, my Dolabella!
Thou hast beheld me other than I am——

Hast thou not seen my morning chambers fill'd
With scepter'd slaves who waited to salute me ?
With eastern monarchs, who forgot the sun
To worship my uprising : Menial kings
“ Ran coursing up and down my palace-yard,”
Stood silenc'd in my presence, watch'd my eyes,
And at my least command all started out
Like racers to the goal.

Dol. Slaves to your fortune.

Ant. Fortune is Cæsar's now ; and what am I ?

Vent. What you have made yourself : I will not
flatter.

Ant. Is this friendly done ?

Dol. Yes, when his end is so : I must join with him,
Indeed I must, and yet you must not chide :
Why am I else your friend ?

Ant. Take heed, young man,
How thou upbraid'st my love ! the queen has eyes,
And thou too hast a soul ! Canst thou remember
When, swell'd with hatred, thou beheld'st her first
As accessory to thy brother's death ?

Dol. Spare my remembrance ! 'twas a guilty day,
And still the blush hangs here.

Ant. To clear herself
For sending him no aid she came from Egypt,
Her galley down the silver Sydnos row'd,
The tackling silk, the streamers wav'd with gold,
The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails,
Her nymphs like Nereids round her couch were plac'd,
Where she another sea-born Venus lay.

Dol. No more! I would not hear it!

Ant. Oh, you must!

She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if secure of all beholders' hearts
Neglecting she could take 'em. Boys, like Cupids,
Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds
That play'd about her face; but if she smil'd,
A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad,
That men's desiring eyes were never weary'd,
But hung upon the object! To soft flutes
The silver oars kept time, and while they play'd,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
And both to thought. 'Twas heav'n, or somewhat
more!

For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice.

Then, Dolabella, where was then thy soul?
Was not thy fury quite disarm'd with wonder?
Didst thou not shrink behind me from those eyes,
And whisper in my ear, Oh, tell her not
That I accus'd her of my brother's death!

Dol. And should my weakness be a plea for yours?
Mine was an age when love might be excus'd,
"When kindly warmth, and when my springing youth
Made it a debt to nature:" yours——

Vent. Speak boldly:
Yours, he would say, in your declining age,
"When no more heat was left but what you forc'd,

“ When all the sap was needful for the trunk,
“ When it went down, then they constrain’d the
course,
“ And robb’d from Nature to supply desire.”
In you (I would not use so harsh a word)
’Tis but plain dotage.

Ant. Ha!

Dol. ’Twas urg’d too home.
But yet the loss was private that I made ;
’Twas but myself I lost : I lost no legions ;
I had no world to lose, no peoples’ love.

Ant. This from a friend ?

Dol. Yes, Antony, a true one ;
A friend so tender, that each word I speak
Stabs my own heart before it reach your ear.
Oh ! judge me not less kind because I chide.
To Cæsar I excuse you.

Ant. Oh, ye Gods !

Have I then liv’d to be excus’d to Cæsar !

Dol. As to your equal.

Ant. Well, he’s but my equal :

While I wear this he never shall be more.

Dol. I bring conditions from him.

Ant. Are they noble ?

Methinks thou shouldst not bring ’m else ; yet he
Is full of deep dissembling, knows no honour
Divided from his int’rest. “ Fate mistook him,
“ For Nature meant him for an usurer : ”
He’s fit indeed to buy, not conquer kingdoms.

Vent. Then granting this,

What pow'r was theirs who wrought so hard a temper
To honourable terms ?

Ant. It was my Dolabella, or some god.

Dol. Not I, nor yet Mecænas nor Agrippa ;
They were your enemies, and I a friend
Too weak alone ; yet 'twas a Roman deed.

Ant. 'Twas like a Roman done. Show me that man
Who has preserv'd my life, my love, my honour ;
Let me but see his face.

Vent. That task is mine,
And Heav'n ! thou know'st how pleasing. [*Exit Vent.*

Dol. You'll remember
To whom you stand oblig'd ?

Ant. When I forget it
Be thou unkind, and that's my greatest curse.
My queen shall thank him too.

Dol. I fear she will not.

Ant. But she shall do't. The queen, my Dolabella !
Hast thou not still some grudgings of thy fever ?

Dol. I would not see her lost.

Ant. When I forsake her,
Leave me my better stars, for she has truth
Beyond her beauty. Cæsar tempted her
At no less price than kingdoms to betray me ;
But she resisted all : and yet thou chid'st me
For loving her too well. Could I do so ?

Dol. Yes ; there's my reason.

*Re-enter VENTIDIUS with OCTAVIA, leading Antony's
two little Daughters.*

Ant. Where—Octavia there! [*Starting back.*]

Vent. What! is she poison to you? a disease?
Look on her, view her well, and those she brings:
Are they all strangers to your eyes? has Nature
No secret call, no whisper, they are yours?

Dol. For shame, my lord! if not for love, receive
'em

With kinder eyes. If you confess a man,
Meet 'em, embrace 'em, bid 'em welcome to you.

“Your arms should open, ev'n without your know-
ledge,

“To clasp 'em in; your feet should turn to wings

“To bear you to 'em; and your eyes dart out,

“And aim a kiss ere you could reach their lips.”

Ant. I stood amaz'd to think how they came hither.

Vent. I sent for 'em; I brought them in unknown
To Cleopatra's guards.

Dol. Yet are you cold?

Oct. Thus long have I attended for my welcome,
Which, as a stranger, sure I might expect.
Who am I?

Ant. Cæsar's sister.

Oct. That's unkind!

Had I been nothing more than Cæsar's sister,
Know I had still remain'd in Cæsar's camp;
But your Octavia, your much injur'd wife,

Tho' banish'd from your bed, driv'n from your house,
In spite of Cæsar's sister still is yours.

'Tis true, I have a heart disdains your coldness,
And prompts me not to seek what you should offer;
But a wife's virtue still surmounts that pride:
I come to claim you as my own, to show
My duty first, to ask, nay beg, your kindness.
Your hand, my lord; 'tis mine, and I will have it.

[*Taking his hand.*]

Vent. Do take it, thou deserv'st it.

Dol. On my soul,
And so she does. "She's neither too submissive
"Nor yet too haughty; but so just a mean
"Shows, as it ought, a wife and Roman too."

Ant. I fear, Octavia, you have begg'd my life.

Oct. Begg'd it, my lord!

Ant. Yes, begg'd it, my ambassadress;
Poorly and basely begg'd it, of your brother.

Oct. Poorly and basely I could never beg,
Nor could my brother grant.

Ant. Shall I, who to my kneeling slave could say,
Rise up and be a king, shall I fall down
And cry, Forgive me, Cæsar? "Shall I set
"A man my equal in the place of Jove,
"As he could give me being?" No; that word
Forgive would choke me up,
And die upon my tongue.

Dol. You shall not need it.

Ant. I will not need it. Come, you 'ave all betray'd

me—

“ My friend too ! to receive some vile conditions.”
My wife has bought me with her pray’rs and tears,
And now I must become her branded slave :
In ev’ry peevish mood she will upbraid
The life she gave : if I but look awry,
She cries I’ll tell my brother.

Oct. My hard fortune
Subjects me still to your unkind mistakes :
But the conditions I have brought are such
You need not blush to take. I love your honour,
Because ’tis mine. It never shall be said
Octavia’s husband was her brother’s slave.
Sir, you are free, free ev’n from her you loathe ;
For tho’ my brother bargains for your love,
Makes me the price and cement of your peace,
I have a soul like yours ; I cannot take
Your love as alms, nor beg what I deserve.
I’ll tell my brother we are reconcil’d ;
He shall draw back his troops, and you shall march
To rule the East. I may be dropt at Athens ;
No matter where ; I never will complain,
But only keep the barren name of wife,
And rid you of the trouble.

Vent. Was ever such a strife of sullen honour !
Both scorn to be oblig’d.

Dol. Oh, she has touch’d him in the tend’rest part :
See how he reddens with despite and shame
To be outdone in generosity !

“ *Vent.* See how he winks ! how he dries up a tear
“ That fain would fall !”

Ant. Octavia, I have heard you, and must praise
The greatness of your soul,
But cannot yield to what you have propos'd ;
For I can ne'er be conquer'd but by love,
And you do all for duty. You would free me,
And would be dropt at Athens ; was't not so ?

Oct. It was, my lord.

Ant. Then I must be oblig'd
To one who loves me not, who to herself
May call me thankless and ungrateful man.
I'll not endure it ; no.

Vent. I'm glad it pinches there.

Oct. Would you triumph o'er poor Octavia's virtue ?
That pride was all I had to bear me up,
That you might think you ow'd me for your life,
And ow'd it to my duty, not my love.

" I have been injur'd, and my haughty soul
" Could brook but ill the man who slights my bed."

Ant. Therefore, you love me not.

Oct. Therefore, my lord,
I should not love you.

Ant. Therefore you would leave me.

Oct. And therefore I should leave you—if I could.

Dol. Her soul's too great, after such injuries,
To say she loves, and yet she lets you see it.
Her modesty and silence plead her cause.

Ant. Oh, Dolabella! which way shall I turn ?
I find a secret yielding in my soul ;
But Cleopatra, who would die with me,

Must she be left? Pity pleads for Octavia,
But does it not plead more for Cleopatra?

Vent. Justice and pity both plead for Octavia,
For Cleopatra neither.

One would be ruin'd with you, but she first
Had ruin'd you; the other you have ruin'd,
And yet she would preserve you.

In ev'ry thing their merits are unequal.

Ant. Oh, my distracted soul!

Oct. Sweet Heav'n! compose it.

Come, come, my lord, if I can pardon you,
Methinks you should accept it. Look on these;
Are they not yours? or stand they thus neglected
As they are mine? Go to him, children, go,
Kneel to him, take him by the hand, speak to him,
"For you may speak, and he may own you too
"Without a blush; and so he cannot all
"His children. Go, I say, and pull him to me,
"And pull him to yourselves, from that bad woman:"
You, Agrippina, hang upon his arms,
And you, Antonia, clasp about his waist:
If he will shake you off, if he will dash you
Against the pavement, you must bear it, children,
For you are mine, and I was born to suffer.

[*Here the Children go to him, &c.*]

Vent. Was ever sight so moving! Emperor!

Dol. Friend!

Oct. Husband!

Both Child. Father!

Ant. I am vanquish'd : take me,
Octavia, take me, children ; share me all.

[*Embracing them.*]

I 'ave been a thriftless debtor to your loves,
And run out much in riot from your stock ;
But all shall be amended.

Oth. Oh, blest hour !

Dol. Oh, happy change !

Vent. My joy stops at my tongue !

“ But it has found two channels here for one,
“ And bubbles out above.”

Ant. [*To Oth.*] This is thy triumph : lead me where
thou wilt,

Ev'n to thy brother's camp.

Oth. All there are yours.

Enter ALEXAS hastily.

'Alex. The queen, my mistress, sir, and yours——

Ant. 'Tis past. Octavia, you shall stay this night ;
To-morrow Cæsar and we are one.

[*Exit, leading Oth. Dol. and the Children follow.*]

Vent. There's news for you ! Run, my officious
eunuch ;

Be sure to be the first ; haste forward ;

Haste, my dear eunuch, haste !

[*Exit.*]

“ *Alex.* This downright fighting fool, this thick-
scull'd hero,

“ This blunt unthinking instrument of death,

“ With plain dull virtue has outgone my wit.

“ Pleasure forsook my earliest infancy ;

“ The luxury of others robb’d my cradle,
“ And ravish’d thence the promise of a man ;
“ Cast out from Nature, disinherited
“ Of what her meanest children claim by kind,
“ Yet greatness kept me from contempt : that’s gone.
“ Had Cleopatra follow’d my advice,
“ Then he had been betray’d who now forsakes.
“ She dies for love ; but she has known its joys.
“ Gods ! is this just, that I, who know no joys,
“ Must die because she loves ?

“ *Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, and train.*

“ Oh, madam ! I have seen what blasts my eyes ;
“ Octavia’s here !

“ *Cleo.* Peace with that raven’s note !

“ I know it too, and now am in
“ The pangs of death.

“ *Alex.* You are no more a queen ;

“ Egypt is lost.

“ *Cleo.* What tell’st thou me of Egypt !

“ My life, my soul, is lost ! Octavia has him !

“ Oh, fatal name to Cleopatra’s love !

“ My kisses, my embraces, now are hers,

“ While I—But thou hast seen my rival ; speak,

“ Does she deserve this blessing ? is she fair ?

“ Bright as a goddess ? and is all perfection

“ Confin’d to her ? It is. Poor I was made

“ Of that coarse matter which when she was finish’d

“ The gods threw by for rubbish.

“ *Alex.* She is indeed a very miracle.

" *Cleo.* Death to my hopes, a miracle !

" *Alex.* A miracle— [*Bowing.*

" I mean of goodness ; for in beauty, madam,

" You make all wonder cease.

" *Cleo.* I was too rash :

" Take this in part of recompence. But oh !

" I fear thou flatterest me. [*Giving a Ring.*

" *Char.* She comes ! she's here !

" *Iras.* Fly, madam, Cæsar's sister !

" *Cleo.* Were she the sister of the Thund'rer Jove,

" And bore her brother's lightning in her eyes,

" Thus would I face my rival."

Enter OCTAVIA with VENTIDIUS. OCTAVIA bears up to CLEOPATRA.

OÆ. I need not ask if you are Cleopatra,

Your haughty carriage——

" *Cleo.* Shows I am a queen.

" Nor need I ask who you are.

" *OÆ.* A Roman ;

" A name that makes and can unmake a queen.

" *Cleo.* Your lord, the man who serves me, is a Roman.

" *OÆ.* He was a Roman till he lost that name

" To be a slave in Egypt ; but I come

" To free him hence.

" *Cleo.* Peace, peace, my lover's Juno.

" When he grew weary of that household clog

" He chose my easier bonds.

" *OÆ.* I wonder not

“Your bonds are easy; you have long been practis’d
“In that lascivious art. He’s not the first
“For whom you spread your snares, let Cæsar witness.

“*Cleo.* I lov’d not Cæsar; ’twas but gratitude
“I paid his love: the worst your malice can
“Is but to say the greatest of mankind
“Has been my slave. The next, but far above him
“In my esteem, is he whom law calls yours,
“But whom his love made mine.

“*Oct.* I would view nearer [*Coming up close to her.*
“That face which has so long usurp’d my right,
“To find th’ inevitable charms that catch
“Mankind so sure, that ruin’d my dear lord.

“*Cleo.* Oh, you do well to search; for had you
known
“But half these charms you had not lost his heart.
“*Oct.* Far be their knowledge from a Roman lady,
“Far from a modest wife. Shame of our sex!
“Dost thou not blush to own those black endear-
ments

“That make sin pleasing?

“*Cleo.* You may blush you want ’em.
“If bounteous Nature, if indulgent Heaven,
“Have given me charms to please the bravest man,
“Should I not thank ’em? should I be asham’d,
“And not be proud? I am that he has lov’d me;
“And when I love not him, Heav’n change this face
“For one like that.

“*Oct.* Thou lov’st him not so well.

“*Cleo.* I love him better, and deserve him more.

“ *Oct.* You do not, cannot: you have been his ruin.

“ Who made him cheap at Rome but Cleopatra?

“ Who made him scorn'd abroad but Cleopatra?

“ At Actium who betray'd him? Cleopatra.

“ Who made his children orphans, and poor me

“ A wretched widow? only Cleopatra.

“ *Cleo.* Yet she who loves him best is Cleopatra.

“ If you have suffer'd, I have suffer'd more.

“ You bear the specious title of a wife

“ To gild your cause, and draw the pitying world

“ To favour it: the world contemns poor me,

“ For I have lost my honour, lost my fame,

“ And stain'd the glory of my royal house,

“ And all to bear the branded name of Mistress.

“ There wants but life, and that too I would lose

“ For him I love.

“ *Oct.* Be it so then; take thy wish. [*Exit cum suis.*]

“ *Cleo.* And 'tis my wish,

“ Now he is lost for whom alone I liv'd.

“ My sight grows dim, and ev'ry object dances

“ And swims before me in the maze of death.

“ My spirits while they were oppos'd kept up;

“ They could not sink beneath a rival's scorn:

“ But now she's gone they faint.

“ *Alex.* Mine have had leisure

“ To recollect their strength, and furnish counsel

“ To ruin her who else must ruin you.

“ *Cleo.* Vain promiser!

“ Lead me, my Charmion; nay, your hand too, Iras;

“ My grief has weight enough to sink you both.

“ Conduct me to some solitary chamber,
“ And draw the curtains round,
“ Then leave me to myself to take alone
“ My fill of grief;
“ There I till death will his unkindness weep,
“ As harmless infants mourn themselves asleep.”
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Saloon. Enter ANTONY and DOLABELLA.

Dolabella.

WHY would you shift it from yourself on me?
Can you not tell her you must part?

Ant. I cannot;

I could pull out an eye and bid it go,
And t' other should not weep. Oh, Dolabella!
How many deaths are in this word Depart!
I dare not trust my tongue to tell her so:
One look of hers would thaw me into tears,
And I should melt till I were lost again.

Dol. Then let Ventidius;
He's rough by nature.

Ant. Oh, he'll speak too harshly
He'll kill her with the news: thou, only thou.

Dol. Nature has cast me in so soft a mould,
That “ but to hear a story feign'd for pleasure,

“ Of some sad lover’s death, moistens my eyes,
 “ And robs me of my manhood.”——I should speak
 So faintly, with such fear to grieve her heart,
 She’d not believe it earnest.

Ant. Therefore, therefore
 Thou, only thou, art fit. Think thyself me,
 And when thou speak’st (but let it first be long)
 Take off the edge from ev’ry sharper sound,
 And let our parting be as gently made
 As other loves begin. Wilt thou do this?

Dol. What you have said so sinks into my soul,
 That if I must speak, I shall speak just so.

Ant. I leave you then to your sad task. Farewell!
 I sent her word to meet you.

[*Goes to the door, and comes back.*]

I forgot:
 Let her be told I’ll make her peace with mine:
 Her crown and dignity shall be preserv’d,
 If I have pow’r with Cæsar——Oh! be sure
 To think on that.

Dol. Fear not, I will remember.

[*Antony goes again to the door, and comes back,*]

Ant. And tell her too, how much I was constrain’d;
 I did not this but with extremest force.

Desire her not to hate my memory,
 For I’ll still cherish hers——insist on that.

Dol. Trust me, I’ll not forget it.

Ant. Then that’s all. [*Goes out and returns again,*]
 Wilt thou forgive my fondness this once more?

Tell her, tho' we shall never meet again,
If I should hear she took another love,
The news would break my heart—Now I must go,
For ev'ry time I have return'd I feel
My soul more tender, and my next command
Would be to bid her stay, and ruin both. [Exit.]

Dol. Men are but children of a larger growth,
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain;
And yet the soul shut up in her dark room,
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing,
But like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
To the world's open view. Thus I discover'd,
And blam'd the love of ruin'd Antony,
Yet wish that I were he to be so ruin'd.

Enter VENTIDIUS above.

Vent. Alone, and talking to himself! Concern'd too!
Perhaps my guess is right: he lov'd her once,
And may pursue it still.

Dol. Oh, friendship! friendship!
Ill canst thou answer this, and reason worse:
Unfaithful in th' attempt, hopeless to win,
And if I win undone. Mere madness all.
And yet th' occasion fair. What injury
To him to wear the robe which he throws by?

Kent. None, none at all. This happens as I wish,
To ruin her yet more with Antony. [Aside.]

Enter CLEOPATRA, talking with ALEXAS, CHARMION, IRAS, on the other side.

Dol. She comes! what charms have sorrow on that face!

Sorrow seems pleas'd to dwell with so much sweetness;
Yet now and then a melancholy smile
Breaks loose, like lightning in a winter's night,
And shows a moment's day.

Vent. If she should love him too! Her eunuch there!

That porcupine bodes ill weather. Draw, draw nearer,

Sweet devil! that I may hear.

Alex. Believe me; try

[Dolabella goes over to Charmion and Iras, seems to talk with them.]

To make him jealous; jealousy is like
A polish'd glass held to the lips when life's in doubt:
If there be breath 'twill catch the lamp and show it.

Cleo. I grant you jealousy's a proof of love,
But 'tis a weak and unavailing medicine;
"It puts out the disease, and makes it show,
"But has no pow'r to cure."

Alex. 'Tis your last remedy, and strongest too:
And then this Dolabella, who so fit
To practise on? He's handsome, valiant, young,
And looks as he were laid for Nature's bait
To catch weak women's eyes.
He stands already more than half suspected

Of loving you : the least kind word or glance
You give this youth will kindle him with love ;
Then, like a burning vessel set adrift,
You'll send him down amain before the wind
To fire the heart of jealous Antony.

Cleo. Can I do this ? ah, no ! my love's so true,
That I can neither hide it where it is,
Nor show it where it is not. " Nature meant me
" A wife, a silly, harmless household dove,
" Fond without art, and kind without deceit ;
" But Fortune, that has made a mistress of me,
" Has thrust me out to the wide world, unfurnish'd
" Of falsehood to be happy."

Alex. Force yourself :
Th' event will be, your lover will return
Doubly desirous to possess the good
Which once he fear'd to lose.

Cleo. I must attempt it ;
But oh, with what regret !

[*Exit Alex. She comes up to Dolabella.*]

Ant. So now the scene draws near ; they're in my
reach.

Cleo. [*To Dol.*] Discoursing with my women ! Might
not I

Share in your entertainment ?

Char. You have been
The subject of it, madam.

Cleo. How ! and how ?

Iras. Such praises of your beauty !

Cleo. Mere poetry :

Your Roman wits, your Gallus and Tibullus,
Have taught you this from Cytheris and Delia.

Dol. Those Roman wits have never been in Egypt,
Cytheris and Delia else had been unsung :
I who have seen——had I been born a poet,
Should choose a nobler name.

Cleo. You flatter me ;
But 'tis your nation's vice : all of your country
Are flatt'ers, and all false. Your friend's like you :
I'm sure he sent you not to speak these words.

Dol. No, madam ; yet he sent me——

Cleo. Well, he sent you——

Dol. Of a less pleasing errand.

Cleo. How less pleasing ?
Less to yourself or me ?

Dol. Madam, to both ;
For you must mourn, and I must grieve to cause it.

Cleo. You, Charmion, and your fellow, stand at
distance.

Hold up, my spirits ! [*Aside.*]——Well, now your
mournful matter,

For I'm prepar'd, perhaps can guess it too.

Dol. I wish you would, for 'tis a thankless office
To tell ill news ; and t of all your sex
Most fear displeasing you.

Cleo. Of all your sex
I soonest could forgive you if you should.

Vent. Most delicate advances ! Woman ! woman !
Dear, damn'd unconstant sex !

Cleo. In the first place,
I am to be forsaken; is 't not so?

Dol. I wish I could not answer to that question.

Cleo. Then pass it o'er because it troubles you;
“I should have been more griev'd another time.”
Next, I'm to lose my kingdom—Farewell Egypt!
Yet is there any more?

Dol. Madam, I fear
Your too deep sense of grief has turn'd your reason.

Cleo. No, no, I'm not run mad; I can bear fortune;
And love may be expell'd by other love,
As poisons are by poisons.

Dol. —— You overjoy me, madam,
To find your griefs so moderately borne.
You've had the worst: all are not false like him.

Cleo. No, Heav'n forbid they should!

Dol. Some men are constant.

Cleo. And constancy deserves reward, that's cer-
tain.

Dol. Deserves it not, but give it leave to hope.

Vent. I'll swear thou hast my leave. I have enough:
“But how to manage this! Well, I'll consider.”

[Exit.]

Dol. I came prepar'd
To tell you heavy news, news which I thought
Would fright the blood from your pale cheeks to
hear;
But you have met it with a cheerfulness
That makes my task more easy; and my tongue,

Which on another's message was employ'd,
Would gladly speak its own.

Cleo. Hold, Dolabella.

First tell me, were you chosen by my lord,
Or sought you this employment ?

Dol. He pick'd me out, and, as his bosom-friend,
He charg'd me with his words.

Cleo. The message then
I know was tender, and each accent smooth,
To mollify that rugged word Depart.

Dol. Oh ! you mistake : he chose the harshest words :
“ With fiery eyes, and with contracted brows,”
He coin'd his face in the severest stamp,
And fury shook his fabric like an earthquake :
He heav'd for vent, and burst like bellowing Ætna,
In sounds scarce human, “ Hence, away for ever !
“ Let her begone, the blot of my renown,
“ And bane of all my hopes :

[All the time of this speech Cleopatra seems more and more concerned, till she sinks quite down.]

“ Let her be driv'n as far as men can think
“ From man's commerce : she'll poison to the
centre.”

Cleo. Oh, I can bear no more ! *[Faints.]*

Dol. Help, help ! Oh wretch ! oh cursed, cursed
wretch !

What have I done ?

“ *Char.* Help, chafe her temples, Iras.

“ *Iras.* Bend, bend her forward quickly.”

Char. Heav'n be prais'd,
She comes again !

Cleo. " Oh, let him not reproach me !"
Why have you brought me back to this loath'd being,
Th' abode of falsehood, violated vows,
And injur'd love ? For pity let me go ;
For if there be a place of long repose,
I'm sure I want it. " My disdainful lord
" Can never break that quiet, nor awake
" The sleeping soul with hollowing in my tomb
" Such words as fright her hence." Unkind ! unkind !

Dol. Believe me, 'tis against myself I speak ;

[*Kneeling.*

That sure deserves belief. I injur'd him ;
My friend near spoke those words. Oh ! had you seen
How often he came back, and ev'ry time
With something more obliging and more kind
To add to what he said ; what dear farewells,
How almost vanquish'd by his love he parted,
And lean'd to what unwillingly he left :
I, traitor as I was, for love of you,
(But what can you not do who made me false !)
I forg'd that lie, for whose forgiveness kneels
This self-accus'd, self-punish'd criminal. -

Cleo. With how much ease believe we what we wish !
Rise, Dolabella ; if you have been guilty,
I have contributed, and too much love
Has made me guilty too.
Th' advance of kindness which I made was feign'd

To call back fleeting love by jealousy ;
But 'twould not last. Oh ! rather let me lose,
Than so ignobly trifle with his heart:

Dol. I find your breast fenc'd round from human reach,

Transparent as a rock of solid crystal,
Seen thro' but never pierc'd. " My friend, my friend !
" What endless treasure hast thou thrown away,
" And scatter'd, like an infant, in the ocean
" Vain sums of wealth which none can gather thence."

Cleo. Could you not beg
An hour's admittance to his private ear ?
" Like one who wanders thro' long barren wilds,
" And yet foreknows no hospitable inn
" Is near to succour hunger,
" Eats his fill before his painful march,
" So would I feed a while my famish'd eyes"
Before we part, for I have far to go,
If death be far, and never must return.

VENTIDIUS, with OCTAVIA behind.

Vent. From whence you may discover—Oh, sweet, sweet !

Would you indeed ! the pretty hand in earnest ?

Dol. I will for this reward : *[Takes her hand.*

—Draw it not back ;

'Tis all I e'er will beg.

Vent. They turn upon us.

" *Os.* What quick eyes has guilt !"

Vent. Seem not to have observ'd 'em, and go on.

They enter.

Dol. Saw you the emperor, Ventidius?

Vent. No;

I sought him, but I heard that he was private,
None with him but Hipparchus, his freed man.

Dol. Know you his bus'ness?

Vent. Giving him instructions
And letters to his brother Cæsar.

Dol. Well,

He must be found. [*Exeunt Dolabella and Cleopatra.*

Ocl. Most glorious impudence!

Vent. She look'd, methought,
As she would say, Take your old man, Octavia;
Thank you, I'm better here.
Well, but what use
Make we of this discovery?

Ocl. Let it die.

Vent. I pity Dolabella! but she's dang'rous;
“ Her eyes have pow'r beyond Thessalian charms
“ To draw the moon from heav'n; for eloquence
“ The sea-green Sirens taught her voice their flatt'ry;
“ And while she speaks night steals upon the day
“ Unmark'd of those that hear: then she's so charm-
 ing
“ Age buds at sight of her, and swells to youth:
“ The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles,
“ And with heav'd hands, forgetting gravity,
“ They bless her wanton eyes: ev'n I, who hate her,
“ With a malignant joy behold such beauty,”

And, "while I curse desire it." Antony
Must needs have some remains of passion still,
Which may ferment into a worse relapse
If now not fully cur'd——— *But see he comes———*

"I know this minute

"With Cæsar he's endeavouring her peace.

"*Oct.* You have prevail'd———but for a farther purpose
[*Wals off.*

"I'll prove how he will relish this discovery.

"What, make a strumpet's peace! it swells my heart:

"It must not, shall not be.

"*Vent.* His guards appear.

"Let me begin, and you shall second me."

Enter ANTONY.

Ant. Octavia, I was looking you, my love.
What, are your letters ready? I have giv'n
My last instructions.

Oct. Mine, my lord, are written.

Ant. Ventidius! [Drawing him aside,

Vent. My lord?

Ant. A word in private.

When saw you Dolabella?

Vent. Now my lord

He parted hence, and Cleopatra with him.

Ant. Speak softly; 'twas by my command he went
To bear my last farewell.

Vent. It look'd indeed [Aloud,
Like your farewell.

Ant. More softly—My farewell!

What secret meaning have you in those words
Of my farewell? He did it by my order.

Vent. Then he obey'd your order, I suppose. [*Aloud.*
You bid him do it with all gentleness,
All kindness, and all—love.

Ant. How she mourn'd!
The poor forsaken creature!

Vent. She took it as she ought; she bore your part-
ing,
As she did Cæsar's, as she would another's,
Were a new love to come.

Ant. Thou dost belie her, [*Aloud.*
Most basely and maliciously belie her.

Vent. I thought not to displease you: I have done.

Os. You seem disturb'd, my lord. [*Coming up.*

Ant. A very trifle.
Retire, my love.

Vent. It was indeed a trifle.

He sent——

Ant. No more. Look how thou disobey'st me;
Thy life shall answer it. [*Angrily.*

Os. Then 'tis no trifle.

Vent. [*To Os.*] 'Tis less; a very nothing: you too
saw it

As well as I, and therefore 'tis no secret.

Ant. She saw it!

Vent. Yes; she saw young Dolabella—

Ant. Young Dolabella!

Vent. Young? I think him young
And handsome too; and so do others think him.

But what of that? he went by your command,
 Indeed, 'tis probable, with some kind message,
 For she receiv'd it graciously: she smil'd;
 And then he grew familiar with her hand,
 Squeez'd it, and worry'd it with rav'nous kisses;
 She blush'd, and sigh'd, and smil'd, and blush'd again;
 At last she took occasion to talk softly,
 "And brought her cheek up close, and lean'd on his,
 "At which he whisper'd kisses back on hers;"
 And then she cry'd aloud, That constancy
 Should be rewarded.—This I saw and heard.

Ant. What woman was it whom you heard and saw
 So playful with my friend?
 Not Cleopatra?

Vent. Ev'n she, my lord!

Ant. My Cleopatra!

Vent. Your Cleopatra,
 Dolabella's Cleopatra,
 Every man's Cleopatra.

Ant. 'Tis false.

" *Vent.* I do not lie, my lord.
 " Is this so strange? should mistresses be left
 " And not provide against a time of change?
 " You know she's not much us'd to lonely nights.

" *Ant.* I'll think no more on't."

I know 'tis false, and see the plot betwixt you.
 " You needed not have gone this way, Octavia;
 " What harms it you that Cleopatra's just?
 " She's mine no more. I see and I forgive;
 " Urge it no farther, love.

“ *Oct.* Are you concern’d

“ That she’s found false ?

“ *Ant.* I should be were it so ;

“ For tho’ ’tis past I would not that the world

“ Should tax my former choice ; that I lov’d one

“ Of so light note ; but I forgive you both.”

Vent. What, has my age deserv’d that you should
think

I would abuse your ears with perjury ?

If Heav’n be true she’s false.

Ant. Tho’ heav’n and earth

Should witness it, I’ll not believe her tainted.

Vent. I’ll bring you then a witness

From hell to prove her so. Nay, go not back,

[*Seeing Alexas just entering and starting back.*

For stay you must and shall.

Alex. What means my lord ?

Vent. To make you do what most you hate, speak
truth.

“ You are of Cleopatra’s private counsel,

“ Of her bed counsel, her lascivious hours,

“ Are conscious of each nightly change she makes,

“ And watch her as Chaldeans do the moon,

“ Can tell what signs she passes thro’ what day.”

Alex. My noble lord.

Vent. My most illustrious pander !

No fine set speech, no cadence, no turn’d periods,

But a plain homespun truth, is what I ask :

I did myself o’erhear your queen make love

To Dolabella : speak, for I will know

By your confession what more pass'd betwixt 'em,
How near the bus'ness draws to your employment,
And when the happy hour.

Ant. Speak truth, Alexas; whether it offend
Or please Ventidius, care not. Justify
Thy injur'd queen from malice: dare his worst.

“ Oa. [Aside.] See how he gives him courage,
how he fears

*“ To find her false, and shuts his eyes to truth,
“ Willing to be misled !”*

Alex. As far as love may plead for woman's frailty,
Urg'd by desert and greatness of the lover,
So far (divine Octavia) may my queen
Stand ev'n excus'd to you for loving him
Who is your lord; so far from brave Ventidius.
May her past actions hope a fair report.

Ant. 'Tis well and truly spoken: Mark, Ventidius.

Alex. To you, most noble emperor, her strong passion

Stands not excus'd, but wholly justify'd.
Her beauty's charms alone, without her crown,
From Ind and Meroe drew the distant vows
Of sighing kings, and at her feet were laid
The sceptres of the earth, expos'd on heaps,
To choose where she would reign;
She thought a Roman only could deserve her,
And, of all Romans, only Antony;
And to be less than wife to you disdain'd
Their lawful passion.

Ant. 'Tis but truth.

Alex. And yet tho' love and your unmatch'd desert
Have drawn her from the due regard of honour,
At last Heav'n open'd her unwilling eyes
To see the wrongs she offer'd fair Octavia,
Whose holy bed she lawlessly usurp'd :
The sad effects of this improsp'rous war
Confirm'd those pious thoughts.

Vent. [*Aside.*] Oh, wheel you there ?
Observe him now ; the man begins to mend,
And talk substantial reason. Fear not, eunuch,
The emperor has giv'n thee leave to speak.

Alex. Else had I never dar'd t' offend his ears
With what the last necessity has urg'd
On my forsaken mistress ; yet I must not
Presume to say her heart is wholly alter'd.

Ant. No, dare not for thy life, I charge thee, dare
not
Pronounce that fatal word.

Oct. Must I bear this ? Good Heav'n ! afford me
patience ?

[*Aside.*

Vent. Oh, sweet eunuch ! my dear half man ! pro-
ceed.

Alex. Yet Dolabella
Has lov'd her long ; he, next my godlike lord,
Deserves her best ; and should she meet his passion,
Rejected as she is by him she lov'd——

Ant. Hence from my sight, for I can bear no more !
Let furies drag thee quick to hell ! each torturing
hand

Do thou employ till Cleopatra comes,
Then join thou too, and help to torture her.

[*Exit Alexas, thrust out by Antony.*]

OÆ. 'Tis not well!

Indeed, my lord, 'tis much unkind to me,
To shew this passion, this extreme concernment,
For an abandon'd, faithless prostitute.

Ant. Octavia, leave me! I am much disorder'd!
Leave me, I say!

OÆ. My lord!

Ant. I bid you leave me.

"Vent. Obey him, madam; best withdraw awhile,
" And see how this will work.

"Oæt. Wherein have I offended you, my lord,
" That I am bid to leave you? am I false
" Or infamous? am I a Cleopatra?
" Were I she,

" Base as she is, you would not bid me leave you,
" But hang upon my neck, take slight excuses,
" And fawn upon my falsehood.

"Ant. 'Tis too much,
" Too much, Octavia! I am prest with sorrows
" Too heavy to be borne, and you add more!
" I would retire, and recollect what's left
" Of man within to aid me.

"OÆ. You would mourn
" In private for your love who has betray'd you.
" You did but half return to me; your kindness
" Linger'd behind with her. I hear, my lord,
" You make conditions for her,

“ And would include her treaty : wondrous proofs

“ Of love to me !

“ *Ant.* Are you my friend, Ventidius ?

“ Or are you turn'd a Dolabella too,

“ And let this fury loose ?

“ *Vent.* Oh, be advis'd,

“ Sweet madam ! and retire.”

Oct. Yes, I will go, but never to return ;

“ You shall no more be haunted with this fury.”

My lord, my lord ! love will not always last

When urg'd with long unkindness and disdain.

Take her again whom you prefer to me ;

She stays but to be call'd. Poor cozen'd man !

Let a feign'd parting give her back your heart,

Which a feign'd love first got ; for injur'd me,

Tho' my just sense of wrongs forbid my stay,

My duty shall be yours.

To the dear pledges of our former love

My tenderness and care shall be transferr'd,

And they shall cheer by turns my widow'd nights.

So take my last farewell ! for I despair

To have you whole, and scorn to take you half. [*Exit.*

Vent. I combat Heav'n, which blasts my best designs !

My last attempt must be to win her back ;

But oh ! I fear in vain.

[*Exit.*

Ant. Why was I fram'd with this plain honest heart

Which knows not to disguise its griefs and weakness,

But bears its workings outward to the world ?

I should have kept the mighty anguish in,

And forc'd a smile at Cleopatra's falsehood ;
 Octavia had believ'd it, and had staid.
 But I am made a shallow-forded stream,
 Seen to the bottom, all my clearness scorn'd,
 And all my faults expos'd.—See, where he comes

Enter DOLABELLA.

Who has profan'd the sacred name of friend,
 And worn it into vileness !
 With how secure a brow and specious form
 He gilds the secret villain ! Sure that face
 Was meant for honesty, but Heav'n mismatch'd it,
 And furnish'd treason out with nature's pomp
 To make its work more easy.

“ Dol. O my friend ! ”

Ant. Well, Dolabella, you perform'd my message ?

Dol. I did unwillingly.

Ant. Unwillingly !

Was it so hard for you to bear our parting ?
 You should have wish'd it.

Dol. Why ?

Ant. Because you love me ;

And she receiv'd my message with as true,
 With as unfeign'd a sorrow as you brought it ?

Dol. She loves you ev'n to madness.

Ant. Oh ! I know it.

You, Dolabella, do not better know
 How much she loves me. And should I
 Forsake this beauty, this all-perfect creature ?

Dol. I could not were she mine.

Ant. And yet you first
Persuaded me. How came you alter'd since ?

Dol. I said at first I was not fit to go :
I could not hear her sighs, and see her tears,
But pity must prevail ; and so perhaps
It may again with you ; for I have promis'd
That she should take her last farewell ; and see,
She comes to claim my word.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ant. False Dolabella !

Dol. What's false, my lord ?

Ant. Why, Dolabella's false,
And Cleopatra's false ; both false and faithless.
Draw near, you well-join'd wickedness, you serpents,
Whom I have in my kindly bosom warm'd
Till I am stung to death.

Dol. My lord, have I
Deserv'd to be thus us'd ?

Cleo. Can Heav'n prepare
A newer torment ? can it find a curse
Beyond our separation ?

Ant. Yes, if fate
Be just, much greater : " Heav'n should be ingenious
" In punishing such crimes. The rolling stone
" And gnawing vulture were slight pains, invented
" When Jove was young, and no examples known
" Of mighty ills ; but you have ripen'd sin
" To such a monstrous growth, 'twill pose the gods
" To find an equal torture." Two, two such !

Oh, there's no farther name; two such— to me,
 To me, who lock'd my soul within your breasts,
 Had no desires, no joys, no life, but you;
 "When half the globe was mine, I gave it you
 "In dowry with my heart: I had no use,
 "No fruit, of all but you:" a friend and mistress
 Was what the world could give. O Cleopatra!
 Oh, Dolabella! how could you betray
 This tender heart, which, with an infant fondness,
 Lay lull'd betwixt your bosoms, and there slept
 Secure of injur'd faith?

Dol. If she has wrong'd you,
 Heav'n, hell, and you, revenge it.

Ant. If she has wrong'd me!
 "Thou wouldst evade thy part of guilt: but swear
 "Thou lov'st not her.

Dol. Not so as I love you.

Ant. Not so! Swear, swear, I say, thou dost not
 love her.

Dol. No more than friendship will allow.

Ant. "No more!

"Friendship allows thee nothing: thou art perjur'd—
 "And yet thou didst not swear thou lov'st her not;
 "But not so much, no more. Oh, trifling hypocrite!
 "Who durst not own to her thou dost not love,
 "Nor own to me thou dost!" Ventidius heard it,
 Octavia saw it.

Cleo. They are enemies.

Ant. Alexas is not so; he, he confest it;
 He who next hell best knew it, he avow'd it.

Why do I seek a proof beyond yourself? [To Dol.
You, whom I sent to bear my last farewell,
Return'd to plead her stay.

Dol. What shall I answer?

If to have lov'd be guilt, then I have sinn'd ;
But if to have repented of that love
Can wash away my crime, I have repented ;
Yet if I have offended past forgiveness
Let her not suffer : she is innocent.

“ *Cleo.* Ah, what will not a woman do who loves !
“ What means will she refuse to keep that heart
“ Where all her joys are plac'd ! 'Twas I encourag'd,
“ 'Twas I blew up the fire that scorch'd his soul,
“ To make you jealous, and by that regain you :
“ But all in vain ; I could not counterfeit :
“ In spite of all the dams, my love broke o'er,
“ And drown'd my heart again : Fate took th' occasion,
“ And thus one minute's feigning has destroy'd
“ My whole life's truth.”

Ant. Thin cobweb arts of falsehood,
Seen and broke thro' at first.

Dol. Forgive your mistress.

Cleo. Forgive your friend.

“ *Ant.* You have convinc'd yourselves ;
“ You plead each other's cause. What witness have you
“ That you but meant to raise my jealousy ?

“ *Cleo.* Ourselves and Heav'n.”

Ant. Guilt witnesses for guilt ! Hence love and
friendship !

“ You have no longer place in human breasts ;
 “ These two have driv’n you out : avoid my sight ;
 “ I wou’d not kill the man whom I have lov’d,
 “ And cannot hurt the woman ; but avoid me ;
 “ I do not know how long I can be tame ;
 “ For if I stay one minute more to think
 “ How I am wrong’d, my justice and revenge
 “ Will cry so loud within me, that my pity
 “ Will not be heard for either.

“ *Dol.* Heav’n has but
 “ Our sorrow for our sins, and then delights
 “ To pardon erring man ; sweet mercy seems
 “ Its darling attribute, which limits justice,
 “ As if there were degrees in infinite,
 “ And infinite would rather want perfection
 “ Than punish to extent.”

Ant. I can forgive
 A foe, but not a mistress and a friend :
 Treason is there in its most horrid shape
 Where trust is greatest ; “ and the soul resign’d
 “ Is stabb’d by its own guards.” I’ll hear no more :
 Hence from my sight for ever.

Cleo. How ? for ever !
 I cannot go one moment from your sight,
 And must I go for ever ?
 My joys, my only joys, are centred here :
 What place have I to go to ? my own kingdom ?
 That I have lost for you ; or to the Romans ?
 They hate me for your sake : or must I wander
 The wide world o’er a helpless banish’d woman,

Banish'd for love of you, banish'd from you ;
Ay, there's the banishment ! Oh, hear me, hear me,
With strictest justice, for I beg no favour,
And if I have offended you then kill me,
But do not banish me.

Ant. I must not hear you ;
I have a fool within me takes your part,
But honour stops my ears.

Cleo. For pity hear me !
“ Would you cast off a slave who follow'd you,
“ Who crouch'd beneath your spurn ?—He has no
pity !
“ See if he gives one tear to my departure,
“ One look, one kind farewell : oh, iron heart !
“ Let all the gods look down and judge betwixt us
“ If he did ever love !

“ *Ant.* No more. Alexas !

“ *Dol.* A perjur'd villain !”

Ant. to Cleo.] Your Alexas ! yours !

“ *Cleo.* Oh, 'twas his plot ; his ruinous design
“ T'engage you in my love by jealousy.
“ Hear him ; confront him with me ; let him speak.
“ *Ant.* I have, I have.

“ *Cleo.* And if he clear me not—

“ *Ant.* Your creature ! one who hangs upon your
smiles,
“ Watches your eye, to say or to unsay
“ Whate'er you please.” I am not to be mov'd.
Cleo. Then must we part ? farewell, my cruel lord.
Th' appearance is against me ; and I go

Unjustifi'd for ever from your sight.
How I have lov'd you know ; how yet I love
My only comfort is I know myself :
I love you more, ev'n now you are unkind,
Than when you lov'd me most ; so well, so truly,
I'll never strive against it, but die pleas'd
To think you once were mine.

Ant. Good Heav'n ! they weep at parting.
Must I weep too ? that calls 'em innocent.
I must not weep ; and yet I must, to think
That I must not forgive ——
Live, but live wretched ; 'tis but just you should
Who made me so : live from each other's sight ;
Let me not hear you meet. Set all the earth
And all the seas betwixt your sunder'd loves ;
View nothing common but the sun and skies.
Now all take several ways,
And each your own sad fate with mine deplore
That you were false, and I could trust no more.
[Exeunt severally.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Temple. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, and IRAS.

“ Charmion.

*“ BE juster, Heav'n ! such virtue punish'd thus
“ Will make us think that chance rules all above,*

“ And shuffles with a random hand the lots

“ Which man is forc'd to draw.”

Cleo. I could tear out these eyes that gain'd his heart,

And had not pow'r to keep it. Oh, the curse
Of doting on, ev'n when I find it dotage!

Bear witness, gods! you heard him bid me go;
You, whom he mock'd with imprecating vows
Of promis'd faith—I'll die, I will not bear it.

“ You may hold me——

[She pulls out her dagger, and they hold her.]

“ But I can keep my breath; I can die inward,

“ And choke this love.”

Enter ALEXAS.

“ *Iras.* Help, oh, Alexas, help!

“ The queen grows desp'rate, her soul struggles in her,

“ With all the agonies of love and rage,

“ And strives to force its passage.

Cleo. “ Let me go.”

Art thou there, traitor!——Oh,

Oh for a little breath to vent my rage!

“ Give, give me way, and let me loose upon him.”

Alex. Yes, I deserve it for my ill-tim'd truth.

“ Wait it for me to prop

“ The ruins of a falling majesty,

“ To peace myself beneath the mighty flaw,

“ Thus to be crush'd and pounder'd into atoms

“ By its o'erwhelming weight? 'Tis too presuming

“ For subjects to preserve that wilful pow’r
 “ Which courts its own destruction.”

Cleo. I would reason
 More calmly with you. Did you not o’er-rule
 And force my plain, direct, and open love
 Into these crooked paths of jealousy?
 Now, what’s th’ event? Octavia is remov’d,
 But Cleopatra banish’d. “ Thou, thou, villain,
 “ Hast push’d my boat to open sea, to prove
 “ At my sad cost if thou canst steer it back.
 “ It cannot be; I’m lost too far; I’m ruin’d:
 “ Hence thou impostor, traitor, monster, devil——
 “ I can no more: thou and my griefs have sunk
 “ Me down so low, that I want voice to curse thee.

“ *Alex.* Suppose some shipwreck’d seaman near the
 shore,
 “ Dropping and faint with climbing up the cliff,
 “ If from above some charitable hand
 “ Pull him to safety, hazarding himself
 “ To draw the other’s weight, would he look back
 “ And curse him for his pains? The case is yours;
 “ But one step more and you have gain’d the height.
 “ *Cleo.* Sunk, never more to rise.

Alex. “ Octavia’s gone, and Dolabella banish’d.”
 Believe me, madam, Antony is yours:
 His heart was never lost, but started off
 To jealousy, love’s last retreat and covert,
 Where it lies hid in shades, watchful in silence.
 And list’ning for the sound that calls it back.
 Some other, any man, ’tis so advanc’d,

Cleo. Be more plain :

Say whence thou cam'st (tho' Fate is in thy face,
Which from thy haggard eyes looks wildly out,
And threatens ere thou speak'st).

Ser. I came from Pharos,
From viewing (spare me, and imagine it)
Our land's last hope, your navy——

Cleo. Vanquish'd ?

Ser. No ;
They fought not.

Cleo. Then they fled.

Ser. Nor that : I saw,
With Antony, your well-appointed fleet
Row out, and thrice he wav'd his hand on high,
And thrice with cheerful cries they shouted back :
“ 'Twas then false fortune, like a fawning strumpet
“ About to leave the bankrupt prodigal,
“ With a dissembled smile would kiss at parting,
“ And flatter to the last : ” the well-tim'd oars
Now dipt from ev'ry bark, now smoothly run
To meet the foe ; and soon indeed they met,
But not as foes. In few, we saw their caps
On either side thrown up : th' Egyptian gallies,
Receiv'd like friends, past thro', and fell behind
The Roman rear ; and now they all come forward,
And ride within the port.

Cleo. Enough, Serapion ;
I've heard my doom ! This needed not, you gods !
When I lost Antony your work was done.

“ ’Tis but superfluous malice.” Where’s my lord ?
How bears he this last blow ?

Ser. His fury cannot be express’d by words :
Thrice he attempted headlong to have fall’n
Full on his foes, and aim’d at Cæsar’s galley :
Withheld, he raves on you, cries he’s betray’d.
Should he now find you——

Alex. Shun him, seek your safety,
Till you can clear your innocence.

Cleo. I’ll stay.

Alex. You must not ; haste you to the Monument,
While I make speed to Cæsar.

Cleo. Cæsar ! no ;
I have no bus’ness with him.

Alex. I can work him
To spare your life, and let this madman perish.

Cleo. Base fawning wretch ! wouldst thou betray
him too ?

Hence from my sight, I will not hear a traitor :
’Twas thy design brought all this ruin on us.

Serapion, thou art honest ; counsel me :
But haste, each moment’s precious.

Ser. Retire ; you must not yet see Antony.
He who began this mischief
’Tis just he tempt the danger : let him clear you ;
And since he offer’d you his servile tongue
To gain a poor precarious life from Cæsar,
Let him expose that fawning eloquence
And speak to Antony.

Alex. Oh Heav'ns! I dare not:
I meet my certain death.

Cleo. Slave, thou deserv'st it.
Not that I fear my lord will I avoid him;
I know him noble: when he banish'd me,
And thought me false, he scorn'd to take my life:
But I'll be justify'd, and then die with him.

Alex. Oh! pity me, and let me follow you.

Cleo. To death, if thou stir hence. Speak, if thou
canst

Now for thy life, which basely thou wouldst save,
While mine I prize at this. Come, good Serapion.

[*Exeunt* Cleopatra, Serapion, Charmion, and Iras.

Alex. Oh, that I less could fear to lose this being,
Which, like a snow-ball in my coward hand,
The more 'tis grasp'd the faster melts away.
Poor reason! what a wretched aid art thou!
For still in spite of thee
These two long lovers, soul and body, dread
Their final separation. Let me think;
What can I say to save myself from death?
No matter what becomes of Cleopatra.

Ant. Which way? where? [Within.

Ant. This leads to th' Monument. [Within.

Alex. Ah me! I hear him: yet I'm unprepar'd:
My gift of lying's gone;
And this court-devil, which I so oft have rais'd,
Forsakes me at my need. I dare not stay,
Yet cannot go far hence. [Exit.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Ant. Oh, happy Cæsar! thou hast men to lead.
Think not 'tis thou hast conquer'd Antony,
But Rome has conquer'd Egypt. I'm betray'd.

“ Vent. Curse on this treach'rous train!
“ Their soil and Heav'n infect them all with baseness;
“ And their young souls come tainted to the world
“ With the first breath they draw.

“ Ant. 'Th' original villain sure no god created;
“ He was a bastard of the Sun by Nile;
“ Ap'd into man with all his mother's mud
“ Crusted about his soul.”

Vent. The nation is
One universal traitor, and their queen
The very spirit and extract of 'em all.

Ant. Is there yet left
A possibility of aid and valour?
Is there one god unsworn to my destruction,
“ The least unmortgag'd hope?” for if there be
Methinks I cannot fall beneath the fate
Of such a boy as Cæsar.
“ The world's one half is yet in Antony,
“ And from each limb of it that's hew'd away,
“ The soul comes back to me.”

Vent. There yet remain
Three legions in the town; the last assault
Lopt off the rest. If death be your design,
As I must wish it now, these are sufficient

To make a heap about us of dead foes,
An honest pile for burial.

Ant. They're enough.

We'll not divide our stars, but side by side
Fight emulous, and with malicious eyes
Survey each other's acts: "so ev'ry death
"Thou giv'st, I'll take on me as a just debt,
"And pay thee back a soul."

Vent. Now you shall see I love you. "Not a word
"Of chiding more." By my few hours of life,
I am so pleas'd with this brave Roman fate
That I would not be Cæsar to outlive you!
When we put off this flesh, and mount together,
I shall be shewn to all th' ethereal crowd;
Lo! this is he who dy'd with Antony.

Ant. Who knows but we may pierce thro' all their
troops,
And reach my veterans yet? 'Tis worth the tempting
"T' o'erleap this gulf of fate,
"And leave your wand'ring Destinies behind."

Enter ALEXAS trembling.

Vent. See, see that villain!
See "Cleopatra stampt upon that face,
"With all her cunning, all her arts of falsehood!
"How she looks out thro' those dissembling eyes!"
How he has set his count'nance for deceit,
And promises a lie before he speaks!
Let me dispatch him first.

[*Drawing.*

"*Alex.* Oh, spare me, spare me!"

Ant. Hold; he's not worth your killing. On thy life,

(Which thou may'st keep, because I scorn to take it)
No syllable to justify thy queen;
Save thy base tongue its office.

Alex. Sir, she's gone
Where she shall never be mollested more
By love or you.

Ant. Fled to her Dolabella!
Die, traitor; I revoke my promise; die.

[*Going to kill him.*]

Alex. Oh, hold; she is not fled.

Ant. She is; my eyes
Are open to her falsehood. My whole life
Has been a golden dream of love and friendship,
But now I wake, I'm like a merchant rous'd
From soft repose to see his vessel sinking
And all his wealth cast o'er. Ungrateful woman!
Who follow'd me but as the swallow summer,
"Hatching her young ones in my kindly beams,
"Singing her flatt'ries to my morning wake;"
But now my winter comes, she spreads her wings,
And seeks the spring of Cæsar.

Alex. Think not so;
Her fortunes have in all things mixt with yours:
Had she betray'd her naval force to Rome,
How easily might she have gone to Cæsar;
Secure by such a bribe?

Vent. She sent it first,
To be more welcome after.

Ant. 'Tis too plain,
Else wou'd she have appear'd to clear herself.

Alex. " Too fatally she has : " she could not bear
To be accus'd by you, but shut herself
Within her monument, look'd down and sigh'd,
While from her unchang'd face the silent tears
Dropt as they had not leave, but stole their parting.
Some undistinguish'd words she inly murmur'd;
At last she rais'd her eyes, and with such looks
As dying Lucrece cast——

Ant. My heart forbodes——

Vent. " All for the best. " Go on.

Alex. She snatch'd her poniard,
And, ere we could prevent the fatal blow,
Plung'd it within her breast ; then turn'd to me ;
Go, bear my lord, said she, my last farewell,
And ask him if he yet suspect my faith.
More she was saying, but death rush'd betwixt.
She half pronounc'd your name with her last breath,
And bury'd half within her.

Vent. Heav'n be prais'd !

Ant. Then art thou innocent, my poor dear love !
And art thou dead ?
Oh, those two words ! their sound should be divided
Hadst thou been false and dy'd, or hadst thou liv'd
And hadst been true——But innocence and death !
This shows not well above. Then what am I ?
The murd'rer of this truth, this innocence !
Thoughts cannot form themselves in words so horrid
As can express my guilt !

Vent. Is't come to this? The gods have been too gracious,

And thus you thank 'em for't.

Ant. [To *Alex.*] Why stay'st thou here?

"Is it for thee to spy upon my soul,

"And see its inward mourning? Get thee hence:"

Thou art not worthy to behold what now

Becomes a Roman emp'rour to perform.

"*Alex.* He loves her still;

[*Aside.*

"His grief betrays it. Good! the joy to find

"She's yet alive completes the reconcilment:

"I've sav'd myself and her. But oh! the Romans!

"Fate comes too fast upon my wit,

"Hunts me too hard, and meets me at each double."

[*Exit.*

Vent. Wou'd she had dy'd a little sooner tho',

Before Octavia went; you might have treated;

Now 'twill look tame, and wou'd not be receiv'd.

Come, rouse yourself, and let's die warm together.

"*Ant.* I will not fight; there's no more work for
war;

"The bus'ness of my angry hours is done.

"*Vent.* Cæsar is at your gate.

"*Ant.* Why, let him enter:

"He's welcome now.

"*Vent.* What lethargy has crept into your soul?

"*Ant.* 'Tis but a scorn of life, and just desire

"To free myself from bondage.

"*Vent.* Do it bravely.

Ant. "I will, but not by fighting." Oh, Ventidius!

What should I fight for now? my queen is dead :
I was but great for her : my pow'r, my empire,
Were but my merchandise to buy her love,
And conquer'd kings my factors. Now she's dead
Let Cæsar take the world—

“ An empty circle, since the jewel's gone

“ Which made it worth my strife : my being's nau-
seous,

“ For all the bribes of life are gone away.”

Vent. Would you be taken?

Ant. Yes, I would be taken;

But as a Roman ought, dead, my Ventidius?

“ For I'll convey my soul from Cæsar's reach,

“ And lay down life myself. 'Tis time the world

“ Should have a lord, and know whom to obey.

“ We two have kept its homage in suspense,

“ And bent the globe, on whose each side we trod,

“ Till it was dinted inwards. Let him walk

“ Alone upon't : I'm weary of my part.

“ My torch is out, and the world stands before me

“ Like a black desert at th' approach of night :

“ I'll lay me down and stray no farther on.

Vent. “ I could be griev'd,

“ But that I'll not outlive you.” Choose your death,

For I have seen him in such various shapes

I care not which I take : I'm only troubled

The life I bear is worn to such a rag

'Tis scarce worth giving. I could wish indeed

We threw it from us with a better grace,

That like two lions taken in the toils

We might at least thrust out our paws and wound
The hunters that enclose us.

“ *Ant.* I have thought on’t;

“ *Ventidius*, you must live.

“ *Vent.* I must not, sir.

“ *Ant.* Wilt thou not live to speak some good of me?

“ To stand by my fair fame, and guard th’ approaches

“ From the ill tongues of men?

“ *Vent.* Who shall guard mine

“ For living after you?

“ *Ant.* Say I command it.

“ *Vent.* If we die well, our deaths will speak them-
selves,

“ And need no living witness.”

Ant. Thou hast lov’d me,

And fain I would reward thee. I must die;

Kill me, and take the merit of my death

To make thee friends with Cæsar.

Vent. Thank your kindness!

You said I lov’d you, and in recompense

You bid me turn a traitor! Did I think

You would have us’d me thus! that I should die

With a hard thought of you!

Ant. Forgive me, Roman.

Since I have heard of Cleopatra’s death

My reason bears no rule upon my tongue,

But lets my thoughts break all at random out.

I’ve thought better; do not deny me twice,

Vent. By Heav’n I will not!

Let it not be t’ outlive you,

Ant. Kill me first,
And then die thou ; for 'tis but just thou serve
Thy friend before thyself.

Vent. Give me your hand—
We soon shall meet again. Now, farewell, Em-
peror! [Embrace.

Methinks that word's too cold to be my last :
Since death sweeps all distinctions, farewell, friend.
That's all——

I will not make a bus'ness of a trifle—
And yet I cannot look on you and kill you :
Pray turn your face.

Ant. I do : strike home ; be sure.

Vent. Home as my sword will reach. [Kills himself.

Ant. Oh, thou mistak'st !
That wound was none of thine ; give it me back :
Thou robb'st me of my death.

Vent. I do indeed ;
But think, 'tis the first time I e'er deceiv'd you,
If that may plead my pardon. And you, gods !
Forgive me if you will ; for I die perjur'd
Rather than kill my friend. [Dies.

Ant. Farewell ! ever my leader, ev'n in death !
My queen and thou have got the start of me,
And I'm the lag of honour.—Gone so soon !
Is death no more ! “ He us'd him carelessly
“ With a familiar kindness, ere he knock'd
“ Ran to the door and took him in his arms,
“ As who should say, you're welcome at all hours,

"A friend need give no warning—Books had spoil'd him,

"For all the learn'd are cowards by profession."

'Tis not worth

My further thought; for death, for aught I know,
Is but to think no more. Here's to be satisfy'd.

[*Falls on his sword.*]

I 'ave miss'd my heart—Oh, unperforming hand!
Thou never couldst have err'd in a worse time.

"My fortune jades me to the last; and death,

"Like a great man, takes state, and makes me wait

"For my admittance"—[*Trampling within.*]

Some, perhaps, from Cæsar!

"If he should find me living, and suspect

"That I play'd booty with my life!" I'll mend

My work ere they can reach me. [*Rises upon his knees.*]

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, and IRAS.

Cleo. Where is my lord! where is he!

"*Chor.* There he lies,

"And dead Ventidius by him."

Cleo. My fears were prophets! I am come too late!

Oh, that accurs'd Alexas! [*Runs to him.*]

Ant. Art thou living!

Or am I dead before I knew, and thou

The first kind ghost that meets me!

"*Cleo.* Help me seat him!

"Send quickly, send for help!

[*They place him in a chair.*]

"*Ant.* I am answer'd:

“ We live both. Sit thee down, my Cleopatra !
 “ I’ll make the most I can of life to stay
 “ A moment more with thee.”

Cleo. How is it with you ?

Ant. ’Tis as with a man
 Removing in a hurry ; all pack’d up
 But one dear jewel that his haste forgot,
 And he for that returns upon the spur ;
 So I come back for thee.

Cleo. Too long, ye Heav’ns ! you have been cruel
 to me !

Oh, now be kind, and give me back
 His fleeting life !

Ant. It will not be, my love !
 I keep my soul by force.
 Say but thou art not false.

Cleo. ’Tis now too late
 To say I’m true ; I’ll prove it and die with you.
 Unknown to me Alexas feign’d my death,
 Which when I knew I hasted to prevent
 This fatal consequence. My fleet betray’d
 Both you and me.

Ant. And Dolabella——

Cleo. Scarce esteem’d before he lov’d, but hated
 now.

Ant. Enough ! my life’s not long enough for more.
 Thou say’st thou wilt come after : I believe thee ;
 For I can now believe whate’er thou say’st
 That we may part more kindly.

Cleo. I will come ;

Doubt not, my life! I'll come, and quickly too!
Cæsar shall triumph o'er no part of thee.

Ant. But grieve not while thou stay'st
My last disastrous times!
Think we have had a clear and glorious day,
And Heav'n did kindly to delay the storm
Just till our close of ev'ning. Ten years love,
And not a moment lost, but all improv'd
To th' utmost joys! What ages have we liv'd!
And now to die each other's! and so dying,
While hand in hand we walk in groves below,
Whole troops of lovers' ghosts shall flock about us,
And all the train be ours.

Cleo. Your words are like the notes of dying swans,
Too sweet to last. Were there so many hours
For your unkindness and not one for love!

Ant. No, not a minute—this one kiss—more
worth
Than all I leave to Cæsar.— [Dies.

Cleo. Oh, tell me so again!
“And take ten thousand kisses for that word”—
My lord! my lord! speak, if you yet have being!
Sigh to me if you cannot speak! or cast
One look! do any thing that shows you live!

Iras. He's gone too far to hear you,
“And this you see a lump of senseless clay,
“The leavings of a soul.”

Char. Remember, madam,
He charg'd you not to grieve.

Cleo. And I'll obey him.

I have not lov'd a Roman not to know
What should become his wife—his wife, my Char-
mion !

For 'tis to that high title I aspire ;
And now I'll not die less. “ Let dull Octavia
“ Survive to mourn him dead : my noble fate
“ Shall knit our spousals with a tie too strong
“ For Roman laws to break.”

Iras. Will you then die ?

Cleo. Why shouldst thou make that question ?
Fly both, and bring the cure of all our ills.

“ *Iras.* Cæsar is merciful.—

“ *Cleo.* Let him be so

“ To those that want his mercy : my poor lord
“ Made no such covenant with him to spare me
“ When he was dead. Yield me to Cæsar's pride !
“ What ! to be led in triumph thro' the streets,
“ A spectacle to base plebeian eyes,
“ While some dejected friend of Antony's,
“ Close in a corner, shakes his head, and mutters
“ A secret curse on her who ruin'd him—
“ I'll none of that——

“ *Char.* Whatever you resolve

“ I'll follow, ev'n to death.

“ *Iras.* I only fear'd

“ For you, but more should fear to live without you.

“ *Cleo.* Why, now 'tis as it should be. Quick, my
friends,

“ Dispatch ; ere this the town's in Cæsar's hands :

- “ My lord looks down concern’d, and fears my stay,
“ Lest I should be surpris’d :
“ Keep him not waiting for his love too long.
“ You, Charmion, bring my crown and richest jewels;
“ With ’em the wreath of victory I made
“ (Vain augury!) for him who now lies dead :
“ You, Iras, bring the cure of all our ills.”

Iras. The aspicks, madam?

Cleo. Must I bid you twice? [*Ex. Char. and Iras.*]
’Tis sweet to die when they would force life on me,
To rush into the dark abode of death

And meet my love,

- “ And seize him first! If he be like my love,
“ He is not frightful sure!
“ We’re now alone, in secrecy and silence,
“ And is not this like lovers? I may kiss
“ These pale cold lips—Octavia does not see me;
“ And, oh! ’tis better far to have him thus
“ Than see him in her arms!”—O welcome, welcome!

Enter CHARMION and IRAS, with the aspicks, &c.

“ *Char.* What must be done?

“ *Cleo.* Short ceremony, friends;

- “ But yet it must be decent. First, this laurel
“ Shall crown my hero’s head: he fell not basely,
“ Nor left his shield behind him. Only thou
“ Couldst triumph o’er thyself, and thou alone
“ Wert worthy so to triumph.

“*Char.* To what end

“These ensigns of your pomp and royalty?

“*Cleo.* Dull that thou art! why, ’tis to meet my love,

“As when I saw him first on Cydno’s bank,

“All sparkling like a goddess; so adorn’d

“I’ll find him once again; my second spousals

“Shall match my first in glory. Haste, haste, both,

“And dress the bride of Antony!

“*Char.* ’Tis done.

“*Cleo.* Now set me by my lord, I claim this place,

“For I must conquer Cæsar too like him,

“And win my share o’ th’ world. Hail, you dear re-
licks

“Of my immortal love!

“Oh, let no impious hand remove you hence,

“But rest for ever here! let Egypt give

“His death that peace which it deny’d his life.

“Reach me the casket.

“*Iras.* Underneath the fruit the aspick lies.”

Cleo. Welcome thou kind deceiver!

[*Putting aside the leaves.*

Thou best of thieves! who with an easy key

Dost open life, and, unperceiv’d by us,

Ev’n steals us from ourselves, “discharging so

“Death’s dreadful office better than himself,

“Touching our limbs so gently into slumber,

“That Death stands by, deceiv’d by his own image,

“And thinks himself but Sleep.”

Serv. The queen, where is she ? [*Within.*
The town is yielded, Cæsar's at the gates.

Cleo. He comes too late t'invade the rights of Death.
Haste, haste, my friend, and rouse the serpent's fury.
[*Holds out her arm, and draws it back.*

Coward flesh——

Wouldst thou conspire with Cæsar to betray me,
As thou wert none of mine ? I'll force thee to't,
And not be sent by him,
But bring myself, my soul, to Antony.

[*Turns aside, and then shows her arm bloody.*

Take hence ; the work is done !

Serv. Break ope the door, [*Within.*
And guard the traitor well.

“ *Char.* The next is ours.

“ *Iras.* Now, Charmion, to be worthy

“ Of our great queen and mistress.”

[*They apply the aspicks.*

Cleo. Already, Death, I feel thee in my veins ;
I go with such a will to find my lord
That we shall quickly meet.

A heavy numbness creeps thro' ev'ry limb,
And now 'tis at my head : my eyelids fall,
And my dear love is vanish'd in a mist !

“ Where shall I find him, where ? oh ! turn me to him !

“ And lay me on his breast ! ”—Cæsar, thy worst !

Now part us if thou canst. [*Dies.*

[*Iras sinks down at her feet and dies, Charmion stands
behind her chair as dressing her head.*

Enter SERAPION, two Priests, ALEXAS bound, and Egyptians.

2 Priest. Behold, Serapion, what havock death has made !

Serv. 'Twas what I fear'd.

“ Charmion, is this well done ?

“ Char. Yes, 'tis well done, and like a queen, the last

“ Of her great race. I follow her. [*Sinks down. Dies.*

“ Alex. 'Tis true,

“ She has done well : much better thus to die,

“ Than live to make a holiday in Rome.”

Serv. See how the lovers lie in state together,
As they were giving laws to half mankind !

Th' impression of a smile left in her face

Shows she dy'd pleas'd with him for whom she liv'd,

And went to charm him in another world.

Cæsar's just ent'ring ; grief has now no leisure.

Secure that villain, as our pledge of safety,

To grace th' imperial triumph. Sleep, blest pair !

Secure from human chance long ages out,

While all the storms of fate fly o'er your tomb ;

And Fame to late posterity shall tell,

No lovers liv'd so great or dy'd so well.

Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE.

*POETS, like disputants, when reasons fail,
Have one sure refuge left, and that's to rail :
Fop, coxcomb, fool, are thunder'd thro' the pit,
And this is all their equipage of wit.
We wonder how the devil this diff'rence grows
Betwixt our fools in verse and yours in prose ;
For, faith, the quarrel rightly understood,
'Tis civil war with their own flesh and blood.
The threadbare author hates the gaudy coat,
And swears at the gilt coach, but swears a-foot ;
For 'tis observ'd of ev'ry scribbling man,
He grows a fop as fast as e'er he can,
Prunes up, and asks the oracle, his glass,
If pink or purple best becomes his face ?
For our poor wretch ! he neither rails nor prays,
Nor likes your wit, just as you like his plays,
He has not yet so much of Mr. Bays :
He does his best, and if he cannot please,
Would quietly sue out his writ of ease ;
Yet if he might his own grand jury call,
By the fair sex he begs to stand or fall.
Let Cæsar's pow'r the men's ambition move,
But grace you him who lost the world for love.*

*Yet if some antiquated lady say,
The last age is not copy'd in his play,
Heav'n help the man who for that face must drudge,
Which only has the wrinkles of a judge.
Let not the young and beauteous join with those,
For should you raise such numerous hosts of foes,
Young wits and sparks he to his aid must call;
'Tis more than one man's work to please you all.*



De Wilde pinx^tLong scul^{pt}M^{rs} GOODALL as SIR HARRY WILDAIR.'Th^e the delights of love and burgundy!

London. Printed for J. Bell British Library, Strand, June 2 1792.

THE
CONSTANT COUPLE;

OR,
A TRIP TO THE JUBILEE.

A
COMEDY,
By GEORGE FARQUHAR, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRES-ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,
By Permission of the Managers.

* The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

LONDON :

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of
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PREFACE

TO THE READER.

AN affected modesty is very often the greatest vanity, and authors are sometimes prouder of their blushes than of the praises that occasioned them. I shall not, therefore, like a foolish virgin, fly to be pursued, and deny what I chiefly wish for. I am very willing to acknowledge the beauties of this play, especially those of the third night, which, not to be proud of, were the height of impudence: who is ashamed to value himself upon such favours, undervalues those who conferred them.

As I freely submit to the criticisms of the judicious, so I cannot allow this an ill play, since the town has allowed it such success. When they have pardoned my faults, it were very ill manners to condemn their indulgence. Some may think (my acquaintance in town being too slender to make a party for the play) that the success must be derived from the pure merits of the cause. I am of another opinion; I have not been long enough in town to raise enemies against me; and the English are still kind to strangers. I am below the envy of great wits, and above the malice of little ones. I have not displeased the ladies, nor offended the clergy; both which are now pleased to say, that a comedy may be diverting without smut and profaneness.

Next to those advantages, the beauties of action gave the greatest life to the play, of which the town is so sensible, that all will join with me in commendation of the actors, and allow (without detracting from the merit of others) that the Theatre-

Royal affords an excellent and complete set of comedians. Mr. Wilks's performance has set him so far above competition in the part of Wildair, that none can pretend to envy the praise due to his merit. That he made the part, will appear from hence, that whenever the stage has the misfortune to lose him, Sir Harry Wildair may go to the Jubilee.

A great many quarrel at the Trip to the Jubilee for a Misnomer : I must tell them, that perhaps there are greater trips in the play ; and when I find that more exact plays have had better success, I will talk with the critics about decorums, &c. However, if I ever commit another fault of this nature, I will endeavour to make it more excusable.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE.

THIS is a very diverting comedy, written by a witty though licentious author. As one of the finest gentlemen of his time, Mr. FARQUHAR might have drawn his principal character from himself, and it is probable that he did so.

If, as we are told, WILKS made the part by his very excellent performance, the idea we have of that gentlemanly actor proscribes all the perversions of Wildair, which the stage has witnessed of late years.

It may be no incurious matter, to refer to the being termed the fine gentleman of the last, and beginning of the present, century; for the character is utterly extinct:—the *accomplished* RAKE is known no more among us. His pursuits and his appearance were humorously in contrast;—they remind us, if such a scene can be, of a chief justice in masquerade. He made it his pride, to be as ready for fighting as wenching; liberal and licentious, politeness and prophanity went together; he thought, and appeared desirous to hide that he did so; and his best virtues were concealed under a mask:—His friendship was romantic, and his love was loose.

PROLOGUE.

BY A FRIEND.

*POETS will think nothing so checks their fury
As wits, cits, beaux, and women for their jury.
Our spark's half dead to think what medley's come,
With blended judgments, to pronounce his doom.
'Tis all false fear; for in a mingled pit,
Why, what your grave Don thinks but dully writ,
His neighbour i' th' great wig may take for wit.
Some authors court the few, the wise if any;
Our youth's content, if he can reach the many,
Who go with much like ends to church and play,
Not to observe what priests or poets say,
No! no! your thoughts, like theirs, lie quite another way.
The ladies safe may smile, for here's no slander,
No smut, no lewd-tongu'd beau, no double entendre.
'Tis true, he has a spark just come from France,
But then so far from beau——why, he talks sense!
Like coin oft carry'd out, but——seldom brought from thence.
There's yet a gang to whom our spark submits,
Your elbow-shaking fool, that lives by's wits,
That's only witty tho', just as he lives, by fits.
Who, lion-like, through bailiffs scours away,
Hunts, in the face, a dinner all the day,
At night with empty bowels grumbles o'er the play.*

*And now the modish 'prentice he implores,
Who, with his master's cash, stol'n out of doors,
Employs it on a brace of——honourable whores :
While their good bulky mother pleas'd, sits by,
Bawd regent of the bubble gallery.
Next to our mounted friends, we humbly move,
Who all your side-box tricks are much above,
And never fail to pay us with your love.
Ah, friends! poor Dorset garden-house is gone ;
Our merry meetings there are all undone :
Quite lost to us, sure for some strange misdeeds,
That strong dog Sampson's pull'd it o'er our heads,
Snaps rope like thread ; but when his fortune's told him,
He'll hear, perhaps, of rope will one day hold him :
At least, I hope, that our good-natur'd town,
Will find a way to pull his prices down.*

*Well, that's all! Now, gentlemen, for the play,
On second thoughts, I've but two words to say,
Such as it is, for your delight design'd,
Hear it, read, try, judge, and speak as you find.*

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

Sir HARRY WILDAIR,	-	-	Mrs. Jordan.
BEAU CLINCHER,	-	-	Mr. Bannister.
Colonel STANDARD,	-	-	Mr. Wroughton.
Alderman SMUGGLER,	-	-	Mr. Parsons.
CLINCHER Junior,	-	-	Mr. Suett.
VIZARD,	-	-	Mr. Whitfield.
DICKY,	-	-	Mr. Burton.
TOM ERRAND,	-	-	Mr. Hollingsworth.

Women.

ANGELICA,	-	-	Mrs. Kemble.
Lady DARLING,	-	-	Mrs. Booth.
PARLY,	-	-	Mrs. Williames.
Lady LUREWELL,	-	-	Mrs. Ward.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Sir HARRY WILDAIR,	-	-	Mrs. Achmet.
BEAU CLINCHER,	-	-	Mr. Ryder.
Colonel STANDARD,	-	-	Mr. Farren.
Alderman SMUGGLER,	-	-	Mr. Quick.
CLINCHER Junior,	-	-	Mr. Blanchard.
VIZARD,	-	-	Mr. Macready.
DICKY,	-	-	Mr. C. Powel.
TOM ERRAND,	-	-	Mr. Cubitt.

Women.

ANGELICA,	-	-	Miss M ^c George
Lady DARLING,	-	-	Mrs. Platt.
PARLY,	-	-	Miss Stuart.
Lady LUREWELL,	-	-	Miss Chapman.



THE
CONSTANT COUPLE;
OR,
A TRIP TO THE JUBILEE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Park. Enter VIZARD with a Letter, his Servant following.

Vizard.

ANGELICA send it back unopened ! say you ?

Serv. As you see, sir.

Viz. The pride of these virtuous women is more insufferable than the immodesty of prostitutes—After all my encouragement, to slight me thus !

Serv. She said, sir, that imagining your morals sincere, she gave you access to her conversation ; but that your late behaviour in her company has convinced her that your love and religion are both hypocrisy, and that she believes your letter like your-

self, fair on the outside, and foul within; so sent it back unopened.

Viz. “May obstinacy guard her beauty till wrinkles bury it; then may desire prevail to make her curse that untimely pride her disappointed age repents.”—I’ll be revenged the very first opportunity.—Saw you the old Lady Darling, her mother?

Serv. Yes, sir, and she was pleased to say much in your commendation.

Viz. That’s my cue—An esteem grafted in old age is hardly rooted out; years stiffen their opinions with their bodies, and old zeal is only to be cozened by young hypocrisy. [*Aside.*] Run to the Lady Lurewell’s, and know of her maid whether her ladyship will be at home this evening. Her beauty is sufficient cure for Angelica’s scorn.

[*Exit Servant.* *Vizard pulls out a book, reads, and walks about.*

Enter SMUGGLER.

Smug. Ay, there’s a pattern for the young men o’ th’ times; at his meditation so early; some book of pious ejaculations, I’m sure.

Viz. This Hobbes is an excellent fellow! [*Aside.*] Oh, uncle Smuggler! To find you at this end o’ th’ town is a miracle.

Smug. I have seen a miracle this morning indeed, cousin Vizard.

Viz. What is it, pray, sir?

Smug. A man at his devotion so near the court—

I'm very glad, boy, that you keep your sanctity untainted in this infectious place; the very air of this park is heathenish, and every man's breath I meet scents of atheism.

Viz. Surely, sir, some great concern must bring you to this unsanctified end of the town.

Smug. A very unsanctified concern truly, cousin.

Viz. What is it?

Smug. A law-suit, boy—Shall I tell you?—My ship, the Swan, is newly arrived from St. Sebastian, laden with Portugal wines: now the impudent rogue of a tide-waiter has the face to affirm it is French wines in Spanish casks, and has indicted me upon the statute—Oh, conscience! conscience! these tide-waiters and surveyors plague us more with their French wines than the war did with French privateers—Ay, there's another plague of the nation—

Enter Colonel STANDARD.

A red coat and feather.

Viz. Colonel Standard, I'm your humble servant.

Stand. May be not, sir.

Viz. Why so?

Stand. Because—I'm disbanded.

Viz. How! Broke?

Stand. This very morning, in Hyde-Park, my brave regiment, a thousand men, that looked like lions yesterday, were scattered, and looked as poor and simple as the herd of deer that grazed beside them.

Smug. Tal, al, deral. [*Singing.*] I'll have a bonfire this night as high as the monument.

Stand. A bonfire! Thou dry, withered, ill-nature; had not those brave fellows' swords defended you, your house had been a bonfire ere this about your ears.—Did we not venture our lives, sir?

Smug. And did we not pay for your lives, sir?—Venture your lives! I'm sure we ventured our money, and that's life and soul to me.—Sir, we'll maintain you no longer.

Stand. Then your wives shall, old Actæon. There are five and thirty strapping officers gone this morning to live upon free quarter in the city.

Smug. Oh, lord! Oh, lord! I shall have a son within these nine months born with a leading staff in his hand.—Sir, you are——

Stand. What, sir?

Smug. Sir, I say that you are——

Stand. What, sir?

Smug. Disbanded, sir, that's all—I see my lawyer yonder. [*Exit.*]

Viz. Sir, I'm very sorry for your misfortune.

Stand. Why so? I don't come to borrow money of you; if you're my friend, meet me this evening at the Rummer; I'll pay my foy, drink a health to my king, prosperity to my country, and away for Hungary to-morrow morning.

Viz. What! you won't leave us?

Stand. What! a soldier stay here, to look like an

old pair of colours in Westminster Hall, ragged and rusty! No, no—I met yesterday a broken lieutenant, he was ashamed to own that he wanted a dinner, but begged eighteen-pence of me to buy a new scabbard for his sword.

Viz. Oh, but you have good friends, colonel!

Stand. Oh, very good friends! My father's a lord, and my elder brother a beau; mighty good friends indeed!

Viz. But your country may perhaps want your sword again.

Stand. Nay, for that matter, let but a single drum beat up for volunteers between Ludgate and Charing-Cross, and I shall undoubtedly hear it at the walls of Buda.

Viz. Come, come, colonel, there are ways of making your fortune at home—Make your addresses to the fair; you're a man of honour and courage.

Stand. Ay, my courage is like to do me wondrous service with the fair. This pretty cross cut over my eye will attract a duchess—I warrant 'twill be a mighty grace to my ogling—Had I used the stratagem of a certain brother colonel of mine, I might succeed.

Viz. What was it, pray?

Stand. Why, to save his pretty face for the women, he always turned his back upon the enemy.—He was a man of honour for the ladies.

Viz. Come, come, the loves of Mars and Venus will never fail; you must get a mistress.

Stand. Pr'ythee, no more on't—You have awakened a thought, from which, and the kingdom, I would have stolen away at once.—To be plain, I have a mistress.

Viz. And she's cruel?

Stand. No.

Viz. Her parents prevent your happiness?

Stand. Not that.

Viz. Then she has no fortune?

Stand. A large one. Beauty to tempt all mankind, and virtue to beat off their assaults. Oh, Vizard! such a creature!

Enter Sir HARRY WILDAIR, crosses the Stage singing, with Footmen after him.

Hey-day! Who the devil have we here?

Viz. The joy of the play-house, and life of the park; Sir Harry Wildair, newly come from Paris.

Stand. Sir Harry Wildair! Did not he make a campaign in Flanders some three or four years ago?

Viz. The same.

Stand. Why, he behaved himself very bravely.

Viz. Why not? Dost think bravery and gaiety are inconsistent? He's a gentleman of most happy circumstances, born to a plentiful estate; has had a genteel and easy education, free from the rigidity of teachers, and pedantry of schools. His florid constitution being never ruffled by misfortune, nor stinted in its pleasures, has rendered him entertaining to others, and easy to himself. Turning all pas-

sion into gaiety of humour, by which he chooses rather to rejoice with his friends, than be hated by any; as you shall see.

Re-enter WILDAIR.

Wild. Ha, Vizard!

Viz. Sir Harry!

Wild. Who thought to find you out of the Rubric so long? I thought thy hypocrisy had been wedded to a pulpit-cushion long ago.—Sir, if I mistake not your face, your name is Standard?

Stand. Sir Harry, I'm your humble servant.

Wild. Come, gentlemen, the news, the news o' th' town, for I'm just arrived.

Viz. Why, in the city-end o' th' town we're playing the knave, to get estates.

Stand. And in the court-end playing the fool, in spending them.

Wild. Just so in Paris. I'm glad we're grown so modish.

Viz. We are so reformed, that gallantry is taken for vice.

Stand. And hypocrisy for religion.

Wild. *A-la-mode de Paris* again.

Viz. Not one whore between Ludgate and Aldgate.

Stand. But ten times more cuckolds than ever."

Viz. Nothing like an oath in the city.

Stand. That's a mistake; for my major swore a

hundred and fifty last night to a merchant's wife in her bed-chamber.

Wild. Pshaw! this is trifling; tell me news, gentlemen. What lord has lately broke his fortune at the Groom-Porter's? or his heart at Newmarket, for the loss of a race? What wife has been lately suing in Doctor's-Commons for alimony; or what daughter run away with her father's valet? What beau gave the noblest ball at the Bath, or had the finest coach in the ring? I want news, gentlemen.

Stand. Faith, sir, these are no news at all.

Viz. But pray, Sir Harry, tell us some news of your travels.

Wild. With all my heart.—You must know then, I went over to Amsterdam in a Dutch ship: I there had a Dutch whore for five stivers. I went from thence to Landen, where I was heartily drubbed in the battle with the butt-end of a Swiss musket. I thence went to Paris, where I had half a dozen intrigues, bought half a dozen new suits, fought a couple of duels, and here I am again *in statu quo*.

Viz. But we heard that you designed to make the tour of Italy; what brought you back so soon?

Wild. That which brought you into the world, and may perhaps carry you out of it; a woman.

Stand. What! quit the pleasures of travel for a woman!

Wild. Ay, colonel, for such a woman! I had rather see her *ruelle* than the palace of Lewis le Grand. There's more glory in her smile, than in the Jubilee

at Rome; and I would rather kiss her hand, than the Pope's toe.

Viz. You, colonel, have been very lavish in the beauty and virtue of your mistress; and Sir Harry here has been no less eloquent in the praise of his. Now will I lay you both ten guineas a-piece, that neither of 'em is so pretty, so witty, or so virtuous, as mine.

Stand. 'Tis done.

Wild. I'll double the stakes—But, gentlemen, now I think on't, how shall we be resolved? For I know not where my mistress may be found; she left Paris about a month before me, and I had an account——

Stand. How, sir! left Paris about a month before you?

Wild. Yes, sir, and I had an account that she lodged somewhere in St. James's.

Viz. How! somewhere in St. James's, say you?

Wild. Ay, sir, but I know not where, and perhaps mayn't find her this fortnight.

Stand. Her name, pray, Sir Harry.

Viz. Ay, ay, her name; perhaps we know her.

Wild. Her name! Ay,—she has the softest, whitest hand that e'er was made of flesh and blood; her lips so balmy sweet——

“*Stand.* But her name, sir.

“*Wild.* Then her neck and breast;——her breasts
“do so heave, so heave. [Singing.”

Viz. But her name, sir; her quality.

Wild. Then her shape, colonel !

Stand. But her name I want, sir.

Wild. Then her eyes, Vizard !

Stand. Pshaw, Sir Harry, her name, or nothing.

Wild. Then if you must have it, she's called the Lady———But then her foot, gentlemen ; she dances to a miracle. Vizard, you have certainly lost your wager.

Viz. Why, you have certainly lost your senses ; we shall never discover the picture, unless you subscribe the name.

Wild. Then her name is Lurewell.

Stand. 'Sdeath, my mistress.

[*Aside.*

Viz. My mistress, by Jupiter.

[*Aside.*

Wild. Do you know her, gentlemen ?

Stand. I have seen her, sir.

Wild. Can'st tell where she lodges ? Tell me, dear colonel.

Stand. Your humble servant, sir.

[*Exit.*

Wild. Nay, hold, colonel ; I'll follow you, and will know.

[*Runs out.*

Viz. The Lady Lurewell his mistress ! He loves her : but she loves me.—But he's a baronet, and I plain Vizard ; he has a coach and six, and I walk on foot ; I was bred in London, and he in Paris.—That very circumstance has murdered me——Then some stratagem must be laid to divert his pretensions.

Re-enter WILDAIR.

Wild. Pr'ythee, Dick, what makes the colonel so out of humour?

Viz. Because he's out of pay, I suppose.

Wild. 'Slife, that's true; I was beginning to mistrust some rivalship in the case.

Viz. And suppose there were, you know the colonel can fight, Sir Harry.

Wild. Fight! Pshaw—but he can't dance, ha!—We contend for a woman, Vizard. 'Slife, man, if ladies were to be gained by sword and pistol only, what the devil should all we beaux do?

Viz. I'll try him farther. [*Aside.*] But would not you, Sir Harry, fight for this woman you so much admire?

Wild. Fight! Let me consider. I love her—that's true;—but then I love honest Sir Harry Wildair better. The Lady Lurewell is divinely charming—right—but then a thrust i' th' guts, or a Middlesex jury, is as ugly as the devil.

Viz. Ay, Sir Harry, 'twere a dangerous cast for a beau-baronet to be tried by a parcel of greasy, grumbling, bartering boobies, who would hang you, purely because you're a gentleman.

Wild. Ay, but, on t'other hand, I have money enough to bribe the rogues with: so, upon mature deliberation, I would fight for her.—But no more of her. Pr'ythee, Vizard, can't you recommend a friend to a pretty mistress by the bye, till I can find

my own? You have store, I'm sure; you cunning poaching dogs make surer game, than we that hunt open and fair. Pr'ythee now, good Vizard.

Viz. Let me consider a little.—Now love and revenge inspire my politics. *[Aside.*

[Pauses, whilst Sir Harry walks singing.

Wild. Pshaw! thou'rt as long studying for a new mistress, as a drawer is piercing a new pipe.

Viz. I design a new pipe for you, and wholesome wine; you'll therefore bear a little expectation.

Wild. Ha! say'st thou, dear Vizard?

Viz. A girl of sixteen, Sir Harry.

Wild. Now sixteen thousand blessings light on thee.

Viz. Pretty and witty.

Wild. Ay, ay, but her name, Vizard.

Viz. Her name! yes—she has the softest whitest hand that e'er was made of flesh and blood; her lips so balmy sweet—

Wild. Well, well, but where shall I find her, man?

Viz. Find her!—but then her foot, Sir Harry; she dances to a miracle.

Wild. Pr'ythee don't distract me.

Viz. Well then, you must know, that this lady is the greatest beauty in town; her name's Angelica: she that passes for her mother is a private bawd, and called the Lady Darling; she goes for a baronet's lady, (no disparagement to your honour, Sir Harry) I assure you.

Wild. Pshaw, hang my honour; but what street, what house?

Viz. Not so fast, Sir Harry; you must have my passport for your admittance, and you'll find my recommendation in a line or two will procure you very civil entertainment; I suppose twenty or thirty pieces handsomely placed, will gain the point: "I'll ensure her sound."

Wild. Thou dearest friend to a man in necessity.—Here, sirrah, order my coach about to St. James's; I'll walk across the Park. [*To his servant.*]

Enter CLINCHER senior.

Clin. Here, sirrah, order my coach about to St. James's, I'll walk across the Park too—Mr. Vizard, your most devoted—Sir, [*To Wildair.*] I admire the mode of your shoulder-knot; methinks it hangs very emphatically, and carries an air of travel in it: your sword-knot too is most ornamentally modish, and bears a foreign mien. Gentlemen, my brother is just arrived in town; so that, being upon the wing to kiss his hands, I hope you'll pardon this abrupt departure of, gentlemen, your most devoted, and most faithful humble servant. [*Exit.*]

Wild. Pr'ythee dost know him?

Viz. Know him! why it is Clincher, who was apprentice to my uncle Smuggler, the merchant in the city.

Wild. What makes him so gay?

Viz. Why he's in mourning.

Wild. In mourning?

Viz. Yes, for his father. The kind old man in Hertfordshire t'other day broke his neck a fox-hunting; the son upon the news has broke his indentures; whipped from behind the counter into the side-box, "forswears merchandize, where he must live by "cheating, and usurps gentility, where he may die by "raking. He keeps his coach and liveries, brace of "geldings, leash of mistresses," talks of nothing but wines, intrigues, plays, fashions, and going to the jubilee.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! how many pounds of pulvil must the fellow use in sweetening himself from the smell of hops and tobacco? Faugh—I' my conscience methought, like Olivia's lover, he stunk of Thames-Street. But now for Angelica, that's her name: we'll to the prince's chocolate-house, where you shall write my passport. *Allons.* [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Lady LUREWELL's Lodgings. Enter LUREWELL, and her Maid PARLY.

Lure. Parly, my pocket-book—let me see—Madrid, Paris, Venice, London!—Ay, London! They may talk what they will of the hot countries, but I find

love most fruitful under this climate——In a month's space have I gained—let me see, *imprimis*, Colonel Standard.

Par. And how will your ladyship manage him?

Lure. As all soldiers should be managed; he shall serve me till I gain my ends, then I'll disband him.

Par. But he loves you, madam.

Lure. Therefore I scorn him;

I hate all that don't love me, and slight all that do;
Would his whole deluding sex admir'd me,
Thus would I slight them all.

My virgin and unwary innocence

Was wrong'd by faithless man;

But now, glance eyes, plot brain, dissemble face,

Lie tongue, “and be a second Eve to” tempt, se-
duce, and

Plague the treacherous kind.——

Let me survey my captives.——

The Colonel leads the van; next Mr. Vizard,

He courts me out of the Practice of Piety,

Therefore is a hypocrite;

Then Clincher, he adores me with orangerie,

And is consequently a fool;

Then my old merchant, Alderman Smuggler,

He's a compound of both;—out of which medley of
lovers, if I don't make good diversion——What d'ye
think, Parly?

Par. I think, madam, I'm like to be very virtuous
in your service, if you teach me all those tricks that
you use to your lovers.

Lure. You're a fool, child ; observe this, that tho' a woman swear, forswear, lie, dissemble, back-bite, be proud, vain, malicious, any thing, if she secures the main chance, she's still virtuous ; that's a maxim.

Par. I can't be persuaded though, madam, but that you really loved Sir Harry Wildair in Paris.

Lure. Of all the lovers I ever had, he was my greatest plague, for I could never make him uneasy : I left him involved in a duel upon my account : I long to know whether the fop be killed or not.

Enter STANDARD.

Oh lord ! no sooner talk of killing, but the soldier is conjured up. You're upon hard duty, colonel, to serve your king, your country, and a mistress too.

Stand. The latter, I must confess, is the hardest ; for in war, madam, we can be relieved in our duty ; but in love, he who would take our post, is our enemy ; emulation in glory is transporting, but rivals here intolerable.

Lure. Those that bear away the prize in the field, should boast the same success in the bed-chamber ; and, I think, considering the weakness of our sex, we should make those our companions who can be our champions.

Stand. I once, madam, hoped the honour of defending you from all injuries, through a title to your lovely person, but now my love must attend my fortune. My commission, madam, was my passport to the fair ; adding a nobleness to my passion, it stamp'd

a value on my love; 'twas once the life of honour, but now its winding sheet, and with it must my love be buried.

Par. What! disbanded, colonel?

Stand. Yes, Mrs. Parly.

Par. Faugh, the nauseous fellow! he stinks of poverty already. [*Aside.*

Lure. His misfortune troubles me, "because it may prevent my designs." [*Aside.*

Stand. I'll choose, madam, rather to destroy my passion by absence abroad, than have it starved at home.

Lure. I'm sorry, sir, you have so mean an opinion of my affection, as to imagine it founded upon your fortune. And, to convince you of your mistake, here I vow, by all that's sacred, I own the same affection now as before. Let it suffice, my fortune is considerable.

Stand. No, madam, no; I'll never be a charge to her I love! The man that sells himself for gold, is the worst of prostitutes.

Lure. Now were he any other creature but a man, I could love him. [*Aside.*

Stand. This only last request I make, that no title recommend a fool, no office introduce a knave, nor coat a coward, to my place in your affections; so farewell my country, and adieu my love. [*Exit.*

Lure. Now the devil take thee for being so honourable: here, Parly, call him back, I shall lose half my diversion else. Now for a trial of skill.

Re-enter STANDARD.

Sir, I hope you'll pardon my curiosity. When do you take your journey?

Stand. To-morrow morning, early, madam.

Lure. So suddenly! which way are you designed to travel?

Stand. That I can't yet resolve on.

Lure. Pray, sir, tell me; pray, sir; I entreat you; why are you so obstinate?

Stand. Why are you so curious, madam?

Lure. Because——

Stand. What?

Lure. Because, I, I——

Stand. Because! What, madam?—Pray tell me.

Lure. Because I design to follow you. [*Crying.*]

Stand. Follow me! By all that's great, I ne'er was proud before. "But such love from such a creature might swell the vanity of the proudest prince." Follow me! By heavens thou shalt not. What! expose thee to the hazards of a camp—Rather I'll stay, and here bear the contempt of fools, "and worst of fortune."

Lure. You need not, shall not; my estate for both is sufficient.

Stand. Thy estate! No, I'll turn a knave, and purchase one myself; I'll cringe to the proud man I undermine, and fawn on him that I would bite to death; I'll tip my tongue with flattery, and smooth my face with smiles; I'll turn pimp, informer, office-

broker, nay, toward, to be great; and sacrifice it all to thee, my generous fair.

Lure. And I'll dissemble, lie, swear, jilt, any thing, but I'll reward thy love, and recompense thy noble passion.

Stand. Sir Harry, ha, ha, ha! poor Sir Harry, ha, ha, ha! Rather kiss her hand, than the Pope's toe, ha, ha, ha!

Lure. What Sir Harry, colonel? What Sir Harry?

Stand. Sir Harry Wildair, madam.

Lure. What! is he come over?

Stand. Ay, and he told me—but I don't believe a syllable on't.

Lure. What did he tell you?

Stand. Only called you his mistress, and pretending to be extravagant in your commendation, would vainly insinuate the praise of his own judgment and good fortune in a choice.

Lure. How easily is the vanity of fops tickled by our sex!

Stand. Why, your sex is the vanity of fops.

Lure. On my conscience, I believe so. This gentleman, because he danced well, I pitched on for a partner at a ball in Paris, and ever since he has so persecuted me with letters, songs, dances, serenading, flattery, foppery, and noise, that I was forced to fly the kingdom—And I warrant you he made you jealous.

Stand. Faith, madam, I was a little uneasy:

Lure. You shall have a plentiful revenge; I'll send him back all his foolish letters, songs, and verses, and you yourself shall carry them: 'twill afford you opportunity of triumphing, and free me from his further impertinence; for of all men he's my aversion. I'll run and fetch them instantly. *[Exit.]*

Stand. Dear madam, a rare project! Now shall I bait him, like Actæon, with his own dogs.—Well, Mrs. Parly, it is ordered by act of parliament, that you receive no more pieces, Mrs. Parly.

Par. 'Tis provided by the same act, that you send no more messages by me, good colonel; you must not presume to send any more letters, unless you can pay the postage.

Stand. Come, come, don't be mercenary; take example by your lady, be honourable.

Par. A-lack-a-day, sir, it shews as ridiculous and haughty for us to imitate our betters in their honour, as in their finery; leave honour to nobility that can support it: we poor folks, colonel, have no pretence to't; and truly, I think, sir, that your honour should be cashiered with your leading-staff.

Stand. 'Tis one of the greatest curses of poverty to be the jest of chambermaids!

Enter LUREWELL.

Lure. Here's the packet, colonel; the whole magazine of love's artillery. *[Gives him the packet.]*

Stand. Which, since I have gained, I will turn upon

the enemy. Madam, I'll bring you the news of my victory this evening. Poor Sir Harry, ha, ha, ha!

[Exit.

"Lure. To the right about as you were; march, colonel. Ha, ha, ha!

"*Vain man, who boasts of study'd parts and wiles!*

"*Nature in us, your deepest art beguiles,*

"*Stamping deep cunning in our frowns and smiles.*

"*You toil for art, your intellects you trace;*

"*Woman, without a thought, bears policy in her face."*

[Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

CLINCHER junior's Lodgings. Enter CLINCHER, opening a Letter; Servant following.

CLINCHER. [Reads.]

"Dear brother,

I WILL see you presently: I have sent this lad to wait on you; he can instruct you in the fashions of the town. I am your affectionate brother, CLINCHER." Very well, and what's your name, sir?

Dick. My name is Dicky, sir.

Clin. Dicky!

Dick. Ay, Dicky, sir.

Clin. Very well; a pretty name! And what can you do, Mr. Dicky?

Dick. Why, sir, I can powder a wig, and pick up a whore.

Clin. Oh, lord! Oh, lord! a whore! Why, are there many whores in this town?

Dick. Ha, ha, ha! many whores! there's a question, indeed! Why, sir, there are above five hundred surgeons in town.——Hark'e, sir; do you see that woman there, in the velvet scarf, and red knots?

Clin. Ay, sir; what then?

Dick. Why, she shall be at your service in three minutes, as I'm a pimp.

Clin. Oh, Jupiter Ammon! Why, she's a gentlewoman.

Dick. A gentlewoman! Why so are all the whores in town, sir.

Enter CLINCHER senior.

Clin. sen. Brother, you're welcome to London.

Clin. jun. I thought, brother, you owed so much to the memory of my father, as to wear mourning for his death.

Clin. sen. Why, so I do, fool; I wear this, because I have the estate, and you wear that, because you have not the estate. You have cause to mourn, indeed, brother. Well, brother, I'm glad to see you; fare you well. [Going.]

Clin. jun. Stay, stay, brother——Where are you going?

Clin. sen. How natural 'tis for a country booby to

ask impertinent questions!—Hark'e, sir; is not my father dead?

Clin. jun. Ay, ay, to my sorrow.

Clin. sen. No matter for that, he's dead; and am not I a young, powdered, extravagant English heir?

Clin. jun. Very right, sir.

Clin. sen. Why then, sir, you may be sure that I am going to the Jubilee, sir.

Clin. jun. Jubilee! What's that?

Clin. sen. Jubilee! Why, the Jubilee is—Faith I don't know what it is.

Dick. Why, the Jubilee is the same thing as our Lord Mayor's day in the city; there will be pageants, and squibs, and raree-shows, and all that, sir.

Clin. jun. And must you go so soon, brother?

Clin. sen. Yes, sir, for I must stay a month at Amsterdam to study poetry.

Clin. jun. Then I suppose, brother, you travel through Muscovy to learn fashions; don't you, brother?

Clin. sen. Brother! Pr'ythee, Robin, don't call me brother; sir will do every jot as well.

Clin. jun. Oh, Jupiter Ammon! why so?

Clin. sen. Because people will imagine you have a spite at me—But have you seen your cousin Angelica yet, and her mother, the Lady Darling?

Clin. jun. No; my dancing-master has not been with me yet. How shall I salute them, brother?

Clin. sen. Pshaw! that's easy; 'tis only two scrapes,

a kiss, and your humble servant. I'll tell you more when I come from the Jubilee. Come along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Lady DARLING's House. Enter WILDAIR with a Letter.

Wild. Like light and heat, incorporate we lay;
We bless'd the night, and curs'd the coming day.
Well, if this paper kite flies sure, I'm secure of my
game——Humph!——the prettiest *bourdel* I have seen;
a very stately genteel one——

Footmen cross the stage.

Hey-day! equipage too! Now for a bawd by the
curtesy, and a whore with a coat of arms——
°Sdeath, I'm afraid I've mistaken the house!

Enter Lady DARLING.

No, this must be the bawd, by her bulk.

Darl. Your business, pray, sir?

Wild. Pleasure, madam.

Darl. Then, sir, you have no business here.

Wild. This letter, madam, will inform you farther.
Mr. Vizard sent it, with his humble service to your
ladyship.

Darl. How does my cousin, sir ?

Wild. Ay, her cousin, too ! that's right procuress again. [*Aside.*

Darl. [*Reads.*] ' Madam——Earnest inclination to serve——Sir Harry——Madam——court my cousin——Gentleman——fortune——'

Your ladyship's most humble servant, VIZARD.' Sir, your fortune and quality are sufficient to recommend you any where ; but what goes farther with me is the recommendation of so sober and pious a young gentleman as my cousin Vizard.

Wild. A right sanctified bawd o' my word ! [*Aside.*

Darl. Sir Harry, your conversation with Mr. Vizard argues you a gentleman, free from the loose and vicious carriage of the town. I shall therefore call my daughter. [*Exit.*

Wild. Now go thy way for an illustrious bawd of Babylon—She dresses up a sin so religiously, that the devil would hardly know it of his making.

Re-enter DARLING with ANGELICA.

" *Darl.* Pray, daughter, use him civilly ; such matches don't offer every day." [*Exit Darl.*

" *Wild.*" Oh, all ye powers of love ! an angel ! 'Sdeath, what money have I got in my pocket ? I can't offer her less than twenty guineas—and, by Jupiter, she's worth a hundred.

Ang. 'Tis he ! the very same ! and his person as

agreeable as his character of good humour—Pray Heaven his silence proceed from respect!

Wild. How innocent she looks! How would that modesty adorn virtue, when it makes even vice look so charming!—By Heaven, there's such a commanding innocence in her looks, that I dare not ask the question!

Ang. Now, all the charms of real love and feigned indifference assist me to engage his heart; for mine is lost already.

Wild. Madam—I, I——Zoons, I cannot speak to her! But she's a whore, and I will——Madam, in short, I, I——Oh, hypocrisy, hypocrisy, what a charming sin art thou!

Ang. He is caught; now to secure my conquest—I thought, sir, you had business to communicate.

Wild. Business to communicate! How nicely she words it!—Yes, madam, I have a little business to communicate. Don't you love singing-birds, madam?

Ang. That's an odd question for a lover—Yes, sir.

Wild. Why, then, madam, here is a nest of the prettiest goldfinches that ever chirp'd in a cage; twenty young ones, I assure you, madam.

Ang. Twenty young ones! What then, sir?

Wild. Why, then, madam, there are—twenty young ones——'Slife, I think twenty is pretty fair.

Ang. He's mad, sure!—Sir Harry, when you have learned more wit and manners, you shall be welcome here again.

[*Exit.*]

Wild. Wit and manners! 'Egad, now, I conceive there is a great deal of wit and manners in twenty guineas—I'm sure 'tis all the wit and manners I have about me at present. What shall I do?

Enter CLINCHER Junior and DICKY.

What the devil's here? Another cousin, I warrant ye!—Hark'e, sir, can you lend me ten or a dozen guineas instantly? I'll pay you fifteen for them in three hours, upon my honour.

Clin. jun. These London sparks are plaguy impudent! This fellow, by his wig and assurance, can be no less than a courtier.

Dick. He's rather a courtier by his borrowing.

Clin. jun. Faith, sir, I han't above five guineas about me.

Wild. What business have you here then, sir? For, to my knowledge, twenty won't be sufficient.

Clin. jun. Sufficient! For what, sir?

Wild. What, sir! Why, for that, sir; what the devil should it be, sir? I know your business, notwithstanding all your gravity, sir.

Clin. jun. My business! Why, my cousin lives here.

Wild. I know your cousin does live here, and Vizard's cousin, and every body's cousin—Hark'e, sir, I shall return immediately; and if you offer to touch her till I come back, I shall cut your throat, rascal.

[Exit.]

Clin. jun. Why, the man's mad, sure!

Dick. Mad, sir! Ay—Why, he's a beau.

Clin. jun. A beau ! What's that ? Are all madmen beaux ?

Dick. No, sir ; but most beaux are madmen. But now for your cousin. Remember your three scrapes, a kiss, and your humble servant.

[Exeunt, as into the house.]

Enter WILDAIR, STANDARD following.

Stand. Sir Harry, Sir Harry !

Wild. I am in haste, colonel ; besides, if you're in no better humour than when I parted with you in the park this morning, your company won't be very agreeable.

Stand. You're a happy man, Sir Harry, who are never out of humour. Can nothing move your gall, Sir Harry ?

Wild. Nothing but impossibilities, which are the same as nothing.

Stand. What impossibilities ?

Wild. The resurrection of my father to disinherit me, or an act of parliament against wenching. A man of eight thousand pounds *per annum* to be vexed ! No, no ; anger and spleen are companions for younger brothers.

Stand. Suppose one called you a son of a whore behind your back.

Wild. Why, then would I call him rascal behind his back ; so we're even.

Stand. But suppose you had lost a mistress.

Wild. Why, then I would get another.

Stand. But suppose you were discarded by the woman you love, that would surely trouble you.

Wild. You're mistaken, colonel; my love is neither romantically honourable, nor meanly mercenary; 'tis only a pitch of gratitude; while she loves me, I love her; when she desists, the obligation's void.

Stand. But to be mistaken in your opinion, sir; if the Lady Lurewell (only suppose it) had discarded you—I say, only suppose it—and had sent your discharge by me.

Wild. Pshaw! that's another impossibility.

Stand. Are you sure of that?

Wild. Why, 'twere a solecism in nature. Why she's a rib of me, sir. She dances with me, sings with me, plays with me, swears with me, lies with me.

Stand. How, sir?

Wild. I mean in an honourable way; that is, she lies for me. In short, we are as like one another as a couple of guineas.

Stand. Now that I have raised you to the highest pinnacle of vanity, will I give you so mortifying a fall, as shall dash your hopes to pieces.—I pray your honour to peruse these papers. [*Gives him the packet.*]

Wild. What is't, the muster-roll of your regiment, colonel?

Stand. No, no, 'tis a list of your forces in your last love campaign; and, for your comfort, all disbanded.

Wild. Pr'ythee, good metaphorical colonel, what d'ye mean?

Stand. Read, sir, read; these are the Sibyl's leaves that will unfold your destiny.

Wild. So it be not a false deed to cheat me of my estate, what care I—[*Opening the packet.*] Humph! my hand! To the Lady Lurewell—To the Lady Lurewell—To the Lady Lurewell—What the devil hast thou been tampering with, to conjure up these spirits?

Stand. A certain familiar of your acquaintance, sir. Read, read.

Wild. [*Reading.*]—‘Madam, my passion—so natural—your beauty contending—force of charms—mankind—eternal admirer, Wildair.’—I ne’er was ashamed of my name before.

Stand. What, Sir Harry Wildair out of humour! ha, ha, ha! Poor Sir Harry! More glory in her smile than in the Jubilee at Rome; ha, ha, ha! But then her foot, Sir Harry; she dances to a miracle! ha, ha, ha! Fie, Sir Harry, a man of your parts write letters not worth keeping! What sayest thou, my dear knight-errant? ha, ha, ha! you may seek adventures now indeed.

Wild. [*Sings.*] No, no, let her wander, &c.

Stand. You are jilted to some tune, sir; blown up with false music, that’s all.

Wild. Now, why should I be angry that a woman is a woman? Since inconstancy and falsehood are grounded in their natures, how can they help it?

Stand. Then they must be grounded in your nature; for she’s a rib of you, Sir Harry.

Wild. Here's a copy of verses too : I must turn poet, in the devil's name—Stay—'Sdeath, what's here ?—This is her hand——Oh, the charming characters !—*[Reading.]*—' My dear Wildair,'—That's I, 'egad !—' This huff-bluff colonel'— that's he—' is the rarest fool in nature,'—the devil he is !—' and as such have I used him.'—with all my heart, faith—' I had no better way of letting you know that I lodge in St. James's, near the holy lamb. Lurewell.'——Colonel, I am your most humble servant.

Stand. Hold, sir, you sha'n't go yet ; I ha'n't delivered half my message.

Wild. Upon my faith but you have, colonel.

Stand. Well, well, own your spleen ; out with it ; I know you're like to burst.

Wild. I am so, 'egad, ha, ha, ha !

[Laugh and point at one another.]

Stand. Ay, with all my heart, ha, ha ! Well, well, that's forced, Sir Harry.

Wild. I was never better pleas'd in all my life, by Jupiter.

Stand. Well, Sir Harry, 'tis prudence to hide your concern, when there's no help for it. But, to be serious, now ; the lady has sent you back all your papers there——I was so just as not to look upon them.

Wild. I'm glad on't, sir ; for there were some things that I would not have you see.

Stand. All this she has done for my sake, and I de-

sire you would decline any further pretensions for your own sake. So, honest, good-natured Sir Harry, I'm your humble servant. *[Exit.]*

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! poor colonel! Oh, the delight of an ingenious mistress! what a life and briskness it adds to an amour, "like the loves of mighty Jove, still suing in different shapes." A legerdemain mistress, who, *presto! pass!* and she's vanish'd; then *hey!* in an instant in your arms again. *[Going.]*

Enter VIZARD.

Viz. Well met, Sir Harry—What news from the island of love?

Wild. Faith, we made but a broken voyage by your chart; but now I am bound for another port: I told you the colonel was my rival.

Viz. The colonel—curs'd misfortune! another.

[Aside.]

Wild. But the civilest in the world; he brought me word where my mistress lodges. The story's too long to tell you now, for I must fly.

Viz. What, have you given over all thoughts of Angelica?

Wild. No, no, I'll think of her some other time. But now for the Lady Lurewell. Wit and beauty calls.

*That mistress ne'er can pall her lover's joys,
Whose wit can whet, whene'er her beauty cloy.*

*Her little amorous frauds all truths excel,
And make us happy, being deceiv'd so well.* *[Exit.]*

Viz. The colonel my rival too!—How shall I manage? There is but one way——him and the knight will I set a tilting, where one cuts t'other's throat, and the survivor's hang'd: so there will be two rivals pretty decently disposed of. Since honour may oblige them to play the fool, why should not necessity engage me to play the knave? [Exit.

SCENE III.

Lady LUREWELL's Lodgings. Enter LUREWELL and PARLY.

Lure. Has my servant brought me the money from my merchant?

Par. No, madam: he met Alderman Smuggler at Charing-Cross, who has promised to wait on you himself immediately.

Lure. 'Tis odd that this old rogue should pretend to love me, and at the same time cheat me of my money.

Par. 'Tis well, madam, if he don't cheat you of your estate; for you say the writings are in his hands.

Lure. But what satisfaction can I get of him?—Oh, here he comes!

Enter SMUGGLER.

Mr. Alderman, your servant; have you brought me any money, sir?

Smug. Faith, madam, trading is very dead; what with paying the taxes, raising the customs, losses at sea abroad, and maintaining our wives at home, the Bank is reduced very low.

Lure. Come, come, sir, these evasions won't serve your turn; I must have money, sir—I hope you don't design to cheat me?

Smug. Cheat you, madam!—have a care what you say: I'm an alderman, madam—Cheat you, madam! I have been an honest citizen these five-and-thirty years.

Lure. An honest citizen! Bear witness, Parly—I shall trap him in more lies presently. Come, sir, tho' I am a woman, I can take a course.

Smug. What course, madam? You'll go to law, will ye? I can maintain a suit of law, be it right or wrong, these forty years, I am sure of that, thanks to the honest practice of the courts.

Lure. Sir, I'll blast your reputation, and so ruin your credit.

Smug. Blast my reputation! he, he, he! Why I'm a religious man, madam; I have been very instrumental in the reformation of manners. Ruin my credit! Ah, poor woman! There is but one way, madam—you have a sweet leering eye.

Lure. You instrumental in the reformation! How?

Smug. I whipp'd all the whores, cut and long-tail, out of the parish—Ah, that leering eye!—Then I voted for pulling down the playhouse—Ah, that ogle, that ogle!—Then my own pious example—Ah, that lip, that lip!

Lure. Here's a religious rogue for you, now!—As I hope to be saved, I have a good mind to beat the old monster.

Smug. Madam, I have brought you about a hundred and fifty guineas (a great deal of money, as times go) and——

Lure. Come, give 'em me.

Smug. Ah, that hand, that hand! that pretty, soft, white—I have brought it, you see; but the condition of the obligation is such, that whereas that leering eye, that pouting lip, that pretty soft hand, that—you understand me; you understand; I'm sure you do, you little rogue——

Lure. Here's a villain, now, so covetous, that he “won't wench upon his own cost, but” would bribe me with my own money. I'll be revenged. [*Aside.*]—Upon my word, Mr. Alderman, you make me blush,—what d'ye mean, pray?

Smug. See here, madam. [*Puts a piece of money in his mouth.*] Buss and guinea, buss and guinea, buss and guinea.

Lure. Well, Mr. Alderman, you have such pretty winning ways, that I will, ha, ha, ha!

Smug. Will you indeed, he, he, he! my little cocket? And when, and where, and how?

Lure. 'Twill be a difficult point, sir, to secure both our honours; you must therefore be disguised, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Pshaw! no matter; I am an old fornicator; I'm not half so religious as I seem to be. You little

rogue, why I'm disguised as I am; our sanctity is all outside, all hypocrisy.

Lure. No man is seen to come into this house after night-fall; you must therefore sneak in, when 'tis dark, in woman's clothes.

Smug. With all my heart—I have a suit on purpose, my little cocket; I love to be disguised; 'ecod, I make a very handsome woman, 'ecod, I do.

Enter Servant, who whispers LUREWELL.

Lure. Oh, Mr. Alderman, shall I beg you to walk into the next room? Here are some strangers coming up.

Smug. Buss and guinea first—Ah, my little cocket!
[Exit.]

Enter WILDAIR.

Wild. My life, my soul, my all that Heaven can give!

Lure. Death's life with thee, without thee death to live.

Welcome, my dear Sir Harry—I see you got my directions.

Wild. Directions! in the most charming manner, thou dear Machiavel of intrigue.

Lure. Still brisk and airy, I find, Sir Harry.

Wild. The sight of you, madam, exalts my air, and makes joy lighten in my face.

Lure. I have a thousand questions to ask you, Sir Harry. How d'ye like France?

Wild. Ah! *c'est le plus beau païs du monde.*

Lure. Then what made you leave it so soon?

Wild. Madam, *vous voyez que je vous suis par-tout.*

Lure. Oh, monsieur, *je vous suis fort obligée*——But, where's the court now?

Wild. At Marli, madam.

Lure. And where my Count La Valier?

Wild. His body's in the church of Nôtre Dame; I don't know where his soul is.

Lure. What disease did he die of?

Wild. A duel, madam; I was his doctor.

Lure. How d'ye mean?

Wild. As most doctors do; I kill'd him.

Lure. *En cavalier*, my dear knight-errant——Well, and how, and how: what intrigues, what gallantries are carrying on in the *beau-monde*?

Wild. I should ask you that question, madam, since your ladyship makes the *beau-monde* wherever you come.

Lure. Ah, Sir Harry, I've been almost ruined, pestered to death here, by the incessant attacks of a mighty colonel; he has besieged me “as close as our “army did Namur.”

Wild. I hope your ladyship did not surrender, though.

Lure. No, no; but was forced to capitulate. But since you are come to raise the siege, we'll dance, and sing, and laugh——

Wild. And love, and kiss——*Montrez moi votre chambre?*

Lure. *Attends, attends, un peu*—I remember, Sir Harry, you promised me, in Paris, never to ask that impertinent question again.

Wild. Pshaw, madam! that was above two months ago: besides, madam, treaties made in France are never kept.

Lure. Would you marry me, Sir Harry?

Wild. Oh! *la marriage est un grand mal*—But I will marry you.

Lure. Your word, sir, is not to be relied on: if a gentleman will forfeit his honour in dealings of business, we may reasonably suspect his fidelity in an amour.

Wild. My honour in dealings of business! Why, madam, I never had any business in all my life.

Lure. Yes, Sir Harry, I have heard a very odd story, and am sorry that a gentleman of your figure should undergo the scandal.

Wild. Out with it, madam.

Lure. Why, the merchant, sir, that transmitted your bills of exchange to you in France, complains of some indirect and dishonourable dealings.

Wild. Who, old Smuggler?

Lure. Ay, ay, you know him, I find.

Wild. I have some reason, I think; why, the rogue has cheated me of above five hundred pounds within these three years.

Lure. 'Tis your business then to acquit yourself publicly; for he spreads the scandal every where.

Wild. Acquit myself publicly!—Here, sirrah, my

coach ; I'll drive instantly into the city, and cane the old villain round the Royal Exchange ; " he shall run " the gauntlet through a thousand brush'd beavers, " and formal cravats."

Lure. Why, he is in the house now, sir.

Wild. What, in this house ?

Lure. Ay, in the next room.

Wild. Then, sirrah, lend me your cudgel.

Lure. Sir Harry, you won't raise a disturbance in my house ?

Wild. Disturbance, madam ! no, no, I'll beat him with the temper of a philosopher. Here, Mrs. Parly, shew me the gentleman. [*Exit with Parly.*]

Lure. Now shall I get the old monster well beaten, and Sir Harry pestered next term with bloodsheds, batteries, costs and damages, solicitors and attornies ; and if they don't tease him out of his good humour, I'll never plot again. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Changes to another Room in the same House.

Enter SMUGGLER.

Smug. Oh, this damn'd tide-waiter ! A ship and cargo worth five thousand pounds ! Why, 'tis richly worth five hundred perjuries.

Enter WILDAIR.

Wild. Dear Mr. Alderman, I'm your most devoted and humble servant.

Smug. My best friend, Sir Harry, you're welcome to England.

Wild. I'll assure you, sir, there's not a man in the king's dominions I am gladder to meet, dear, dear Mr. Alderman. *[Bowing very low.]*

Smug. Oh, lord, sir, you travellers have the most obliging ways with you!

Wild. There is a business, Mr. Alderman, fallen out, which you may oblige me infinitely by—I am very sorry that I am forced to be troublesome; but necessity, Mr. Alderman—

Smug. Ay, sir, as you say, necessity—But, upon my word, sir, I am very short of money at present; but—

Wild. That's not the matter, sir; I'm above an obligation that way: but the business is, I'm reduced to an indispensable necessity of being obliged to you for a beating—Here, take this cudgel.

Smug. A beating, Sir Harry! ha, ha, ha! I beat a knight baronet! an alderman turn cudgel-player!—Ha, ha, ha!

Wild. Upon my word, sir, you must beat me, or I cudgel you; take your choice.

Smug. Pshaw, pshaw! you jest.

Wild. Nay, 'tis sure as fate—So, Alderman, I hope you'll pardon my curiosity. *[Strikes him.]*

Smug. Curiosity! Deuce take your curiosity, sir!—What d'ye mean?

Wild. Nothing at all; I'm but in jest, sir.

Smug. Oh, I can take any thing in jest! but a man

might imagine, by the smartness of the stroke, that you were in downright earnest.

Wild. Not in the least, sir; [*Strikes him.*] not in the least, indeed, sir.

Smug. Pray, good sir, no more of your jests; for they are the bluntest jests that ever I knew.

Wild. [*Strikes.*] I heartily beg your pardon with all my heart, sir.

Smug. Pardon, sir! Well, sir, that is satisfaction enough from a gentleman. But, seriously, now, if you pass any more of your jests upon me, I shall grow angry.

Wild. I humbly beg your permission to break one or two more. [*Strikes him.*]

Smug. Oh, lord, sir, you'll break my bones! Are you mad, sir? Murder, felony, manslaughter!

[*Wildair knocks him down.*]

Wild. Sir, I beg you ten thousand pardons; but I am absolutely compelled to it, upon my honour, sir: nothing can be more averse to my inclinations, than to jest with my honest, dear, loving, obliging friend, the Alderman.

[*Striking him all this while: Smuggler tumbles over and over, and shakes out his pocket-book on the floor; Lurewell enters, and takes it up.*]

Lure. The old rogue's pocket-book; this may be of use. [*Aside.*] Oh, lord, Sir Harry's murdering the poor old man.

Smug. Oh, dear madam, I was beaten in jest, till I am murdered in good earnest.

Lure. Well, well, I'll bring you off, Senior—*Frappez, frappez!*

Smug. Oh, for charity's sake, madam, rescue a poor citizen!

Lure. Oh, you barbarous man!—Hold, hold! *Frappez, plus rudement! Frappez!*—I wonder you are not ashamed. [*Holding Wild.*] A poor, reverend, honest elder—[*Helps Smug. up.*] It makes me weep to see him in this condition, poor man!—Now, the devil take you, Sir Harry—for not beating him harder—Well, my dear, you shall come at night, and I'll make you amends. [*Here Sir Harry takes snuff.*]

Smug. Madam, I will have amends before I leave the place—Sir, how durst you use me thus?

Wild. Sir?

Smug. Sir, I say that I will have satisfaction.

Wild. With all my heart.

[*Throws snuff into his eyes.*]

Smug. Oh, murder, blindness, fire! Oh, madam, madam, get me some water. Water, fire, fire, water!

[*Exit with Lurewell.*]

Wild. How pleasant is resenting an injury without passion! 'Tis the beauty of revenge.

*Let statesmen plot, and under business groan,
And settling public quiet, lose their own;
Let soldiers drudge and fight for pay or fame,
For when they're shot, I think 'tis much the same;
Let scholars vex their brains with mood and tense,
And, mad with strength of reason, fools commence,
Losing their wits in searching after sense;*

*Their summum bonum they must toil to gain,
And, seeking pleasure, spend their life in pain.
I make the most of life, no hour mispend ;
Pleasure's the mean, and pleasure is my end.
No spleen, no trouble shall my time destroy ;
Life's but a span, I'll ev'ry inch enjoy.*

[Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street. Enter STANDARD and VIZARD.

Standard.

I BRING him word where she lodged ? I the civilest rival in the world ? 'Tis impossible.

Viz. I shall urge it no farther, sir. I only thought, sir, that my character in the world might add authority to my words, without so many repetitions.

Stand. Pardon me, dear Vizard. Our belief struggles hard, before it can be brought to yield to the disadvantage of what we love ; " 'tis so great an abuse to our judgment, that it makes the faults of our choice our own failing." But what said Sir Harry ?

Viz. He pitied the poor credulous colonel, laughed heartily, flew away with all the raptures of a bridegroom, repeating these lines :

*A mistress ne'er can pall her lover's joys,
Whose wit can whet, whene'er her beauty cloy.*

Stand. A mistress ne'er can pall! By all my wrongs he whores her, and I am made their property.—Vengeance——Vizard, you must carry a note for me to Sir Harry.

Viz. What, a challenge? I hope you don't design to fight.

Stand. What, wear the livery of my king, and pocket an affront? 'Twere an abuse to his Sacred Majesty: a soldier's sword, Vizard, should start of itself to redress its master's wrong.

Viz. However, sir, I think it not proper for me to carry any such message between friends.

Stand. I have ne'er a servant here; what shall I do?

Viz. There's Tom Errand, the porter, that plies at the Blue Posts, one who knows Sir Harry and his haunts very well; you may send a note by him.

Stand. Here, you, friend.

Viz. I have now some business, and must take my leave; I would advise you, nevertheless, against this affair.

Stand. No whispering now, nor telling of friends, to prevent us. He that disappoints a man of an honourable revenge, may love him foolishly like a wife, but never value him as a friend.

Viz. Nay, the devil take him that parts you, say I.
[Exit.]

Enter Porter, running.

Er. Did your honour call porter?

Stand. Is your name Tom Errand?

Er. People call me so, an't like your worship.

Stand. D'ye know Sir Harry Wildair?

Er. Ay, very well, sir; he's one of my best masters; many a round half-crown have I had of his worship; he's newly come home from France, sir.

Stand. Go to the next coffee-house, and wait for me.—Oh, woman, woman, how bless'd is man when favoured by your smiles, and how accurs'd when all those smiles are found but wanton baits to sooth us to destruction.

“ Thus our chief joys with base allays are curs'd,

“ And our best things, when once corrupted, worst.”

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter WILDAIR, and CLINCHER senior following.

Clin. sen. Sir, sir, sir, having some business of importance to communicate to you, I would beg your attention to a trifling affair that I would impart to your understanding.

Wild. What is your trifling business of importance, pray, sweet sir?

Clin. sen. Pray, sir, are the roads deep between this and Paris.

Wild. Why that question, sir?

Clin. sen. Because I design to go to the Jubilee, sir. I understand that you are a traveller, sir; there is an air of travel in the tie of your cravat, sir; there is indeed, sir—I suppose, sir, you bought this lace in Flanders.

Wild. No, sir, this lace was made in Norway.

Clin. sen. Norway, sir ?

Wild. Yes, sir, of the shavings of deal-boards.

Clin. sen. That's very strange now, faith——Lace made of the shavings of deal boards ! 'Egad, sir, you travellers see very strange things abroad, very incredible things abroad, indeed. Well, I'll have a cravat of the very same lace before I come home.

Wild. But, sir, what preparations have you made for your journey ?

Clin. sen. A case of pocket-pistols for the bravoës, and a swimming-girdle.

Wild. Why these, sir ?

Clin. sen. Oh, lord, sir, I'll tell you——Suppose us in Rome, now ; away goes I to some ball—for I'll be a mighty beau. Then, as I said, I go to some ball, or some bear-baiting—'tis all one, you know——then comes a fine Italian *bona roba*, and plucks me by the sleeve : Signior Angle, Signior Angle—She's a very fine lady, observe that—Signior Angle, says she—Signora, says I, and trips after her to the corner of a street, suppose it Russel-street, here, or any other street ; then, you know, I must invite her to the tavern ; I can do no less——There up comes her bravo ; the Italian grows saucy, and I give him an English dowse o' the face : I can box, sir, box tightly ; I was a 'prentice, sir——But then, sir, he whips out his stiletto, and I whips out my bull-dog—slaps him through, trips down stairs, turns the corner of Russel-street again, and whips me into the Amba-

sador's train, and there I'm safe as a beau behind the scenes.

Wild. Is your pistol charg'd, sir?

Clin. sen. Only a brace of bullets, that's all, sir.

Wild. 'Tis a very fine pistol, truly; pray let me see it.

Clin. sen. With all my heart, sir.

Wild. Hark'e, Mr. Jubilee, can you digest a brace of bullets?

Clin. sen. Oh, by no means in the world, sir.

Wild. I'll try the strength of your stomach, however. Sir, you're a dead man.

[*Presenting the pistol to his breast.*]

Clin. sen. Consider, dear sir, I am going to the Jubilee: when I come home again, I am a dead man at your service.

Wild. Oh, very well, sir; but take heed you are not so choleric for the future.

Clin. sen. Choleric, sir! Oons, I design to shoot seven Italians in a week, sir.

Wild. Sir, you won't have provocation.

Clin. sen. Provocation, sir! Zauns, sir, I'll kill any man for treading upon my corns; and there will be a devilish throng of people there: they say that all the princes of Italy will be there.

Wild. And all the fops and fiddlers in Europe—— But the use of your swimming-girdle, pray, sir?

Clin. sen. Oh, lord, sir, that's easy. Suppose the ship cast away; now, whilst other foolish people are busy at their prayers, I whip on my swimming-gir

dle, clap a month's provision in my pocket, and sails me away, like an egg in a duck's belly—And hark'e, sir, I have a new project in my head: where d'ye think my swimming-girdle shall carry me upon this occasion? 'Tis a new project.

Wild. Where, sir?

Clin. sen. To Civita Vecchia, faith and troth, and so save the charges of my passage. Well, sir, you must pardon me now; I'm going to see my mistress.

[*Exit.*

Wild. This fellow's an accomplished ass before he goes abroad. Well, this Angelica has got into my heart, and I can't get her out of my head. I must pay her t'other visit.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Lady DARLING's House. Enter ANGELICA.

“*Ang.* Unhappy state of woman! whose chief virtue is but ceremony, and our much boasted modesty but a slavish restraint. The strict confinement on our words, makes our thoughts ramble more; and what preserves our outward fame, destroys our inward quiet. 'Tis hard that love should be denied the privilege of hatred; that scandal and detraction should be so much indulged, yet sacred love and truth debarred our conversation.”

Enter DARLING, CLINCHER junior, and DICKY.

Darl. This is my daughter, cousin.

Dick. Now, sir, remember your three scrapes.

Clin. jun. [*Saluting Angelica.*] One, two, three, your humble servant. Was not that right, Dicky?

Dick. Ay, 'faith, sir; but why don't you speak to her?

Clin. jun. I beg your pardon, Dicky; I know my distance. Would you have me speak to a lady at the first sight?

Dick. Ay, sir, by all means; the first aim is the surest.

Clin. jun. Now for a good jest, to make her laugh heartily—By Jupiter Ammon, I'll go give her a kiss.
[*Goes towards her.*]

Enter WILDAIR, interposing.

Wild. 'Tis all to no purpose; I told you so before; your pitiful five guineas will never do. You may go; I'll outbid you.

Clin. jun. What, the devil! the madman's here again.

Darl. Bless me, cousin, what d'ye mean? Affront a gentleman of his quality in my house?

Clin. jun. Quality!—Why, madam, I don't know what you mean by your madmen, and your beaux, and your quality—they're all alike, I believe.

Dar. Pray, sir, walk with me into the next room.

[*Exit Darling, leading Clincher. Dicky following.*]

Ang. Sir, if your conversation be no more agreeable than 'twas the last time, I would advise you to make your visit as short as you can.

Wild. The offences of my last visit, madam, bore their punishment in the commission; and have made me as uneasy till I receive pardon, as your ladyship can be till I sue for it.

Ang. Sir Harry, I did not well understand the offence, and must therefore proportion it to the greatness of your apology; if you would, therefore, have me think it light, take no great pains in an excuse.

Wild. How sweet must the lips be that guard that tongue! Then, madam, no more of past offences; let us prepare for joys to come. Let this seal my pardon; [*Kisses her hand.*] and this [*Again.*] initiate me to farther happiness.

Ang. Hold, sir—one question, Sir Harry, and, pray, answer plainly—D'ye love me?

Wild. Love you! Does fire ascend? Do hypocrites dissemble? Usurers love gold, or great men flattery? Doubt these, then question that I love.

Ang. This shews your gallantry, sir, but not your love.

Wild. View your own charms, madam, then judge my passion; your beauty ravishes my eye, your voice my ear, and your touch has thrill'd my melting soul.

Ang. If your words be real, 'tis in your power to raise an equal flame in me.

Wild. Nay, then, I seize——

Ang. Hold, sir; 'tis also possible to make me de-

test and scorn you worse than the most profligate of your deceiving sex.

Wild. Ha! A very odd turn this. I hope, madam, you only affect anger, because you know your frowns are becoming.

Ang. Sir Harry, you being the best judge of your own designs, can best understand whether my anger should be real or dissembled; think what strict modesty should bear, then judge of my resentment.

Wild. Strict modesty should bear! Why faith, madam, I believe, the strictest modesty may bear fifty guineas, and I don't believe 'twill bear one farthing more.

Ang. What d' ye mean, sir?

Wild. Nay, madam, what do you mean? If you go to that. I think now fifty guineas is a fine offer for your strict modesty, as you call it.

Ang. 'Tis more charitable, Sir Harry, to charge the impertinence of a man of your figure on his defect in understanding, than on his want of manners. —I'm afraid you're mad, sir.

Wild. Why, madam, you're enough to make any man mad. 'Sdeath, are you not a——

Ang. What, sir?

Wild. Why, a lady of—strict modesty, if you will have it so.

Ang. I shall never hereafter trust common report, which represented you, sir, a man of honour, wit, and breeding; for I find you very deficient in them all three.

[Exit

Wild. [*Solus.*] Now I find that the strict pretences which the ladies of pleasure make to strict modesty, is the reason why those of quality are ashamed to wear it.

Enter VIZARD.

Viz. Ah! Sir Harry, have I caught you? Well, and what success?

Wild. Success! 'Tis a shame for you young fellows in town here to let the wenches grow so saucy. I offered her fifty guineas, and she was in her airs presently, and flew away in a huff. I could have had a brace of countesses in Paris for half the money, and *je vous remercie* into the bargain.

Viz. Gone in her airs, say you! And did not you follow her?

Wild. Whither should I follow her?

Viz. Into her bed-chamber, man; she went on purpose. You a man of gallantry, and not understand that a lady's best pleased when she puts on her airs, as you call it!

Wild. She talked to me of strict modesty, and stuff.

Viz. Certainly. Most women magnify their modesty, for the same reason that cowards boast their courage—because they have least on't. Come, come, Sir Harry, when you make your next assault, encourage your spirits with brisk Burgundy: if you succeed, 'tis well; if not, you have a fair excuse for your rudeness. I'll go in, and make your peace for

what's past. Oh, I had almost forgot—Colonel Standard wants to speak with you about some business.

Wild. I'll wait upon him presently; d'ye know where he may be found?

Viz. In the piazza of Covent-Garden, about an hour hence, I promised to see him; and there you may meet him—to have your throat cut. [*Aside.*—I'll go in and intercede for you.

Wild. But no foul play with the lady, Vizard.

[*Exit.*

Viz. No fair play, I can assure you.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Street before LUREWELL's Lodgings; CLINCHER Senior, and LUREWELL, coquetting in the Balcony. Enter STANDARD.

Stand. How weak is reason in disputes of love! That daring reason which so oft pretends to question works of high omnipotence, yet poorly truckles to our weakest passions, and yields implicit faith to foolish love, paying blind zeal to faithless women's eyes. I've heard her falsehood with such pressing proofs, that I no longer should distrust it. Yet still my love would baffle demonstration, and make impossibilities seem probable. [*Looks up.*] Ha! That fool too! What, stoop so low as that animal?—'Tis true, women once fallen, like cowards in despair,

will stick at nothing; there's no medium in their actions. They must be bright as angels, or black as fiends. But now for my revenge; I'll kick her cully before her face, call her whore, curse the whole sex, and leave her. [Goes in.]

LUREWELL comes down with CLINCHER Senior. *The Scene changes to a Dining-Room.*

Lure. Oh, lord, sir, it is my husband! What will become of you?

Clin. sen. Ah, your husband! Oh, I shall be murdered! What shall I do? Where shall I run? I'll creep into an oven; I'll climb up the chimney; I'll fly; I'll swim;—I wish to the lord I were at the Jubilee now.

Lure. Can't you think of any thing, sir?

Clin. sen. Think! not I; I never could think to any purpose in my life.

Lure. What do you want, sir?

Enter TOM ERRAND.

Err. Madam, I am looking for Sir Harry Wildair; I saw him come in here this morning; and did imagine he might be here still, if he is not gone.

Lure. A lucky hit! Here, friend, change clothes with this gentleman, quickly, strip.

Clin. sen. Ay, ay, quickly, strip: I'll give you half a crown to boot. Come here; so. [They change clothes.]

Lure. Now slip you [To Clin. sen.] down stairs, and

wait at the door till my husband be gone ; and get you in there [*To the Porter.*] till I call you.

[*Puts Errand in the next room.*]

Enter STANDARD.

Oh, sir, are you come? I wonder, sir, how you have the confidence to approach me after so base a trick?

Stand. Oh, madam, all your artifices won't avail.

Lure. Nay, sir, your artifices won't avail. I thought, sir, that I gave you caution enough against troubling me with Sir Harry Wildair's company when I sent his letters back by you? yet you, forsooth, must tell him where I lodged, and expose me again to his impertinent courtship!

Stand. I expose you to his courtship!

Lure. I'll lay my life you'll deny it now. Come, come, sir; a pitiful lie is as scandalous to a red coat as an oath to a black. "Did not Sir Harry himself tell me, that he found out by you where I lodged?"

Stand. You're all lies; first, your heart is false; your eyes are double; one look belies another; and then your tongue does contradict them all—Madam, I see a little devil just now hammering out a lie in your pericranium.

Lure. As I hope for mercy, he's in the right on't. [*Aside.*] "Hold, sir, you have got the play-house cant upon your tongue; and think, that wit may privilege your railing: but I must tell you, sir, that what is satire upon the stage, is ill manners here."

Stand. "What is feigned upon the stage, is here in
 "reality real falsehood. Yes, yes, madam,"—I ex-
 posed you to the courtship of your fool Clincher,
 too; I hope your female wiles will impose that upon
 me——also——

Lure. Clincher! Nay, now you're stark mad. I
 know no such person.

Stand. Oh, woman in perfection! not know him?
 'Slife, madam, can my eyes, my piercing jealous eyes,
 be so deluded? Nay, madam, my nose could not mis-
 take him; for I smelt the fop by his *pulvilio* from the
 balcony down to the street.

Lure. The balcony! Ha, ha, ha! the balcony! I'll
 be hanged but he has mistaken Sir Harry Wildair's
 footman with a new French livery for a beau.

Stand. 'Sdeath, madam, what is there in me that
 looks like a cully! Did not I see him?

Lure. No, no, you could not see him; you're dream-
 ing, colonel. Will you believe your eyes, now that I
 have rubbed them open?—Here, you friend.

Enter ERRAND in CLINCHER Senior's Clothes.

Stand. This is illusion all; my eyes conspire against
 themselves. 'Tis legerdemain.

Lure. Legerdemain! Is that all your acknowledg-
 ment for your rude behaviour?—Oh, what a curse is
 it to love as I do!—"But don't presume too far, sir,
 "on my affection: for such ungenerous usage will
 "soon return my tired heart."—Begone, sir, [*To the*
Porter.] to your impertinent master, and tell him I

shall never be at leisure to receive any of his troublesome visits.—Send to me to know when I should be at home!—"Begone, sir."—I am sure he has made me an unfortunate woman. *[Weeps.]*

Stand. Nay, then there is no certainty in nature; and truth is only falsehood well disguised.

Lure. Sir, had not I owned my fond, foolish passion, I should not have been subject to such unjust suspicions: but it is an ungrateful return. *[Weeping.]*

Stand. "Now, where are all my firm resolves? I will believe her just. My passion raised my jealousy; then why mayn't love be as blind in finding faults, as in excusing them?"—I hope, madam, you'll pardon me, since jealousy, that magnified my suspicion, is as much the effect of love, as my easiness in being satisfied.

Lure. Easiness in being satisfied! "You men have got an insolent way of extorting pardon, by persisting in your faults." No, no, sir; cherish your suspicions, and feed upon your jealousy: 'tis fit meat for your squeamish stomach.

With me all women should this rule pursue:

Who think us false, should never find us true.

[Exit in a rage.]

Enter CLINCHER Senior in the Porter's Clothes.

Clin. sen. Well, intriguing is the prettiest, pleasantest thing for a man of my parts.—How shall we laugh at the husband when he is gone?—How sillily he looks! He's in labour of horns already.—To

make a colonel a cuckold! 'Twill be rare news for the alderman.

Stand. All this Sir Harry has occasioned; but he's brave, and will afford me a just revenge.—Oh, this is the porter I sent the challenge by—Well, sir, have you found him?

Clin. sen. What the devil does he mean now?

Stand. Have you given Sir Harry the note, fellow?

Clin. sen. The note! what note?

Stand. The letter, blockhead, which I sent by you to Sir Harry Wildair; have you seen him?

Clin. sen. Oh, lord, what shall I say now? Seen him? Yes, sir—No, sir.—I have, sir—I have not, sir.

Stand. The fellow's mad. Answer me directly, sirrah, or I'll break your head.

Clin. sen. I know Sir Harry very well, sir; but as to the note, sir, I can't remember a word on't: truth is, I have a very bad memory.

Stand. Oh, sir, I'll quicken your memory.

[*Strikes him.*]

Clin. sen. Zauns, sir, hold!—I did give him the note.

Stand. And what answer?

Clin. sen. I mean, I did not give him the note.

Stand. What, d'ye banter, rascal?

[*Strikes him again.*]

Clin. sen. Hold, sir, hold! He did send an answer.

Stand. What was't, villain?

Clin. sen. Why, truly, sir, I have forgot it: I told you that I had a very treacherous memory.

Stand. I'll engage you shall remember me this month, rascal. [*Beats him off; and exit.*]

Enter LUREWELL and PARLY.

Lure. *Fort-bon, fort-bon, fort-bon!* This is better than I expected; but fortune still helps the industrious.

Enter CLINCHER Senior.

Clin. sen. Ah! the devil take all intriguing, say I, and him who first invented canes.—That cursed colonel has got such a knack of beating his men, that he has left the mark of a collar of bandileers about my shoulders.

Lure. Oh, my poor gentleman! and was it beaten?

Clin. sen. Yes, I have been beaten. But where's my clothes? my clothes?

Lure. What, you won't leave me so soon, my dear, will ye?

Clin. sen. Will ye!—If ever I peep into a colonel's tent again, may I be forced to run the gauntlet. But my clothes, madam.

Lure. I sent the porter down stairs with them: did not you meet him?

Clin. sen. Meet him? No, not I.

Par. No!—He went out at the back-door, and is run clear away, I'm afraid.

Clin. sen. Gone, say you, and with my clothes, my fine Jubilee clothes?—Oh, the rogue, the thief!—I'll

have him hang'd for murder——But how shall I get home in this pickle?

Par. I'm afraid, sir, the colonel will be back presently, for he dines at home.

Clin. sen. Oh, then I must sneak off.
Was ever such an unfortunate beau,
To have his coat well thrash'd, and lose his coat also?
[*Exit.*]

Lure. Thus the noble poet spoke truth:
Nothing suits worse with vice than want of sense:
Fools are still wicked at their own expence.

Par. Methinks, madam, the injuries you have suffered by men must be very great, to raise such heavy resentments against the whole sex.

Lure. The greatest injury that woman could sustain: they robbed me of that jewel, which preserved, exalts our sex almost to angels: but destroyed, debases us below the worst of brutes, mankind.

Par. But I think, madam, your anger should be only confined to the author of your wrongs.

Lure. The author! Alas, I know him not, “which makes my wrongs the greater.”

Par. Not know him? 'Tis odd, madam, that a man should rob you of that same jewel you mentioned, and you not know him.

Lure. Leave trifling: 'tis a subject that always sours my temper: but since, by thy faithful service, I have some reason to confide in your secresy, hear the strange relation.—Some twelve years ago, I lived at my fa-

ther's house in Oxfordshire, blest with innocence, the ornamental, but weak guard of blooming beauty: I was then just fifteen, "an age fatal to the female sex." Our youth is tempting, our innocence credulous, romances moving, love powerful, and men are—villains. Then it happened, that three young gentlemen from the university coming into the country, and being benighted, and strangers, called at my father's: he was very glad of their company, and offered them the entertainment of his house.

Par. Which they accepted, no doubt. Oh, these strolling collegians are never abroad, but upon some mischief.

Lure. They had some private frolic or design in their heads, as appeared by their not naming one another, which my father perceiving, out of civility, made no enquiry into their affairs; two of them had a heavy, pedantic, university air; a sort of disagreeable scholastic boorishness in their behaviour; but the third——

Par. Ah, the third, madam—the third of all things, they say, is very critical.

Lure. He was—but in short, nature cut him out for my undoing; he seemed to be about eighteen.

Par. A fit match for your fifteen as could be.

Lure. He had a genteel sweetness in his face, a graceful comeliness in his person, and his tongue was fit to sooth soft innocence into ruin. His very looks were witty, and his expressive eyes spoke softer, prettier things, than words could frame.

Par. There will be mischief by and by; I never heard a woman talk so much of eyes, but there were tears presently after.

Lure. His discourse was directed to my father, but his looks to me. After supper I went to my chamber, and read Cassandra, then went to bed, and dreamed of him all night, “rose in the morning, and made “verses,” so fell desperately in love.—My father was so well pleased with his conversation, that he begged their company next day; they consented, and next night, Parly——

Par. Ah, next night, madam——next night (I’m afraid) was a night indeed.

Lure. He bribed my maid, with his gold, out of her honesty; and me, with his rhetoric, out of my honour—She admitted him into my chamber, and there he vowed, and swore, and wept, and sighed——and conquered. [Weeps.]

Par. A-lack-a-day, poor fifteen. [Weeps.]

Lure. He swore that he would come down from Oxford in a fortnight, and marry me.

Par. The old bait, the old bait—I was cheated just so myself. [*Aside.*—But had not you the wit to know his name all this while?

Lure. Alas, what wit had innocence like mine? He told me, that he was under an obligation to his companions of concealing himself then, but that he would write to me in two days, and let me know his name and quality. After all the binding oaths of constancy, “joining hands, exchanging hearts,” I gave

him a ring with this motto : ‘ Love and honour : ’—then we parted, and I never saw the dear deceiver more.

Par. No, nor never will, I warrant you.

Lure. I need not tell my griefs, which my father’s death made a fair pretence for ; he left me sole heiress and executrix to three thousand pounds a year : at last, my love for this single dissembler turned to a hatred of the whole sex ; and, resolving to divert my melancholy, and make my large fortune subservient to my pleasure and revenge, I went to travel, where, in most courts of Europe, I have done some execution. Here I will play my last scene ; then retire to my country-house, live solitary, and die a penitent.

Par. But don’t you still love this dear dissembler ?

Lure. Most certainly. ’Tis love of him that keeps my anger warm, representing the baseness of mankind full in view ; and makes my resentments work—We shall have that old impotent lecher, Smuggler, here to night ; I have a plot to swinge him, and his precise nephew, Vizard.

Par. I think, madam, you manage every body that comes in your way.

Lure. No, Parly ; those men, whose pretensions I found just and honourable, I fairly dismissed, by letting them know my firm resolutions never to marry. But those villains that would attempt my honour, I’ve seldom failed to manage.

Par. What d'ye think of the colonel, madam? I suppose his designs are honourable.

Lure. That man's a riddle; there's something of honour in his temper that pleases; I'm sure he loves me too, because he's soon jealous, and soon satisfied. But he's a man still. When I once tried his pulse about marriage, his blood ran as low as a coward's.—He swore, indeed, that he loved me, but could not marry me, forsooth, because he was engaged elsewhere. So poor a pretence made me disdain his passion, which otherwise might have been uneasy to me.—But hang him, I have teased him enough—Besides, Parly, I begin to be tired of my revenge: but this buss and guinea I must maul once more. I'll hansel his woman's clothes for him. Go get me pen and ink; I must write to Vizard too.

Fortune, this once assist me as before:

Two such machines can never work in vain,

As thy propitious wheel, and my projecting brain.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Covent-Garden. WILDAIR and STANDARD meeting.

Standard.

I THOUGHT, Sir Harry, to have met you ere this in a more convenient place; but since my wrongs were

without ceremony, my revenge shall be so too. Draw, sir.

Wild. Draw, sir! What shall I draw?

Stand. Come, come, sir, I like your facetious humour well enough; it shews courage and unconcern. I know you brave; and therefore use you thus.— Draw your sword.

Wild. Nay, to oblige you, I will draw; but the devil take me if I fight.—Perhaps, colonel, this is the prettiest blade you have seen.

Stand. I doubt not but the arm is good; and therefore think both worth my resentment. Come, sir.

Wild. But, pr'ythee, colonel, dost think that I am such a madman, as to send my soul to the devil and body to the worms——upon every fool's errand?

[*Aside.*

Stand. I hope you're no coward, sir.

Wild. Coward, sir! I have eight thousand pounds a year, sir.

Stand. You fought in Flanders, to my knowledge.

Wild. Ay, for the same reason that I wore a red coat; because 'twas fashionable.

Stand. Sir, you fought a French count in Paris.

Wild. True, sir; but there was no danger of lands nor tenements: besides, he was a beau, like myself. Now you're a soldier, colonel, and fighting's your trade; and I think it downright madness to contend with any man in his profession.

Stand. Come, sir, no more dallying; I shall take

very unseemly methods, if you don't shew yourself a gentleman.

Wild. A gentleman! Why there again now. A gentleman! I tell you once more, colonel, that I am a baronet, and have eight thousand pounds a year. I can dance, sing, ride, fence, understand the languages—Now I can't conceive how running you through the body should contribute one jot more to my gentility. But pray, colonel, I had forgot to ask you, what's the quarrel?

Stand. A woman, sir.

Wild. Then I put up my sword. Take her.

Stand. Sir, my honour's concerned.

Wild. Nay, if your honour be concerned with a woman, get it out of her hands as soon as you can.—An honourable lover is the greatest slave in nature: some will say, the greatest fool. Come, come, colonel, this is something about the Lady Lurewell, I warrant; I can give you satisfaction in that affair.

Stand. Do so then immediately.

Wild. Put up your sword first; you know I dare fight: but I had much rather make you a friend than an enemy. I can assure you, this lady will prove too hard for one of your temper. You have too much honour, too much in conscience, to be a favourite with the ladies.

Stand. I'm assured, sir, she never gave you any encouragement.

Wild. A man can never hear reason with a sword

in his hand. Sheath your weapon; and then if I don't satisfy you, sheath it in my body.

Stand. Give me but demonstration of her granting you any favour, and it is enough.

Wild. Will you take my word?

Stand. Pardon me, sir, I cannot.

Wild. Will you believe your own eyes?

Stand. 'Tis ten to one whether I shall or no; they have deceived me already.

Wild. That's hard—but some means I shall devise for your satisfaction—We must fly this place, else that cluster of mob will overwhelm us. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mob: TOM ERRAND's *Wife* hurrying in CLINCHER *Senior* in ERRAND's *Clothes*.

Wife. Oh! the villain, the rogue, he has murdered my husband. Ah, my poor Timothy! [*Crying.*]

Clin. sen. Dem your Timothy!—your husband has murdered me, woman; for he has carried away my fine Jubilee clothes.

“*Wife.* Ay, you cut-throat, have you not got his clothes upon your back there? Neighbours, don't you know poor Timothy's coat and apron?

“*Mob.* Ay, ay, it is the same.

“*1st Mob.* What shall we do with him, neighbours?

“*2d Mob.* We'll pull him in pieces.

“*1st Mob.* No, no; then we may be hang'd for murder: but we'll drown him.

“*Clin. sen.* Ah, good people, pray don't drown me;

“for I never learned to swim in all my life. Ah, this
“plaguy intriguing.”

Mob. Away with him,——away with him to the
Thames.

Clin. sen. Oh, if I had but my swimming girdle
now.

Enter Constable.

Const. Hold, neighbours, I command the peace.

Wife. Oh, Mr. Constable, here's a rogue that has
murdered my husband, and robbed him of his clothes.

Const. Murder and robbery!—Then he must be a
gentleman.—Hands off there;—he must not be
abused.—Give an account of yourself. Are you a
gentleman?

Clin. sen. No, sir, I'm a beau.

Const. A beau. Then you have killed nobody, I'm
persuaded. How came you by these clothes, sir?

Clin. sen. You must know, sir, that walking along,
sir, I don't know how, sir, I can't tell where, sir,
and so the porter and I changed clothes, sir.

Const. Very well. The man speaks reason, and like
a gentleman.

Wife. But pray, Mr. Constable, ask him how he
changed clothes with him.

Const. Silence, woman, and don't disturb the court.
Well, sir, how did you change clothes?

Clin. sen. Why, sir, he pulled off my coat, and I
drew off his: so I put on his coat, and he put on
mine.

Const. Why, neighbour, I don't find that he's guilty : search him ; and if he carries no arms about him, we'll let him go.

[*They search his pockets, and pull out his pistols.*

Clin. sen. Oh, gemini ! My Jubilee pistols !

Const. What, a case of pistols ! Then the case is plain. Speak, what are you, sir ? Whence came you, and whither go you ?

Clin. sen. Sir, I came from Russel-Street, and am going to the Jubilee.

Wife. You shall go to the gallows, you rogue.

Const. Away with him, away with him to Newgate, straight.

Clin. sen. I shall go to the Jubilee now, indeed.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter WILDAIR and STANDARD.

Wild. In short, colonel, 'tis all nonsense : fight for a woman ! Hard by is the lady's house, if you please we'll wait on her together : you shall draw your sword ; I'll draw my snuff-box : you shall produce your wounds received in war ; I'll relate mine by Cupid's dart : " you shall look big ; I'll ogle : " you shall swear ; I'll sigh : you shall *sa, sa,* and I'll *coupée* ; and if she flies not to my arms like a hawk to its perch, my dancing-master deserves to be damned.

Stand. With the generality of women, I grant you, these arts may prevail.

Wild. Generality of women ! Why there again,

you're out. They're all alike, sir: I never heard of any one that was particular, but one.

Stand. Who was she, pray?

Wild. Penelope, I think she's called, and that's a poetical story too. When will you find a poet in our age make a woman so chaste?

Stand. Well, Sir Harry, your facetious humour can disguise falsehood, and make calumny pass for satire; but you have promised me ocular demonstration that she favours you: make that good, and I shall then maintain faith and female to be as inconsistent as truth and falsehood.

Wild. "Nay, by what you told me, I am satisfied
"that she imposes on us all: and Vizard too seems
"what I still suspected him: but his honesty once
"mistrusted, spoils his knavery."——But will you be convinced, if our plot succeeds.

Stand. I rely on your word and honour, Sir Harry;
"which if I doubted, my distrust would cancel the
"obligation of their security."

Wild. Then meet me half an hour hence at the Rummer; you must oblige me by taking a hearty glass with me toward the fitting me out for a certain project, which this night I undertake.

Stand. I guess, by the preparation, that woman's the design.

Wild. Yes, 'faith.—I am taken dangerous ill with two foolish maladies, modesty and love: the first I'll cure with Burgundy, and my love by a night's lodging with the damsel. A sure remedy. *Probatum est.*

Stand. I'll certainly meet you, sir.

[Exeunt severally.]

Enter CLINCHER Junior and DICKY.

Clin. Ah, Dicky, this London is a sad place, a sad vicious place: I wish that I were in the country again. And this brother of mine—I'm sorry he's so great a rake: I had rather see him dead than see him thus.

Dick. Ay, sir, he'll spend his whole estate at this same Jubilee. Who d'ye think lives at this same Jubilee?

Clin. Who, pray?

Dick. The Pope.

Clin. The devil he does! My brother go to the place where the Pope dwells! He's bewitched, sure!

Enter TOM ERRAND in CLINCHER Senior's Clothes.

Dick. Indeed, I believe he is, for he's strangely altered.

Clin. Altered! Why he looks like a Jesuit already.

Err. This lace will sell. What a blockhead was the fellow to trust me with his coat! If I can get cross the garden, down to the water-side, I am pretty secure. *[Aside.]*

Clin. Brother!—Alaw! Oh, gemini! Are you my brother?

Dick. I seize you in the king's name, sir.

Err. Oh, lord! should this prove some parliament man now!

Clin. Speak, you rogue, what are you?

Err. A poor porter, sir, and going of an errand.

Dick. What errand? Speak, you rogue.

Err. A fool's errand, I'm afraid.

Clin. Who sent you?

Err. A beau, sir.

Dick. No, no; the rogue has murdered your brother, and stripped him of his clothes.

Clin. Murdered my brother! Oh, criminal! Oh, my poor Jubilee brother! Stay, by Jupiter Ammon, I'm heir tho'. Speak, sir, have you killed him? Confess that you have killed him, and I'll give you half a crown.

Err. Who, I, sir? Alack-a-day, sir, I never killed any man, but a carrier's horse once.

Clin. Then you shall certainly be hanged; but confess that you killed him, and we'll let you go.

Err. Telling the truth hangs a man, but confessing a lie can do no harm: besides, if the worst come to the worst, I can but deny it again.—Well, sir, since I must tell you, I did kill him.

Clin. Here's your money, sir.—But are you sure you killed him dead?

Err. Sir, I'll swear it before any judge in England.

Dick. But are you sure that he's dead in law?

Err. Dead in law! I can't tell whether he be dead in law. But he's as dead as a door-nail; for I gave him seven knocks on the head with a hammer.

Dick. Then you have the estate by statute. Any man that's knocked o' th' head is dead in law.

Clin. But are you sure he was *compos mentis* when he was killed ?

Err. I suppose he was, sir ; for he told me nothing to the contrary afterwards.

Clin. Hey ! Then I go to the Jubilee.—Strip, sir, strip. By Jupiter Ammon, strip.

Dick. Ah ! don't swear, sir.

[*Puts on his Brother's clothes.*]

Clin. Swear, sir ! Zoons, ha'n't I got the estate, sir ? Come, sir, now I'm in mourning for my brother.

Err. I hope you'll let me go now, sir.

Clin. Yes, yes, sir ; but you must do the favour to swear positively before a magistrate, that you killed him dead, that I may enter upon the estate without any trouble. By Jupiter Ammon, all my religion's gone, since I put on these fine clothes.—Hey, call me a coach somebody.

Err. Ay, master, let me go, and I'll call one immediately.

Clin. No, no ; Dicky, carry this spark before a justice, and when he has made oath you may discharge him. And I'll go see Angelica. [*Exeunt Dick and Errand.*] Now that I'm an elder brother, I'll court, and swear, and rant, and rake, and go to the Jubilee with the best of them. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

LUREWELL's House. Enter LUREWELL and PARLY.

Lure. Are you sure that Vizard had my letter ?

Par. Yes, yes, madam; one of your ladyship's footmen gave it to him in the Park, and he told the bearer, with all transports of joy, that he would be punctual to a minute.

Lure. Thus most villains some time or other are punctual to their ruin; and hypocrisy, by imposing on the world, at last deceives itself. Are all things prepared for his reception?

Par. Exactly to your ladyship's order: the alderman too is just come, dressed and cooked up for iniquity.

Lure. Then he has got woman's clothes on?

Par. Yes, madam, and has passed upon the family for your nurse.

Lure. Convey him into that closet, and put out the candles, and tell him, I'll wait on him presently.

[As Parly goes to put out the candles, somebody knocks.]

Music plays without.

Lure. *This must be Sir Harry; tell him I am not to be spoken with.*

Par. *Sir, my lady is not to be spoken with.*

Wild. *I must have that from her own mouth, Mrs.*

Parly. *Play, gentlemen.* *[Music plays again.]*

"Lure. This must be some clown without manners, or a gentleman above ceremony. Who's there?

"WILDAIR sings.

"Thus Damon knock'd at Celia's door,

"He sigh'd, and wept, and begg'd, and swore,

" *The sign was so,* [Knocks.

" *She answer'd, No.* [Knocks thrice.

" *No, no, no.*

" *Again he sigh'd, again he pray'd,*

" *No, Damon, no, I am afraid:*

" *Consider, Damon, i'm a maid.*

" *Consider.*

" *No,*

" *I am a maid.*

" *No, &c.*

" *At last his sighs and tears made way,*

" *She rose, and softly turn'd the key:*

" *Come in, said she, but do not stay.*

" *I may conclude,*

" *You will be rude,*

" *But if you are, you may.* [Exit Parly."

Enter Sir HARRY.

Lure. 'Tis too early for serenading, Sir Harry.

Wild. Wheresoever love is, there music is proper :

" there's an harmonious consent in their natures, and

" when rightly joined, they make up the chorus of

" earthly happiness."

Lure. But, Sir Harry, what tempest drives you here at this hour ?

Wild. No tempest, madam, but " as fair weather

" as ever enticed a citizen's wife to cuckold her hus-

" band in fresh air." Love, madam.

[Wildair taking her by the hand.

Lure. As pure and white as angels' soft desires.

Wild. Fierce, as when ripe consenting beauty fires.
Is't not so?

Lure. Oh, "villain! What privilege have men to
"our destruction, that thus they hunt our ruin?"
[*Aside.*] If this be a love token, [*Wildair drops a
ring, she takes it up.*] your mistress's favours hang
very loose about you, sir.

Wild. I can't, justly, madam, pay your trouble of
taking it up, by any thing but desiring you to wear
it.

Lure. You gentlemen have the cunningest ways of
playing the fool, and are so industrious in your pro-
fuseness. Speak seriously, am I beholden to chance
or design for this ring?

Wild. To design, upon my honour. And I hope
my design will succeed. [*Aside.*]

"*Lure.* And what shall I give you for such a fine
"thing?

"*Wild.* You'll give me another, you'll give me
"another fine thing. [*Both sing.*"]

Lure. Shall I be free with you, Sir Harry?

Wild. With all my heart, madam, so I may be free
with you.

Lure. Then plainly, sir, I shall beg the favour to
see you some other time; for at this very minute I
have two lovers in the house.

Wild. Then to be as plain, I must be gone this mi-
nute, for I must see another mistress within these
two hours.

Lure. Frank and free.

Wild. As you with me—Madam, your most humble servant. [Exit.

Lure. Nothing can disturb his humour. Now for my merchant and Vizard.

[Exit, and takes the candles with her.

Enter PARLY, leading in SMUGGLER, dressed in Women's Clothes.

Par. This way, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Well, Mrs. Parly,—I'm obliged to you for this trouble: here are a couple of shillings for you. Times are hard, very hard indeed; but next time I'll steal a pair of silk stockings from my wife, and bring them to you—"What are you fumbling about my "pockets for?"

Par. "Only setting the plaits of your gown:" here, sir, get into this closet, and my lady will wait on you presently. *[Puts him into the closet, runs out, and returns with Vizard.*

Viz. Where wouldst thou lead me, my dear auspicious little pilot?

Par. You're almost in port, sir; my lady's in the closet, and will come out to you immediately.

Viz. Let me thank thee as I ought. *[Kisses her.*

Par. Pshaw, who has hired me best? a couple of shillings, or a couple of kisses?

Viz. Propitious darkness guides the lover's steps, and night, that shadows outward sense, lights up our inward joy. "Night! the great awful ruler of man-

“kind, which, like the Persian monarch, hides its
 “royalty to raise the veneration of the world. Un-
 “der thy easy reign dissemblers may speak truth: all
 “slavish forms and ceremonies laid aside, and ge-
 “nerous villany may act without constraint.”

Smug. [*Peeping out of the closet.*] Bless me! what voice is this?

Viz. “Our hungry appetites, like the wild beasts
 “of prey, now scour about to gorge their craving
 “maws;” the pleasure of hypocrisy, like a chained
 lion, once broke loose, wildly indulges its new free-
 dom, ranging through all unbounded joys.

Smug. My nephew’s voice, and certainly possessed with an evil spirit; he talks as profanely as an actor possessed with a poet.

Viz. Ha! I hear a voice. Madam—my life, my happiness, where are you, madam?

Smug. Madam! He takes me for a woman too: I’ll try him. Where have you left your sanctity, Mr. Vizard?

Viz. Talk no more of that ungrateful subject—I left it where it has only business, with day-light; ’tis needless to wear a mask in the dark.

“*Smug.* Oh, the rogue, the rogue!—The world takes you for a very sober, virtuous gentleman.

“*Viz.* Ay, madam, that adds security to all my pleasure. With me a cully-squire may squander his estate, and ne’er be thought a spendthrift—
 “With me a holy elder may zealously be drunk, and
 “toast his tuneful noise in sack, to make it hold forth

“ clearer—But what is most my praise, the formal
 “ rigid she, that rails at vice and men, with me se-
 “ cures her loosest pleasures, and her strictest ho-
 “ nour—She who with scornful mien, and virtuous
 “ pride, disdains the name of whore, with me can
 “ wanton, and laugh at the deluded world.

“ *Smug*. How have I been deceived! Then you are
 “ very great among the ladies?

“ *Viz*. Yes, madam, they know that like a mole in
 “ the earth I dig deep, but invisible; not like those
 “ fluttering noisy sinners, whose pleasure is the pro-
 “ clamation of their faults; those empty flashes,
 “ who no sooner kindle, but they must blaze to
 “ alarm the world. But come, madam, you delay
 “ our pleasures.

“ *Smug*. He surely takes me for the Lady Lure-
 “ well—she has made him an appointment too—but
 “ I’ll be revenged of both.—Well, sir, what are
 “ those you are so intimate with?

“ *Viz*. Come, come, madam, you know very well
 “ —those who stand so high, that the vulgar envy
 “ even their crimes, whose figure adds privilege to
 “ their sin, and makes it pass unquestioned: fair,
 “ high, pampered females, whose speaking eyes, and
 “ piercing voice, would arm the statue of a stoic,
 “ and animate his cold marble with the soul of an
 “ epicure, all ravishing, lovely, soft and kind, like
 “ you.”

Smug. “ I’m very lovely and soft indeed! You
 “ shall find me much harder than you imagine,

“ friend.”——Well, sir, but I suppose your dissimulation has some other motive besides pleasure?

Viz. Yes, madam, the honestest motive in the world—interest——You must know, madam, that I have an old uncle, Alderman Smuggler; you have seen him, I suppose.

Smug. Yes, yes, I have some small acquaintance with him.

Viz. 'Tis the most knavish, precise, covetous old rogue, that ever died of the gout.

Smug. Ah, the young son of a whore! Well, sir, and what of him?

Viz. Hell hungers not more for wretched souls, than he for ill-got pelf: and yet (what's wonderful), he that would stick at no profitable villany himself, loves holiness in another. “ He prays all Sundays
“ for the sins of the week past; he spends all dinner-
“ time in two tedious graces, and what he designs a
“ blessing to the meat, proves a curse to his family;
“ he's the most——”

Smug. Well, well, sir, I know him very well.

Viz. Then, madam, he has a swingeing estate, which I design to purchase as a saint, and spend like a gentleman. He got it by cheating, and should lose it by deceit. By the pretence of my zeal and sobriety, I'll cozen the old miser, one of these days, out of a settlement and deed of conveyance——

Smug. It shall be a deed to convey you to the gallows, then, ye young dog. [*Aside.*]

Viz. And no sooner he's dead, but I'll rattle over

his grave with a coach and six, to inform his covetous ghost how genteelly I spend his money.

Smug. I'll prevent you, boy; for I'll have my money buried with me. [*Aside.*]

Viz. Bless me, madam! here's a light coming this way. I must fly immediately.—When shall I see you, madam?

Smug. Sooner than you expect, my dear.

Viz. Pardon me, dear madam, I would not be seen for the world. I would sooner forfeit my life, my pleasure, than my reputation. [*Exit.*]

Smug. Reputation, reputation! That poor word suffers a great deal—Well, thou art the most accomplished hypocrite that ever made a grave plodding face over a dish of coffee and a pipe of tobacco. He owes me for seven years maintenance, and shall pay me by seven years imprisonment; and when I die, I'll leave him the fee-simple of a rope and a shilling—"Who are these? I begin to be afraid of some mischief—I wish that I were safe with—" in the city liberties—I'll hide myself.

" [*Stands close.*]

" *Enter Butler, with other Servants and Lights.*

" *But.* I say there are two spoons wanting, and I'll search the whole house. Two spoons will be no small gap in my quarter's wages.

" *Serv.* When did you miss them, James?

" *But.* Miss them! why, I miss them now—In short, they must be among you; and if you don't

“ return them, I’ll go to the cunning man to-morrow
 “ morning—My spoons I want, and my spoons I
 “ will have.

“ *Serv.* Come, come, search about.

“ [*Search, and discover Smuggler.*

“ *But.* Hark’e, good woman, what makes you hide
 “ yourself? What are you ashamed of?

“ *Smug.* Ashamed of! Oh, lord, sir, I’m an ho-
 “ nest old woman, that never was ashamed of any
 “ thing.

“ *But.* What, are you a midwife, then? Speak,
 “ did not you see a couple of stray spoons in your
 “ travels?

“ *Smug.* Stray spoons!

“ *But.* Ay, ay, stray spoons. In short, you stole
 “ them; and I’ll shake your old limbs to pieces, if
 “ you don’t deliver them presently.

“ *Smug.* Bless me! a reverend elder of seventy
 “ years old accused for petty larceny!—Why,
 “ search me, good people, search me; and if you
 “ find any spoons about me, you shall burn me for a
 “ witch.

“ *But.* Ay, we will search you, mistress.

“ [*They search, and pull the spoons out of his pocket.*

“ *Smug.* Oh, the devil, the devil!

“ *But.* Where, where is he? Lord bless us! she is
 “ a witch in good earnest, may be.

“ *Smug.* Oh, it was some devil, some Covent-Gar-
 “ den, or St. James’s devil, that put them in my
 “ pocket.

“ *But.* Ay, ay, you shall be hanged for a thief,
 “ burned for a witch, and then carted for a bawd.
 “ Speak, what are you ?

“ *Enter LUREWELL.*

“ *Smug.* I’m the Lady Lurewell’s nurse.

“ *Lure.* What noise is this ?

“ *But.* Here is an old succubus, madam, that has
 “ stole two silver spoons, and says she is your nurse.

“ *Lure.* My nurse ! Oh, the impudent old jade ! I
 “ never saw the withered creature before.

“ *Smug.* Then I’m finely caught——Oh, madam,
 “ madam, don’t you know me ? Don’t you remem-
 “ ber buss and guinea ?

“ *Lure.* Was ever such impudence !—I know thee !
 “ —Why, thou’rt as brazen as a bawd in the side-
 “ box. Take her before a justice, and then to New-
 “ gate ; away !

“ *Smug.* Oh, consider, madam, that I’m an alder-
 “ man !

“ *Lure.* Consider, sir, that you’re a compound of
 “ covetousness, hypocrisy, and knavery, and must
 “ be punished accordingly. You must be in petti-
 “ coats, gouty monster ! must ye ? You must buss
 “ and guinea too ; you must tempt a lady’s honour,
 “ old satyr ! Away with him ! [*Hurry him off.*]

“ *Still may our sex thus frauds of men oppose,*

“ *Still may our arts delude these tempting foes.*

“ *May honour rule, and never fall betray’d,*

“ *But vice be caught in nets for virtue laid.*” [Exit.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Lady DARLING's House. Enter DARLING and ANGELICA.

Darling.

DAUGHTER, since you have to deal with a man of so peculiar a temper, you must not think the general arts of love can secure him; you may therefore allow such a courtier some encouragement extraordinary, without reproach to your modesty.

Ang. I am sensible, madam, that a formal nicety makes our modesty sit awkward, and appears rather a chain to enslave, than a bracelet to adorn us; it should shew, when unmolested, easy and innocent as a dove, but strong and vigorous as a falcon, when assaulted.

Darl. I'm afraid, daughter, you mistake Sir Harry's gaiety for dishonour.

Ang. Tho' modesty, madam, may wink, it must not sleep, when powerful enemies are abroad. I must confess, that, of all men's, I would not see Sir Harry Wildair's faults; nay, I could wrest his most suspicious words a thousand ways, to make them look like honour. But, madam, in spite of love, I must hate him, and curse those practices which taint our nobility, and rob all virtuous women of the bravest men——

Darl. You must certainly be mistaken, Angelica ; for I'm satisfied Sir Harry's designs are only to court and marry you.

Ang. His pretence, perhaps, was such ; “ but women, now, like enemies are attacked ; whether by treachery, or fairly conquered, the glory of the triumph is the same.” Pray, madam, by what means were you made acquainted with his designs ?

Darl. Means, child ! Why, my cousin Vizard, who, I'm sure, is your sincere friend, sent him. He brought me this letter from my cousin.

[*Gives her the letter, which she opens.*]

Ang. Ha, Vizard !—then I'm abused in earnest—Would Sir Harry, by his instigation, fix a base affront upon me ? No, I can't suspect him of so ungenteel a crime—This letter shall trace the truth. [*Aside.*]—My suspicions, madam, are much cleared ; and I hope to satisfy your ladyship in my management, when I next see Sir Harry.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here's a gentleman below, calls himself Wildair.

Darl. Conduct him up. [*Ex. Ser.*] Daughter, I won't doubt your discretion. [*Exit Darl.*]

Enter WILDAIR.

Wild. Oh, the delights of love and Burgundy !—Madam, I have toasted your ladyship fifteen bumpers

successively, and swallowed Cupids like loches to every glass.

Ang. And what then, sir?

Wild. Why then, madam, the wine has got into my head, and the Cupids into my heart; and unless, by quenching quick my flame, you kindly ease the smart, I'm a lost man, madam.

Ang. Drunkenness, Sir Harry, is the worst pretence a gentleman can make for rudeness; for the excuse is as scandalous as the fault. Therefore, pray consider who you are so free with, sir; a woman of condition, that can call half a dozen footmen upon occasion.

Wild. Nay, madam, if you have a mind to toss me in a blanket, half a dozen chambermaids would do better service. Come, come, madam; though the wine makes me lisp, yet it has taught me to speak plainer. By all the dust of my ancient progenitors, I must this night rest in your arms.

Ang. Nay, then—who waits there? [*Enter Footmen.*] Take hold of that madman, and bind him.

Wild. Nay, then, Burgundy's the word; slaughter will ensue. Hold—Do you know, scoundrels, that I have been drinking victorious Burgundy? [*Draws.*

Servants. We know you're drunk, sir.

Wild. Then how have you the impudence, rascals, to assault a gentleman with a couple of flasks of courage in his head?

Servants. We must do as our young mistress commands us.

Wild. Nay, then, have among ye, dogs!

[Throws money among them; they scramble and take it up: he pelting them out, shuts the door, and returns.

Rascals, poltroons!—I have charmed the dragon, and now the fruit's my own.

Ang. Oh, the mercenary wretches! This was a plot to betray me.

Wild. I have put the whole army to flight; and now I'll take the general prisoner.

[Laying hold on her.

Ang. I conjure you, sir, by the sacred name of honour, by your dead father's name, and the fair reputation of your mother's chastity, that you offer not the least offence. Already you have wronged me past redress.

Wild. Thou art the most unaccountable creature—

Ang. What madness, Sir Harry, what wild dream of loose desire could prompt you to attempt this baseness?—View me well—the brightness of my mind, methinks, should lighten outwards, and let you see your mistake in my behaviour. “I think it shines
“with so much innocence in my face, that it should
“dazzle all your vicious thoughts. Think not I am
“defenceless, because alone. Your very self is
“guard against yourself: I'm sure there's some-
“thing generous in your soul; my words shall search
“it out, and eyes shall fire it for my own defence.”

Wild. *[Mimicking.]* Tal tidum, tidum, tal ti didi didum. A million to one, now, but this girl is just come flush from reading the *Rival Queens*—'Egad,

I'll at her in her own cant—Oh! my Statira, Oh! my angry dear, turn thy eyes on me—behold thy beau in buskins.

Ang. Behold me, sir; view me with a sober thought, free from those fumes of wine that throw a mist before your sight, and you shall find that every glance from my reproaching eyes is arm'd with sharp resentment, and with a virtuous pride that looks dishonour dead.

Wild. This is the first whore in heroics that I have met with. [*Aside.*] Look ye, madam, as to that slender particular of your virtue, we sha'n't quarrel about it; you may be as virtuous as any woman in England, if you please; you may say your prayers all the time. But, pray, madam, be pleased to consider, what is this same virtue that you make such a mighty noise about—"Can your virtue bespeak you a front row in the boxes? No; for the player's can't live upon virtue." Can your virtue keep you a coach and six. No, no; your virtuous women walk on foot.—"Can your virtue hire you a pew in the church? Why, the very sexton will tell you, No." Can your virtue stake for you at picquet? No. Then what business has a woman with virtue? Come, come, madam, I offered you fifty guineas; there's a hundred——The devil!——virtuous still!——Why, it is a hundred, five score, a hundred guineas.

Ang. Oh, indignation! Were I a man, you durst not use me thus. But the mean, poor abuse you throw on me, reflects upon yourself: our sex still strikes

an awe upon the brave, and only cowards dare affront a woman.

Wild. Affront! 'Sdeath, madam, a hundred guineas will set you up a bank at basset; a hundred guineas will furnish out your lodging with china; a hundred guineas will give you an air of quality; a hundred guineas will buy you a rich escritoire for your billet-doux, "or a fine Common-Prayer-Book for your virtue;" a hundred guineas will buy a hundred fine things, and fine things are for fine ladies, and fine ladies are for fine gentlemen, and fine gentlemen are——'Egad, this Burgundy makes a man speak like an angel——Come, come, madam, take it, and put it to what use you please.

Ang. I'll use it as I would the base unworthy giver, thus—— [*Throws down the purse, and stamps upon it.*]

Wild. I have no mind to meddle in state-affairs; but these women will make me a parliament-man in spite of my teeth, on purpose to bring in a bill against their extortion. She tramples under foot that deity which all the world adores——Oh, the blooming pride of beautiful eighteen!——Pshaw!——I'll talk to her no longer; I'll make my market with the old gentlewoman; she knows business better—— [*Goes to the door.*]——Here, you, friend: pray desire the old lady to walk in——Hark'e, 'egad, madam, I'll tell your mother.

Enter Lady DARLING.

Darl. Well, Sir Harry, and how d'ye like my daughter, pray?

Wild. Like her, madam!—Hark'e, will you take it?—Why, 'faith, madam—Take the money, I say, or, egad, all's out.

Ang. All shall out—Sir, you're a scandal to the name of gentleman.

Wild. With all my heart, madam—In short, madam, your daughter has used me somewhat too familiarly, though I have treated her like a woman of quality.

Darl. How, sir?

Wild. Why, madam, I have offered her a hundred guineas.

Darl. A hundred guineas! Upon what score?

Wild. Upon what score! Lord, lord, how these old women love to hear bawdy!—Why, 'faith, madam, I have never a *double entendre* ready at present; but I'll sing you a song.

*Behold the goldfinches, tall al de rall,
And a man of my inches, tall al de rall,
You shall take 'em, believe me, tall al de rall,
If you will give me your tall al de rall.*

A modish minuet, madam, that's all.

Darl. Sir, I don't understand you.

Wild. Ay, she will have it in plain terms—Then, madam, in downright English, I offered your daughter a hundred guineas to——

Ang. Hold, sir, stop your abusive tongue, too loose for modest ears to hear——Madam, I did before suspect that his designs were base, now they're too plain; this knight, this mighty man of wit and hu-

mour, is made a tool to a knave——Vizard has sent him on a bully's errand, to affront a woman; but I scorn the abuse, and him that offered it.

Darl. How, sir, come to affront us! D'ye know who we are, sir?

Wild. Know who you are! Why, your daughter there, is Mr. Vizard's——cousin, I suppose. And for you, madam——Now to call her procuress *à-la-mode de France*.—[*Aside.*]——*J'estime votre occupation*——

Darl. Pray, sir, speak English.

Wild. Then to define her office *à-la-mode de Londres*.—[*Aside.*]——I suppose your ladyship to be one of those civil, obliging, discreet old gentlewomen, who keep their visiting days for the entertainment of their presenting friends, whom they treat with imperial tea, a private room, and a pack of cards. Now I suppose you do understand me.

Darl. This is beyond sufferance! But say, thou abusive man, what injury have you ever receiv'd from me, or mine, thus to engage you in this scandalous aspersion.

Ang. Yes, sir, what cause, what motives could induce you thus to debase yourself below your rank?

Wild. Hey-day! Now, dear Roxana, and you, my fair Statira, be not so very heroic in your style: Vizard's letter may resolve you, and answer all the impertinent questions you have made me.

Darl. and Ang. We appeal to that.

Wild. And I'll stand to't; he read it to me, and the contents were pretty plain, I thought.

Ang. Here, sir, peruse it, and see how much we are injur'd, and you deceiv'd.

Wild. [*Opening the letter.*] But hold, madam, [*To Darling.*] before I read I'll make some condition:—Mr. Vizard says here, that I won't scruple thirty or forty pieces. Now, madam, if you have clapt in another cypher to the account, and made it three or four hundred, 'egad I'll not stand to't.

Ang. Now, I can't tell whether disdain or anger be the most just resentment for this injury.

Darl. The letter, sir, shall answer you.

Wild. Well then—[*Reads.*]—‘Out of my earnest inclination to serve your ladyship, and my cousin Angelica’—Ay, ay, the very words, I can say it by heart—‘I have sent Sir Harry Wildair to’—What the devil's this?—‘Sent Sir Harry Wildair to court my cousin’—He read to me quite a different thing—‘He's a gentleman of great parts and fortune’—He's a son of a whore and a rascal—‘And would make your daughter very happy [*Whistles.*] in a husband.’——[*Looks foolish, and hums a song.*]—Oh! poor Sir Harry, what have thy angry stars design'd?

Ang. Now, sir, I hope you need no instigation to redress our wrongs, since even the injury points the way.

Darl. Think, sir, that our blood for many generations has run in the purest channel of unsullied honour.

Wild. Ay, madam. [Bows to her.

Ang. Consider what a tender flower is woman's reputation, which the least air of foul detraction blasts.

Wild. Yes, madam. [Bows to the other.

Darl. Call then to mind your rude and scandalous behaviour.

Wild. Right, madam. [Bows again.

Ang. Remember the base price you offered me. [Exit.

Wild. Very true, madam. Was ever man so catechized?

Darl. Then think that Vizard,—villain Vizard,—caused all this, yet lives: that's all: farewell.

Wild. Stay, madam, [To Darling.] one word; is there no other way to redress your wrongs, but by fighting?

Darl. Only one, sir; which, if you can think of, you may do: you know the business I entertained you for.

Wild. I understand you, madam. [Exit Darling.] Here am I brought to a very pretty dilemma. I must commit murder, or commit matrimony; which is the best now? a licence from Doctors Commons, or a sentence from the Old Bailey?—If I kill my man, the law hangs me; if I marry my woman, I shall hang myself.—But, damn it—cowards dare fight:—I'll marry, that's the most daring action of

the two—— So, my dear cousin Angelica, have at you. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Newgate. CLINCHER *Senior solus.*

Clin. sen. How severe and melancholy are Newgate reflections! Last week my father died; yesterday I turned beau; to-day I am laid by the heels, and to-morrow shall be hung by the neck.——I was agreeing with a bookseller about printing an account of my journey through France and Italy; but now the history of my travels must be through Holborn to Tyburn.——‘The last dying speech of Beau Clincher, that was going to the Jubilee——Come, a half-penny a-piece.’——A sad sound, a sad sound, faith! ‘Tis one way to have a man’s death make a great noise in the world.

“ *Enter SMUGGLER and Gaoler.*

“ *Smug.* Well, friend, I have told you who I am:
 “ so send these letters into Thames-Street, as directed: they are to gentlemen that will bail me.
 “ [Exit Gaoler.] Eh! this Newgate is a very populous
 “ place: here’s robbery and repentance in every corner.——Well, friend, what are you? a cut-throat
 “ or a bum-bailiff?

“ *Clin. sen.* What are you, mistress, a bawd or a
 “ witch? Hark’e, if you are a witch, d’ye see, I’ll
 “ give you a hundred pounds to mount me on a broom-
 “ staff, and whip me away to the Jubilee.

“ *Smug.* The Jubilee! O, you young rake-hell,
 “ what brought you here?

“ *Clin. sen.* Ah, you old rogue, what brought you
 “ here, if you go to that?

“ *Smug.* I knew, sir, what your powdering, your
 “ prinking, your dancing, and your frisking, would
 “ come to.

“ *Clin. sen.* And I knew what your cozening, your
 “ extortion, and your smuggling would come to.

“ *Smug.* Ay, sir, you must break your indentures,
 “ and run to the devil in a full bottom wig, must
 “ you?

“ *Clin. sen.* Ay, sir, and you must put off your gra-
 “ vity, and run to the devil in petticoats:——You
 “ design to swing in masquerade, master, d’ye?

“ *Smug.* Ay, you must go to the plays too, sirrah:
 “ Lord, lord! what business has a ’prentice at a play-
 “ house, unless it be to hear his master made a cuc-
 “ kold, and his mistress a whore? It is ten to one
 “ now, but some malicious poet has my character
 “ upon the stage within this month: ’tis a hard mat-
 “ ter now, that an honest sober man cannot sin in
 “ private for this plaguy stage. I gave an honest gen-
 “ tleman five guineas myself towards writing a book
 “ against it; and it has done no good, we see.

“ *Clin. sen.* Well, well, master, take courage! Our

“ comfort is, we have lived together, and shall die to-
 “ gether, only with this difference, that I have lived
 “ like a fool, and shall die like a knave, and you have
 “ lived like a knave, and shall die like a fool.

“ *Smug.* No, sirrah! I have sent a messenger for
 “ my clothes, and shall get out immediately, and shall
 “ be upon your jury by and by——Go to prayers, you
 “ rogue, to prayers. *[Exit.]*

“ *Clin. sen.* Prayers! it is a hard taking when a man
 “ must say grace to the gallows.—Ah, this cursed in-
 “ triguing! Had I swung handsomely in a silken gar-
 “ ter now, I had died in my duty; but to hang in
 “ hemp, like the vulgar, it is very ungenteel.”

Enter TOM ERRAND.

A reprieve! a reprieve! thou dear, dear——damned
 rogue. Where have you been? Thou art the most
 welcome——son of a whore; where’s my clothes?

Er. Sir, I see where mine are. Come, sir, strip, sir,
 strip.

“ *Clin. sen.* What, sir, will you abuse a gentle-
 “ man?

“ *Er.* A gentleman!—Ha, ha, ha!——d’ye know
 “ where you are, sir? We’re all gentlemen here. I
 “ stand up for liberty and property. Newgate’s a
 “ commonwealth. No courtier has business among
 “ us. Come, sir.

“ *Clin. sen.* Well, but stay, stay till I send for my
 “ own clothes: I shall get out presently.

“ *Er.* No, no, sir, I’ll ha’ you into the dungeon,
“ and uncase you.

“ *Clin. sen.* Sir, you cannot master me, for I am
“ twenty thousand strong.” [*Exeunt, struggling.*]

SCENE III.

*Changes to Lady DARLING’s House. Enter WILDAIR,
with Letters; Servants following.*

Wild. Here, fly all around, and bear these as directed; you to Westminster, you to St. James’s, and you into the city. Tell all my friends, a bridegroom’s joy invites their presence. Look all of ye like bridegrooms also: all appear with hospitable looks, and bear a welcome in your faces. Tell them I am married. If any ask to whom, make no reply; but tell them, that I’m married, that joy shall crown the day, and love the night. Begone, fly.

Enter STANDARD.

A thousand welcomes, friend; my pleasure’s now complete, since I can share it with my friend: brisk joy shall bound from me to you; then back again; and, like the sun, grow warmer by reflection.

Stand. You’re always pleasant, Sir Harry; but this transcends yourself: whence proceeds it?

Wild. Canst thou not guess, my friend? Whence flows all earthly joy? What is the life of man, and

soul of pleasure? Woman.——What fires the heart with transport, and the soul with raptures?—Lovely woman.——What is the master-stroke and smile of the creation, but charming virtuous woman?——When Nature in the general composition first brought woman forth, like a flush'd poet, ravish'd with his fancy, with ecstasy it blest the fair production!——Methinks, my friend, you relish not my joy. What is the cause?

Stand. Canst thou not guess?—What is the bane of man, and scourge of life, but woman?——What is the heathenish idol man sets up, and is damn'd for worshipping? Treacherous woman.——“What “are those, whose eyes, like basilisks, shine beautiful “for sure destruction, whose smiles are dangerous as “the grin of fiends, but false, deluding woman?”—Woman, whose composition inverts humanity; their bodies heavenly, but their souls are clay.

Wild. Come, come, colonel, this is too much: I know your wrongs received from Lurewell may excuse your resentment against her. But it is unpardonable to charge the failings of a single woman upon the whole sex. I have found one, whose virtues——

Stand. So have I, Sir Harry; I have found one whose pride's above yielding to a prince. And if lying, dissembling, perjury, and falsehood be no breaches in a woman's honour, she is as innocent as infancy.

Wild. Well, colonel, I find your opinion grows

stronger by opposition; I shall now, therefore, wave the argument, and only beg you for this day to make a shew of complaisance at least.—Here comes my charming bride.

Enter DARLING and ANGELICA.

Stand. [Saluting Angelica.] I wish you, madam, all the joys of love and fortune.

Enter CLINCHER Junior.

Clin. Gentlemen and ladies, I'm just upon the spur, and have only a minute to take my leave.

Wild. Whither are you bound, sir?

Clin. Bound, sir! I am going to the Jubilee, sir.

Darl. Bless me, cousin! how came you by these clothes?

Clin. Clothes! ha, ha, ha! the rarest jest! ha, ha, ha! I shall burst, by Jupiter Ammon, I shall burst.

Darl. What's the matter, cousin?

Clin. The matter! ha, ha, ha! Why, an honest porter, ha, ha, ha! has knocked out my brother's brains, ha, ha, ha!

Wild. A very good jest, i'faith, ha, ha, ha!

Clin. Ay, sir, but the jest of all is, he knocked out his brains with a hammer, and so he is as dead as a door-nail, ha, ha, ha!

Darl. And do you laugh, wretch?

Clin. Laugh! ha, ha, ha! let me see e'er a younger brother in England that won't laugh at such a jest.

Ang. You appeared a very sober, pious gentleman some hours ago.

Clin. Pshaw, I was a fool then : but now, madam, I'm a wit ; I can rake now. As for your part, madam, you might have had me once ; but now, madam, if you should fall to eating chalk, or gnawing the sheets, it is none of my fault. Now, madam—I have got an estate, and I must go to the Jubilee.

* *Enter CLINCHER Senior in a Blanket.*

Clin. sen. Must you so, rogue, must ye ? You will go to the Jubilee, will you ?

Clin. jun. A ghost ! a ghost ! Send for the Dean and Chapter presently.

Clin. sen. A ghost ! No, no, sirrah, I'm an elder brother, rogue.

Clin. jun. I don't care a farthing for that ; I'm sure you're dead in law.

Clin. sen. Why so, sirrah, why so ?

Clin. jun. Because, sir, I can get a fellow to swear he knocked out your brains.

Wild. An odd way of swearing a man out of his life !

“ *Clin. jun.* Smell him, gentlemen, he has a deadly scent about him.—

“ *Clin. sen.* Truly the apprehensions of death may have made me savour a little. O, lord ! the colour ! The apprehension of him may make the savour worse, I'm afraid.”

Clin. jun. In short, sir, were you a ghost, or brother, or devil, I will go to the Jubilee, by Jupiter Ammon.

Stand. Go to the Jubilee! go to the bear-garden.—The travel of such fools as you doubly injures our country: you expose our native follies, which ridicule us among strangers, and return fraught only with their vices, which you vend here for fashionable gallantry: a travelling fool is as dangerous as a home-bred villain.” Get you to your native plough and cart, converse with animals like yourselves, sheep and oxen: men are creatures you don’t understand.

Wild. Let ’em alone, colonel, their folly will be now diverting. Come, gentlemen, we’ll dispute this point some other time; “I hear some fiddles tuning, let’s hear how they can entertain us.”

[*A servant enters, and whispers Wildair.*

Wild. Madam, shall I beg you to entertain the company in the next room for a moment? [*To Darl.*

Darl. With all my heart—Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt all but Wildair.*

Wild. A lady to inquire for me! Who can this be?

Enter LUREWELL.

Oh, madam, this favour is beyond my expectation—to come uninvited to dance at my wedding.—What d’ye gaze at, madam?

Lure. A monster—If thou’rt married, thou’rt the most perjured wretch that e’er avouch’d deceit.

Wild. Heyday! Why, madam, I’m sure I never swore to marry you: I made indeed a slight pro-

mise, upon condition of your granting me a small favour ; but you would not consent, you know.

Lure. How he upbraids me with my shame ! Can you deny your binding vows, when this appears a witness against your falsehood ? [*Shews a ring.*] Methinks the motto of this sacred pledge should flash confusion in your guilty face—Read, read here the binding words of love and honour—words not unknown to your perfidious tongue, though utter strangers to your treacherous heart.

Wild. The woman's stark staring mad, that's certain.

Lure. Was it maliciously designed to let me find my misery when past redress ; to let me know you, only to know you false ? Had not cursed chance shewed me the surprising motto, I had been happy—The first knowledge I had of you was fatal to me, and this second worse.

Wild. What the devil is all this ! Madam, I'm not at leisure for raillery at present, I have weighty affairs upon my hands ; the business of pleasure, madam : any other time—— [*Going.*]

Lure. Stay, I conjure you, stay.

Wild. 'Faith, I can't, my bride expects me ; but hark'e, when the honey-moon is over, about a month or two hence, I may do you a small favour.

[*Exit.*]

Lure. Grant me some wild expressions, Heavens, or I shall burst. Woman's weakness, man's falsehood, my own shame, and love's disdain, at once

swell up my breast—Words, words, or I shall burst.
[Going.

Enter STANDARD.

Stand. Stay, madam, you need not shun my sight ; for, if you are perfect woman, you have confidence to outface a crime, and bear the charge of guilt without a blush.

Lure. The charge of guilt ! What, making a fool of you ? I've done it, and glory in the act : “ the height of female justice were to make you all hang or drown : ” dissembling to the prejudice of men is virtue ; and every look, or sign, or smile, or tear that can deceive, is meritorious.

Stand. Very pretty principles, truly. If there be truth in woman, 'tis now in thee. Come, madam, you know that you're discovered, and, being sensible that you cannot escape, you would now turn to bay. That ring, madam, proclaims you guilty.

Lure. O, monster, villain, perfidious villain ! Has he told you ?

Stand. I'll tell it you, and loudly too.

Lure. O, name it not—Yet, speak it out, 'tis so just a punishment for putting faith in man, that I will bear it all ; “ and let credulous maids, that trust their honour to the tongues of men, thus hear the shame proclaimed.” Speak now, what his busy scandal, and your improving malice, both dare utter.

Stand. Your falsehood can't be reached by malice nor by satire ; your actions are the justest libel on

your fame ; your words, your looks, your tears, I did believe in spite of common fame. Nay, 'gainst mine own eyes, I still maintained your truth. I imagined Wildair's boasting of your favours to be the pure result of his own vanity : at last he urged your taking presents of him ; as a convincing proof of which, you yesterday from him received that ring, which ring, that I might be sure he gave it, I lent him for that purpose.

Lure. Ha ; you lent it him for that purpose !

Stand. Yes, yes, madam, I lent it him for that purpose—No denying it—I know it well, for I have worn it long, and desire you now, madam, to restore it to the just owner.

Lure. The just owner ! Think, sir, think but of what importance 'tis to own it : if you have love and honour in your soul, 'tis then most justly yours ; if not, you are a robber, and have stolen it basely.

Stand. Ha !—your words, like meeting flints, have struck a light to shew me something strange—But tell me instantly, is not your real name Manly ?

Lure. Answer me first : did not you receive this ring about twelve years ago ?

Stand. I did.

Lure. And were not you about that time entertained two nights at the house of Sir Oliver Manly in Oxfordshire ?

Stand. I was, I was. [*Runs to her, and embraces her.*]
The blest remembrance fires my soul with transport

—I know the rest—you are the charming she, and I the happy man.

Lure. How has blind fortune stumbled on the right ! But where have you wandered since ?—’Twas cruel to forsake me.

Stand. The particulars of my fortune are too tedious now : but to discharge myself from the stain of dishonour, I must tell you, that immediately upon my return to the university, my elder brother and I quarrelled : my father, to prevent farther mischief, posts me away to travel : I wrote to you from London, but fear the letter came not to your hands.

Lure. I never had the least account of you by letter or otherwise.

Stand. Three years I lived abroad, and at my return found you were gone out of the kingdom, tho’ none could tell me whither : missing you thus, I went to Flanders, served my king till the peace commenced ; then fortunately going on board at Amsterdam, one ship transported us both to England. At the first sight I loved, though ignorant of the hidden cause—You may remember, madam, that, talking once of marriage, I told you I was engaged ; to your dear self I meant.

Lure. Then men are still most generous and brave—and, to reward your truth, an estate of three thousand pounds a year waits your acceptance ; and, if I can satisfy you in my past conduct, “ and the reasons “ that engaged me to deceive all men,” I shall expect

the honourable performance of your promise, and that you will stay with me in England.

Stand. Stay. Nor fame nor glory e'er shall part us more. "My honour can be no where more concerned than here."

Enter WILDAIR, ANGELICA, both CLINCHERS.

Oh! Sir Harry, Fortune has acted miracles to-day: the story's strange and tedious, but all amounts to this—that woman's mind is charming as her person, and I am made a convert too to beauty.

Wild. I wanted only this to make my pleasure perfect. "And now, madam, we may dance and sing, and love and kiss in good earnest."

"*A Dance here. After the Dance,*" enter SMUGGLER.

Smug. So, gentlemen and ladies, I'm glad to find you so merry; is my gracious nephew among ye?

Wild. Sir, he dares not shew his face among such honourable company, for your gracious nephew is—

Smug. What, sir? Have a care what you say.

Wild. A villain, sir.

Smug. With all my heart. I'll pardon you the beating me for that very word. And pray, Sir Harry, when you see him next, tell him this news from me, that I have disinherited him—that I will leave him as poor as a disbanded quarter-master. And this is the positive and stiff resolution of three-score and ten; an age that sticks as obstinately to its purpose, as to the old fashion of its cloak.

Wild. You see, madam, [*To Angel.*] how industriously fortune has punished his offence to you.

Ang. I can scarcely, sir, reckon it an offence, considering the happy consequence of it.

Smug. Oh, Sir Harry, he is as hypocritical——

Lure. As yourself, Mr. Alderman. How fares my good old nurse, pray, sir?

Smug. O, madam, I shall be even with you before I part with your writings and money, that I have in my hands.

Stand. A word with you, Mr. Alderman; do you know this pocket-book?

Smug. O lord, it contains an account of all my secret practices in trading. [*Aside.*] How came you by it, sir?

Stand. Sir Harry here dusted it out of your pocket at this lady's house yesterday. It contains an account of some secret practices in your merchandising; among the rest, the counterpart of an agreement with a correspondent at Bourdeaux, about transporting French wine in Spanish casks.—First, return this lady all her writings, then I shall consider whether I shall lay your proceedings before the parliament or not, whose justice will never suffer your smuggling to go unpunished.

Smug. Oh, my poor ship and cargo!

Clin. sen. Hark'e, master, you had as good come along with me to the Jubilee now.

Ang. Come, Mr. Alderman, for once let a woman advise: "Would you be thought an honest man,"

banish covetousness, that worst gout of age : avarice is a poor, pilfering quality of the soul, and will as certainly cheat, as a thief would steal. Would you be thought a reformer of the times, be less severe in your censures, less rigid in your precepts, and more strict in your example.

Wild. Right, madam, virtue flows freer from imitation than compulsion ; of which, colonel, your conversion and mine are just examples.

*In vain are musty morals taught in schools,
By rigid teachers, and as rigid rules,
Where virtue with a frowning aspect stands,
And frights the pupil from its rough commands.
But woman————*

*Charming woman can true converts make,
We love the precept for the teacher's sake.
Virtue in them appears so bright, so gay,
We hear with transport, and with pride obey.*

[Exeunt omnes.]



EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

NOW all depart, each his respective way,
To spend an evening's chat upon the play;
Some to Hippolito's; one homeward goes,
And one with loving she, retires to th' Rose.
The am'rous pair, in all things frank and free,
Perhaps may save the Play in Number Three.
The tearing spark, if Phyllis aught gainsays,
Breaks the drawer's head, kicks her, and murders Bays.
To coffee some retreat to save their pockets,
Others, more generous, damn the play at Locket's;
But there, I hope, the author's fears are vain,
Malice ne'er spoke in generous champaign.
That poet merits an ignoble death,
Who fears to fall over a brave Monteth.
The privilege of wine we only ask,
You'll taste again, before you damn the flask.
Our author fears not you; but those he may,
Who in cold blood murder a man in tea.
Those men of spleen, who, fond the world should know it,
Sit down, and for their two-pence damn a poet.
Their criticism's good, that we can say for't,
They understand a play——too well to pay for't.

*From box to stage, from stage to box they run,
First steal the play, then damn it when they've done.
But now, to know what fate may us betide,
Among our friends in Cornhill and Cheapside.
But those, I think, have but one rule for plays;
They'll say they're good, if so the world but says.
If it should please them, and their spouses know it,
They straight enquire what kind of man's the poet.
But from side-box we dread a fearful doom,
All the good-natur'd beaux are gone to Rome.
The ladies' censure I'd almost forgot,
Then for a line or two t' engage their vote:
But that way's odd, below our author's aim,
No less than his whole play is compliment to them.
For their sakes, then, the play can't miss succeeding,
Tho' critics may want wit, they have good breeding;
They won't, I'm sure, forfeit the ladies' graces,
By shewing their ill-nature to their faces;
Our business with good manners may be done,
Flatter us here, and damn us when you're gone.*

THE END.



Hamilton del.

Thornthwaite

M^{RS} SIDDONS as MATILDA.

When discovered kneeling at the Altar, decorated with the
Funeral Trophies of Saint Valeri.

THE
CARMELITE.

A
TRAGEDY,
BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

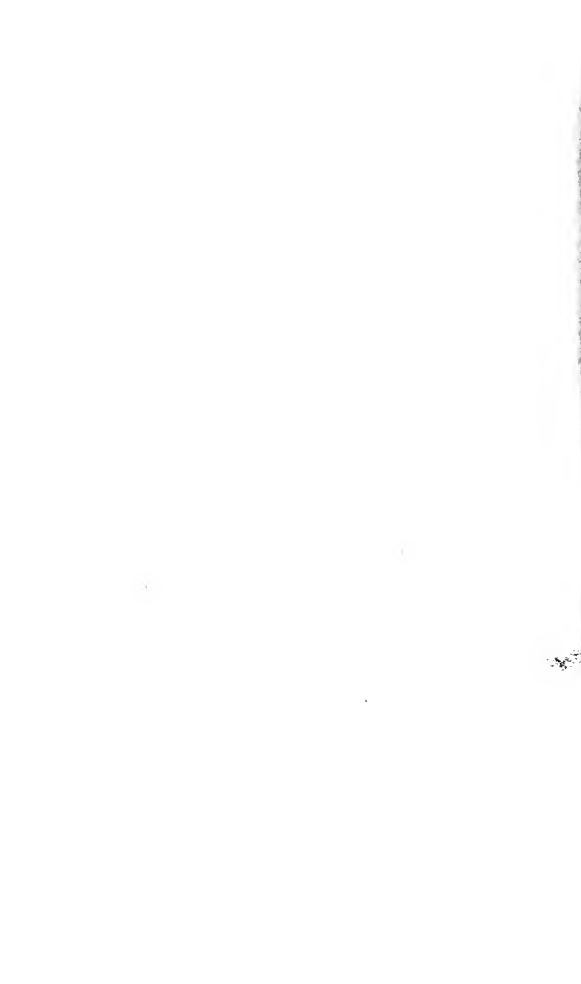
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Bookseller to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

MDCCXCI.



TO
MRS. SIDDONS.

MADAM,

I Cannot commit this Tragedy to the press without availing myself of the opportunity to acknowledge the support you gave it on the stage. I felt myself under the weight of a responsibility during its trial before the public, which made those moments extremely anxious; for had I been adjudged guilty of misemploying your talents, I must have sunk under the sentence without appeal, conscious of having conceived the fable, and addressed every feature and expression of the prevailing character, professedly to you: in short, there was no possible shelter for self-prejudice (had that been amongst my failings) to resort to, where all the performers stood so ably in the scene, and where the spectacle was so fully furnished by the liberality of the Proprietors, that I can honestly declare my endeavours, antecedent to the exhibition, had not been employed to urge their spirit to expence, but, on the contrary, to restrain it.

I am deeply grateful to a generous and candid Audience for their reception of this Tragedy; and though I am not to learn how much of their applause

rests personally with you and your associates in the cast, I am no less penetrated with a sense of the favours I am to transfer to others, than of those which I may be permitted to retain to myself.

The character of our Drama, in its best examples, is so close to Nature, that you, madam, who are apt to give so perfect a reflection of her image, seem born for the elevation of the British stage. The Author, who shall write for you, must copy from no other model but Nature; every thing must be addressed to the spectator's heart, and of course must flow from his own; artificial situations, tricking incidents, and studied declamations, must be thrown aside where you are to appear; it will not be his aim to make you loquacious in the scene, because he has such fine recitation to resort to, nor will he call you out into starts and attitudes, merely because he has a form so striking to display at his command; glittering passages, and traps for plaudits will be beneath his attention; he will lead simplicity in his hand, and keep sublimity in his eye.

To such a Poet may I now consign you!—Yet before I make over so valuable a conveyance, let me apprise him of the extent of his good fortune; and that it is not only in the public representation of his scenes where he will find your importance, but in every stage of the business preparatory to their exhi-

bition. To add one voice to a multitude is a small tribute to your talents; but to bear testimony to your zeal, diligence, and punctuality in all those duties of your profession, which, though of equal moment, are of less notoriety, falls first to my lot; and if my successor shall feel these offices as sensibly as I do, he will acknowledge stronger reasons to esteem you for the good qualities originating with yourself, than for the brilliant gifts which you derive from nature.

Proceed in your course, and depend upon a generous Public. It would be living to an evil purpose indeed, if it were for no other purpose but to depress them we live with; and your contemporaries will not fail to see how much it is their concern to foster and protect a genius, which contributes to render their own times and their own country superior to all others.

I have the honour to be,

MADAM,

Your most faithful and

Most obedient Servant,

RICH. CUMBERLAND.

London, Dec. 6, 1784.



PROLOGUE.

BY THE AUTHOR.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

*OLD Drury's dock presents a launch this night,
New from the keel, (fair speed The Carmelite!)
True British-built, and from the Tragic slip;
She mounts great guns—tho' not a first-rate ship:
A gallant Knight commands, of ancient fame
And Norman blood, St. Valori his name;
On his main-top the Christian Cross he bears,
From Holy Land he comes, and Pagan wars:
Twenty long years his lady mourns him dead,
And bathes with faithful tears a widow'd bed;
Our scene presents him shiptwreck'd on her coast—
No sign, we hope, our venture will be lost.*

*Yet bold the Bard, to mount ambition's wave,
And launch his wit upon a wat'ry grave;
Sharp Critic rocks beneath him lie in wait,
And envious quicksands bar the Muse's strait;
Wild o'er his head Detraction's billows break,
Doubt chills his heart, and terror pales his cheek:
Hungry and faint, what cordials can he bring
From the cold nymph of the Pierian spring?*

*What stores collect from bare Parnassus' head,
Where blooms no vineyard, where no bees are fed?
And great Apollo's laurels, which impart
Fame to his head, are famine to his heart.—*

*Yet on he toils, and eager bends his eyes,
Where Fame's bright temple glitters to the skies.
Ah, sirs, 'tis easy work, to sit on shore,
And tutor him who tugs the labouring oar :
Whilst he amidst the surging ocean steers,
Now here, now there, as fashion's current veers :
Rouse, rouse for his protection ! you, who sit
Rang'd in deep phalanx, arbiters of wit !
And you aloft there, keep your beacon bright,
Oh, make your Eddy-stone shew forth its light ;
So shall our bard steer so its friendly blaze,
And anchor in the haven of your praise.*

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY - LANE.

Men.

St. VALORI <i>the Carmelite,</i>	-	-	Mr. Smith.
Lord HILDEBRAND,	-	-	Mr. Palmer.
Lord De COURCI,	-	-	Mr. Aickin:
MONTGOMERI,	-	-	Mr. Kemble.
GYFFORD,	-	-	Mr. Packer.
FITZ-ALLAN,	-	-	Mr. Phillimore.
RAYMOND,	-	-	Mr. Faucett.

Woman.

MATILDA, <i>the lady of St. Valori,</i>	-	-	Mrs. Siddons.
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Attendants, &c.

Time, that of the Representation.



THE
CARMELITE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*A rocky Shore, with a View of the Sea, at Break of Day.
Enter FITZ-ALLAN and RAYMOND meeting.*

Raymond.

WELL met, Fitz-Allan ; what's the time of day ?

Fitz-All. Broad morning by the hour.

Ray. Sleeps the sun yet ?

Or has the stormy south, that howls so loud,
Blown out his untrimm'd lamp, and left us here
To be witch-ridden by this hag of night,
Out of time's natural course ?

Fitz-All. Methinks the winds,
Which peal'd like thunder thro' Glendarlock's towers,
Have lower'd their note a pitch ; the flecker'd clouds,
Lifting their misty curtain in the east,
Unmask the weeping day.

Enter MONTGOMERI hastily.

Mont. Oh, are you men?
Have you less mercy than the winds and waves,
That you stand here aloof?

Fitz-All. Why, what has chanc'd?

Mont. A noble vessel breaks upon the rocks,
That jut from old Dunnose's rugged base;
And as the floating fragments drive ashore
Our plund'ring islanders (convert their hearts,
Holy St. Michael!) dash the drowning wretches
From the poor wreck they cling to, and engulph them
Quick in the boiling waves: by Heav'n that made me,
I cou'd forswear my nature, when I see
Man so degenerate!

Ray. Lo! we are ready:
Lead to the beach.

Mont. Alas! 'tis now too late:
I had not left it but that all was lost:
The element had mercy; man had none.
Two I have sav'd; the one a Carmelite,
Noble the other in his mien and habit;
I left them in the outskirts of the grove;
Let us go forth, my friends, and bring them in:
You to that quarter, I to this—Away! [*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Lord HILDEBRAND and St. VALORI.

St. Val. Bear up, Lord Hildebrand! there's hope in
view.

See'st thou yon turrets, that o'ertop the wood?
 There we may shelter from the storm, and men
 More merciless than rocks and winds, that wreck'd
 Our strong-ribb'd galley in the foaming surge.

Hild. I see the towers you point at, but I fear
 My limbs will fail their burden ere we reach them.
 Let me lie down beneath these oaks, and die.

St. Val. If thus you shake with the soul's ague, fear,
 Back to the sea, and seek the death you fled from;
 Make not a coward's grave on English ground;
 Your life is stak'd, your gauntlet is exchang'd,
 Each drop of blood about you is in pledge
 To meet the champion of St. Valori,
 A lady's champion in King Henry's lists:
 There fight; or, if you needs must die, die there;
 Fall, as a Norman knight shou'd fall, in arms.

Hild. Father, your words accord not with your
 weeds.

St. Val. Our ancestors were holy men, and they
 Ordain'd the combat, as the test of truth;
 Let them who made the law defend the law,
 Our part is to obey it.—Hark! who comes?
 The islanders will be upon us.—Stand!

Enter FITZ-ALLAN and RAYMOND.

Fitz-All. What ho! Montgomeril!—the men are
 found.

St. Val. Inhuman Englishmen! Will you destroy
 Your brethren? We are Normans.—

Enter MONTGOMERI.

Mont. Ye are men,
Let that suffice; we are no savages.

St. Val. 'Tis the brave youth who sav'd us.

Mont. Heav'n hath sav'd you,
To Heav'n give thanks, O men redeem'd from
death:

All else have perish'd!—'Tis a barbarous coast.

St. Val. How is your island nam'd?

Mont. The Isle of Wight.

St. Val. Alas! that isle so fair should prove so
fatal!—

And you our benefactor, by what name
Shall we record you in our prayers?

Mont. I am call'd
Montgomeri.

St. Val. 'Twill be our grateful office,
Generous Montgomeri, to make suit to Heaven
To bless, reward, and from distress like ours
Protect you ever.

Mont. Now declare thyself,
And this thy mournful friend, whom grief makes
dumb,
Say who he is.

Hild. A wretch without a name.

St. Val. A gentleman of Normandy he is,
One who has seen good days.—'Tis now no time
To tell you further: he has wounds about him,

And bruises dealt him on the craggy beach,
That cry for charity.—Whose is that castle?

Mont. A lady's, whom we serve, of Norman birth;

St. Val. Then lead us to her gates, for we are Nor-
mans;

Poor helpless men, fainting with want of food
And over-watching: tedious nights and days
We struggled with the storm: the greedy deep
Has swallow'd up our ship, our friends, our all,
And left us to your mercy. Sure your lady,
Who owns so fair a mansion, owns withal
A heart to give us welcome.—You are silent.

Fitz-All. To save you, and supply your pressing
wants

With food and raiment, and what else you need,
We promise, nothing doubting: more than this
Stands not within our privilege—no stranger
Enters her castle.

St. Val. Wherefore this exclusion?

What can she fear from us?

Fitz-All. Ask not a reason;

We question not her orders, but obey them.

St. Val. Then lay us down before her castle-
gates,

And let us die: inhospitable gates!
Your roofs shall echo with our famish'd shrieks.—
A Norman she! impossible: our wolves
Have hearts more pitiful.

Mont. Your saints in bliss,
Your calendar of martyrs does not own

A soul more pure, a virtue more sublime :
Her very name will strike defamers dumb.

St. Val. Speak it.

Mont. Saint Valori.

St. Val. Uphold me, Heaven !

The ways of Providence are full of wonder,
And all its works are mercy.—How now, sir !
Will you betray yourself ? what shakes you thus ?

Hild. I sicken at the heart : let me go hence,
And make myself a grave.

St. Val. Be patient : stay !——

And hath your lady here consum'd her youth
In pensive solitude ? Twenty long years,
And still a widow !

Mont. Still a mournful widow.

St. Val. Hath she such sorrows of her own, and yet
No heart to pity ours ? It cannot be :
I'll not believe but she will take us in :
And comfort her poor countrymen.

Mont. Forbid it, Heav'n,
That misery thus should plead, and no friend found
To speak in its behalf !—I'll move her for you.

St. Val. The Mother of our Lord reward you for it !
'Twill be a Christian deed.

Fitz-All. Montgomeri, turn ;
Have you your senses ? the attempt is madness.

Ray. Where is the man, native or foreigner,
(Inmates excepted) ever pass'd her doors ?—
Who dares to ask it ?

Mont. I ; Montgomeri.

Ray. So dare not I.

Fitz-All. Nor I : success attend you !

But share the attempt I dare not—so farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

Mont. Farewell to both !—Strangers, be not dismay'd,

I'll soon return ; the place will be your safeguard.

[*Exit Mont.*

St. Val. Lord Hildebrand, stand not aghast : you see

The youth is confident : look up and live !

Hild. By my soul's penitence, I'd rather die

Unpitied, starv'd, and to her castle dogs

Bequeath my untomb'd carcase, than receive

Life from her hands ; the widow of Saint Valori !

That brave heroic champion of the Cross,

Whom, from the holy wars returning home,

Within the rugged Pyrenæan pass—

St. Val. No more of that : I have your full confession ;

You slew Saint Valori, and now his widow

Provokes you by her champion to defend

The rights you seiz'd, the title you inherit,

And hold by bloody charter.—What's your fear ?

Saint Valori's dead ; he cannot rise again,

And beard you in the lists.

Hild. Oh, that he could !

So I were not a murderer.

St. Val. Grant you slew him,

Twenty long years have staunch'd the bleeding wound

Of him you slew, and laid his angry ghost.
Have you not rear'd his stately tomb, endow'd
The abbey of Saint Valori, and purchas'd
Perpetual masses to reclaim his soul
From purgatory's bondage? Have you faith
In absolution's power, and do you doubt
If yet atonement's made?

Hild. I do perceive

The hand of Heav'n hangs o'er me and my house :
Why am I childless else? seven sons swept off
To their untimely graves; their wretched mother
By her own hand in raging phrenzy died;
And last behold me here, forlorn, abandon'd,
At life's last hour, before her surly gate,
Deaf to my hungry cries: and shall we rank
Such judgments in the casual course of things?
To me 'tis palpable that heav'nly justice
Puts nature by, and to the swelling sum
Of my uncancell'd crimes adds all the lives
Of them who sunk this morning.

St. Val. What know'st thou,

Blind or obdurate man? Shall we despond,
On whom the light of this deliverance shines?
No, let us boldly follow: there's a voice
Augurs within me wondrous things, and new,
Now on the moment's point: for of a certain
I know this lady shall set wide her gates
To give us joyful welcome: sable weeds
Shall turn to bridal robes, and joy shall ring
Thro' all her festive mansion, where of late

Deep groans and doleful lamentations howl'd.
Therefore no more ; from my prophetic lips
Receive Heaven's mandate—and behold 'tis here !

Enter MONTGOMERI.

Mont. Health to your hopes, that were but now so
sick !

Ye sons of sadness, cast off your despair ;
Heav'n has vouchsaf'd deliverance, and sends
Its angel messenger in person to you.

St. Val. Then let me kneel, and hail the heav'nly
vision ! *[Kneels.*

Enter the Lady of SAINT VALORI.

To Him, to Him alone, who by the hand
Leads his unseeing creatures thro' the vale
Of sorrow, to the day-spring of their hope,
Be praise and adoration !—A poor monk, *[Rising.*
Who has trode many a weary league, as far
As there was Christian ground to carry him,
Asks for himself, and for this mournful man,
Newly escap'd from shipwreck, food and rest,
Warmth, and the shelter of your peaceful roof.

Mat. Are ye of Normandy ?

St. Val. We are of Normandy :
But were we not your countrymen, distress
Like ours wou'd make us so. Two of your servants
Spoke harshly, and had thrust us from your gates
But for this charitable youth.

Mat. Alas !

I am a helpless solitary woman,
A widow, who have lost—O God ! O God !
'Twill turn my brain to speak of what I've lost :
It is amongst the lightest of my griefs
That I have lost myself.

St. Val. Thyself !

Mat. My senses :

At best they are but half my own, sometimes
I am bereft of all. Therefore I lead
On this lone coast a melancholy life,
And shut my gate, but not my charity,
Against the stranger.

St. Val. Oh, support me, Heaven !

'Tis she, 'tis she ! that woe-tun'd voice is hers ;
Those eyes, that cast their pale and waning fires
With such a melting languor thro' my soul,
Those eyes are hers and sorrow's.—Heart, be still !
She speaks again.

Mat. You shall have food and clothing ;
I'll bring you medicines for your bruised wounds.
What else you need, declare.

St. Val. If I speak now,
She cannot bear it ; it will turn her brain.
What shall I say ?—We are your countrymen—
Oh my full heart ! Oh anguish to dissemble !

Mat. Nay, if you weep—

St. Val. Let us but touch your altar :
We are the sole sad relics of the wreck.
Let us but kneel and offer up one prayer
For our soul's peace, then turn us forth to die.

Mat. Mercy forbid it ! Oh, approach and enter
If you can weep, we will converse whole days,
And speak no other language ; we will sit,
Like fountain statues, face to face oppos'd,
And each to other tell our griefs in tears,
Yet neither utter word.—Pray you, pass on ;
I had not been thus strict, but that I hear
Lord Hildebrand is on the seas : I hope
You are not of his friends.

Hild. Death to my heart !

O father Carmelite, I must have leave——

St. Val. On your salvation, peace !

Mat. What wou'd he say ?

St. Val. His brain begins to turn : take him away.

I pray you, lead him hence. [*Mont. leads off Hild.*]

Mat. Alas ! I pity him.

Why dost thou stay behind ?—Whence that emotion ?

What wou'dst thou more ?

St. Val. I wou'd invoke a blessing,

But that each sainted spirit in the skies

Will be thy better advocate.

Mat. Remember,

When you converse with Heav'n, there is a wretch

Who will be glad of any good man's prayers.—

Farewell.

St. Val. Oh, tell me, have you then endur'd

Twenty long years of mournful widowhood ?

Mat. They say 'tis twenty years ago he died ;

I cannot speak of time : it may be so ;

Yet I shou'd think 'twas yesterday.

St. Val. I saw you——

Mat. You saw me! When?

St. Val. When you did wed your lord.——

The paragon of all this world you was.

Grief has gone o'er you like a wintry cloud.——

You've heard this voice before.

Mat. I think I have :

It gives a painful sense of former days :

I've heard such voices in my dreams; sometimes

Convers'd with them all night; but then they told me

My senses wander'd.—Pray you, do not harm me;

Leave me, good Monk; indeed I know you not.

St. Val. I wore no monkish cowl in that gay hour

When you wore bridal white. On Pagan ground,

Beneath the banner of the Christian Cross,

Faithful I fought; I was God's soldier then,

Tho' now his peaceful servant.

Mat. You have fought

Under the Christian Cross!—You shake my brain.

St. Val. Peace to your thoughts! I will no farther
move you :

Shall I not lead you hence?

Mat. Stand off; stand off!

The murderer of Saint Valori is abroad;

The bloody Hildebrand is on the seas.—

Rise, rise, ye waves! blow from all points, ye winds,

And whelm th' accursed plank that wafts him over

In fathomless perdition!—Let him sink,

He and his hateful crew! let none escape,

Not one; or if one, let him only breathe

To tell his tale, and die!—Away! begone!
You've made me mad.

St. Val. I was Saint Valori's friend:
He never yet bled with the battle's wound,
But I shed drop for drop: when o'er the sands
Of sultry Palestine with panting heart
He march'd, my panting heart with his kept time,
And number'd throb for throb.

Mat. Where are my people?
What ho! Montgomeri! Lead, lead me hence.

Enter MONTGOMERI hastily, with GYFFORD.
Give me thine arm! support me! Oh, 'tis well,
To horse, to horse!—I have a champion now,
Whose hand, heart, soul are mine, and mine are his;
One who has valour to assert my cause,
And worth to wear the honours he defends.

Mont. What hast thou done, old man?

Gyf. Stay not to question;
Look to the lady: leave the Monk with me.

Mat. Come, let us hence; I do not live without
thee. *[Exit with Montgomeri.]*

St. Val. Amazement!—Speak, what kindred, what
affection,
What passion binds her to that youth?—Resolve me,
Who and what is he?

Gyf. You are curious, father.
Who he may be I know not; what he was
I well remember.

St. Val. What was he?

Gyf. Her page;
A menial thing, no better than myself.

St. Val. Heavens! can it be? Will she so far descend

From her great name, to wanton with her page?
Saw you the look she gave him?

Gyf. I did see it.

St. Val. It seem'd as tho' his eyes had magic in them,

That charm'd away her madness.—Hah! you sigh:
What means that pensive movement of your head?
Answer!

Gyf. Good father, question me no more.
Fortune can level all things in this world,
Pull down the mighty, and exalt the mean:
But you and I methinks have outliv'd wonders.—
Now to the castle! Shut both ears and eyes:
Hear without noting; see, but not observe. [*Excunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in MATILDA's Castle. Enter SAINT VALORI and GYFFORD.

Gyfford.

WITH awful wonder I survey and hear you,
Whilst thro' the veil of that disguiseful habit,
Thro' all the changes time and toil have wrought

In that once-noble visage, I scarce trace
The lineaments of my most honour'd lord.

St. Val. Awake from this surprise, and hear me,
Gyfford.

I am no spectre, but thy living master :
Wounded and breathless on the ground I lay,
Welt'ring in blood : th' assassins fled and left me ;
There I had soon expir'd, but that a company
Of merchants, journeying from Venice, found me,
And charitably staunch'd my bleeding wounds.
To their own homes they bore me : heal'd, restor'd,
In a Venetian galley I embark'd,
And sail'd for Genoa ; but, ere we reach'd
Our destin'd port, a Saracen assail'd
And master'd our weak crew.—To tell the tale
Of my captivity, escape, return,
Would ask more leisure, and a mind at ease.

Gyf. But why does brave Saint Valori appear
A bearded Carmelite ?

St. Val. This holy habit
Thro' a long course of dangerous pilgrimage
Has been my saving passport : thus attir'd,
I reach'd my native castle, found it lorded
By the usurper Hildebrand ; with zeal
I burn'd to call my faithful people round me,
And throw off my disguise ; this I had done,
But straight arriv'd a herald from King Henry
To warn him to the lists against the champion
Of my supposed widow : the pale coward

Shrunk, yet obey'd the summons. The thought
struck me

To join his train, and in my sovereign's presence,
At the last trumpet's signal, to come forth
Before the king, the lords, and armed knights,
And strike confusion to the caitiff's soul.—
The rest needs no relation.

Gyf. 'Tis resolv'd.

To-morrow for Southampton we depart ;
There Henry keeps his court.

St. Val. Why then, to-morrow
Truth and the morning sun shall rise together,
And this black night of doubt shall be dispell'd :
Till then lock fast my secret in thy heart,
And know me for none other than I seem.
Lo, where they come ! Yet, yet I will be patient ;
Time will bring all things forth.—*Gyfford*, with-
draw. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MATILDA and MONTGOMERI.

Mat. I think he said he was my husband's friend ;
If so I've been too harsh : reason forsook me,
For he did speak of things that rent my heart :
But let that pass.—Dost thou observe, *Montgomeri* ?

Mont. With fix'd attention and devoted heart
I hear, and note your pleasure.

Mat. I am calm,
Thou seest I am, and not about to speak,
As sometimes, when my thoughts obey no order :
Therefore I pray thee mark.—Thou must have noted

With what a tenderness I've train'd thee up
 From helpless infancy to blooming manhood ;
 Hast thou not noted this ?

Mont. I were most vile
 Did I forget it.

Mat. I am sure thou dost not ;
 For from the moment of thy birth till now
 I've nurs'd thy opening virtues, mark'd their growth,
 And gloried in the fruit of my adoption :
 I've register'd each movement of thy soul,
 And find it tun'd to honour's loftiest pitch,
 To soft affection modell'd, and to love,
 The harmony of nature : my best hopes
 Are satisfied, and thou art all I pray'd for.

Mont. What thou hast made me that I truly am,
 And will be ever : hands, head, heart are yours.

Mat. The day is coming on, the wish'd-for day
 (After a night of twice ten tedious years)
 At length is coming on : justice is granted ;
 I go to Henry's court ; Lord Hildebrand
 Is summon'd to the lists : and where's the man
 To avenge the widow's cause ?

Mont. Where is the man !
 And can you want a champion ?—Have I liv'd
 The creature of your care, the orphan child
 Of your adopting charity, the thing
 Your plastic bounty fashion'd from the dust
 Of abject misery ; and does my heart
 Utter one drop of blood that is not yours,
 One artery that does not beat for you ?

Mat. Know, then, I have a champion, noble, brave,
Heir of the great Saint Valori, my son.

Mont. What do I hear? thy son!—Where has he
liv'd,

That I have never seen him? never known
There was a living hero of the name?
Oh, tell me where he is, that I may fly
To do him faithful service, on my knee
Brace on his glittering armour, bear his shield,
The glorious badge of his nobility,
And shout with triumph when his conqu'ring sword
Cleaves the assassin's crest.—Oh send me hence,
To hail his victory, or share his fall!

Mat. Thou art my son.

Mont. Merciful god! thy son!

Mat. Thou art my son; for thee alone I've liv'd,
For thee I have surviv'd a murder'd husband;
For thee—but it would break thy filial heart
To hear what I have suffer'd; madness seiz'd me,
And many a time (sweet Jesus intercede,
For I was not myself!) yes, many a time
In my soul's anguish, with my desperate hand
Rais'd for the stroke of death, a thought, a glance
Of thee, my child, has smote my shatter'd brain,
And stopt th' impending blow.

Mont. Oh, spare thyself,
Spare me the dread description!

Mat. Thou hast been

Thy mother's guardian angel: furious once,
In the mind's fever, to Gleidarlock's roof

Madd'ning I rush'd ; there, from the giddy edge
Of the projecting battlements, below,
Measuring the fearful leap, I cast my eye :
Thy cherub form arrested it ; my child
Upon the pavement underneath my feet
Sported with infant playfulness ; my blood
Drove back upon my heart ; suspended, pois'd,
High hung in air, with outstretch'd arms I stood,
Pondering the dreadful deed ; thy fate prevail'd,
Nature flew up, and push'd me from the brink—
I shrunk, recoil'd, and started into reason.

Mont. Oh terrible to thought ! Oh pictur'd horror !
It pierces to my brain ; there's madness in it.

Mat. Yes, sorrow had o'erturn'd thy mother's brain :
I have been mad, my son ; 'and oftentimes
I find, alas ! all is not yet compos'd,
Sound, and at peace : it takes a world of time
To heal the wounds of reason ; even now,
When I would fain relate my life's sad story,
I cannot range my scatter'd thoughts in order
To tell it as I shou'd.—I pray thee, pardon me ;
I'll do my best to recollect myself,
If thou'lt be patient.

Mont. Patient ! Oh, thou sufferer !
Oh, thou maternal softness ! hear thy son,
Thus kneeling, bathing with his tears thy feet,
Swear to cast off each fond alluring thought,
The world, its honours, pleasures, and ambition ;
Here in this solitude to live with thee,
To thee alone devoted !

Mat. No, my son :

Tho' in this solitude I have conceal'd thee,
Ev'n from thyself conceal'd thee, to evade
A fell usurper's search, and stemm'd the tide
Of nature, gushing to a mother's heart ;
Still I have done it in the sacred hope
Of some auspicious hour, when I might shew thee
Bright as thy father's fame.

Mont. I own the cause,
And know how watchfully this hungry vulture
Has hover'd o'er thee on his felon wings.
Now I can solve this solitude around us,
Why thou hast built thine airey in this cragg,
And with a mother's care conceal'd thy young.

Mat. Another day, and then—meanwhile be secret;
Discovery now wou'd but disturb the house
From its sobriety, and mar the time
Of awful preparation.—Pass to-morrow !—
(Oh, all ye saints and angels, make it happy !)
Then, if thou com'st a living conqueror home,
This roof that still has echoed to my groans,
Shall ring with triumphs to Saint Valori's name :
But if—

Mont. Avert the sad, ill-omen'd word !
Thou shalt not name it : my great father's spirit
Swells in my bosom.—When my falchion gleams,
When the red cross darts terror from my shield,
'The coward's heart shall quail, and Heaven's own
arm,
Ere mine can strike, shall lay the murderer low.

Mat. Thy father stirs within thee: hark! methinks

I hear the shrieks of his unburied ghost,
Screaming for vengeance.—Oh, support, defend me!
See where he gleams, he bursts upon my sight!
'Tis he! 'tis he! I clasp him to my heart;
My hero! my Saint Valori! my husband!

[*Embraces him.*]

Enter GYFFORD unseen; starts.

Gyf. Husband! oh fatal word! undone for ever!

Mat. I will array thee in a sacred suit,
The very armour my Saint Valori wore,
When in the single combat he unhors'd
And slew the Lord Fitz-Osborn. On that helm
High-plumed victory again shall stand,
And clap her wings exulting: from that shield
Vengeance with gorgon terrors shall look forth,
Awfully frowning.—Hah! what man art thou?

[*Discovering Gyfford.*]

Gyfford, what wouldst thou? wherefore this intrusion?

Gyf. A noble messenger from Henry's court
Is landed on the isle.

Mat. From the king, say'st thou?

Gyf. A runner of his train, whose utmost speed
Scarce distanc'd him an hour, is now arriv'd,
And gives this warning.

Mat. Did you not enquire
His master's name and title?

Gyf. Lord De Courci.

Mat. A generous and right noble lord he is :
Our Normandy boasts not a worthier baron,
Nor one affianc'd to our house more kindly :
Prepare to give him welcome.—Follow me.

[*Exit with Montgomeri.*]

Gyf. Yes, to destruction, for that way thou lead'st.
Husband!—her husband! her Saint Valori!
It cannot be.—Without the church's rites
Wed him she could not; to conceal those rites,
And wed by stealth, is here impossible.
What must I think?—That he is yet her husband
In meditation only, not in form.
Embracing too!—Oh mortal stab to honour!
O shame, shame, shame! that I shou'd live to see it.

Enter SAINT VALORI hastily.

St. Val. What hast thou seen? my mind is on the
rack :
Thou'st been in conference with thy lady; speak!—
If thou hast aught discover'd that affects
My honour, tell it.

Gyf. Hard task you enjoin;
Wou'd rather I were in my grave, than living
To utter what I've seen.

St. Val. Nay, no evasion.

Gyf. For the world's worth I would not with my
knowledge
Add or diminish of the truth one tittle.

St. Val. Gyfford, as thou shalt render up the truth
To the great Judge of hearts, say what thou know'st

Of my unhappy wife ; nor more nor less,
Give me the proof unvarnish'd.

Gyf. I surpris'd
Her and Montgomeri heart to heart embracing—

St. Val. Death ! Heart to heart embracing !—Wo-
man, woman !

Gyf. Fond and entranc'd within his arms she lay ;
Then with uplifted rapturous eyes exclaim'd,
‘ My hero ! my Saint Valori ! my husband ! ’

St. Val. Husband ! reflect.—‘ Art sure she call'd
him husband ?

Gyf. If there be faith in man, I've spoke the truth.

St. Val. Why then the truth is out, and all is past ;
I have no more to ask.

Gyf. Hear me with favour ;
I'll not abuse the licence of old age
And faithful service with too many words.

St. Val. What canst thou tell me ?—I have one
within

That is my monitor : not unprepar'd
I meet this fatal stroke, nor with revilings
Or impious curses (be my witness, Gyfford !)
Do I profane Heav'n's ear, tho' hard and painful
This bitter visitation of its wrath.

Gyf. Tho' to the sure conviction of my senses
I saw and heard what I have now reported,
Yet, circumstances weigh'd, I must believe,
As yet she is not wedded.

St. Val. Hah ! not wedded ?
Perish the man who dares to breathe a doubt

Of her unspotted chastity : not wedded !
Yet heart to heart embracing ! dreadful thought !—
Death in his direst shape approach me rather
Than that dishonest doubt !

Gyf Wou'd I had died
Ere I had seen this day !

St. Val. Wretch that I am,
Why was I snatch'd from slaughter ? why deliver'd
From barbarous infidels ? why, when o'erwhelm'd
And sinking in th' oblivious deep, preserv'd,
Wash'd like a floating fragment to the shore,
Sav'd, nourish'd, ransom'd by the very hand
That cuts my heart asunder ; set in view
Of all my soul held dear ; and now, ev'n now,
As I reach'd forth my hand to seize the goal,
The resting-place and haven of my hope,
Dash'd in a moment back, and lost for ever ?

Gyf. Such is the will of Heaven ! For me, thus old,
And blighted with misfortune, I've no strength,
No root to bear against this second storm ;
There, where I fall, I'll make myself a grave.

St. Val. No more of this : you've heard my last
complaint ;

For I must soon put off these monkish weeds,
And what a consecrated knight should do,
Fitting the Cross he wears, that must be done.—
How stands your preparation for to-morrow ?
Will she depart ?

Gyf. I think she will ; for now
The Lord De Courci, from King Henry sent,

Bears courtly salutation to your lady,
With formal summons to her challenger.

St. Val. If it be that De Courci who was once
My youth's companion, and my bosom friend,
A more accomplished knight ne'er carried arms:
His coming is most timely.—Tell me, Gyfford,
Rememberest thou the armour which I wore
When in the lists I combated Fitz-Osborn?—
I gave it to my wife.

Gyf. I well remember.

St. Val. And hath she kept it, think'st thou?

Gyf. She hath kept it.

St. Val. 'Tis well; for that's the suit, the very suit,
Which I must wear to-morrow.

Gyf. Ah, my lord!

She hath bestow'd that armour on her champion;
And young Montgomeri with to-morrow's dawn
Starts, like another Phaeton, array'd
In substituted splendor: on his arm
He bears the shield of great Saint Valori,
A golden branch of palm, with this device,
'Another, and the same!'—'Twill be a pageant
Glittering as vanity and love can make it.

St. Val. Mournful as death.—My armour will she
take?

My shield, my banners, to array her champion?
Let them beware how they divide the spoil
Before the lion's kill'd.—Oh, fall of virtue!
Oh, all ye matron powers of modesty!
How time's revolving wheel wears down the edge

Of sharp affliction! Widows' sable weeds
Soon turn to grey; drop a few tears upon them,
And dusky grey is blanch'd to bridal white;
Then comes the sun, shines thro' the drizzling show'r,
And the gay rainbow glows in all its colours. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*An Apartment in the Castle. Enter Lord HILDEBRAND
and Saint VALORI.*

Hildebrand.

AH, father Carmelite! where hast thou been?
Was it well done to leave thy wretched friend
To be devour'd by heart-consuming anguish?

St. Val. I left you to repose.

Hild. I know it not:

Sleep is my horror; then the furies rise;
Then pale Saint Valori appears before me:
Trembling I wake, cold damps bedew my limbs,
And my couch floats with tears.—Is this repose?

St. Val. No; yet it moves my wonder why your
conscience,

Mute for so many years, shou'd on the sudden
Break into voice, and cry so loud against you.—
I found you lull'd in a luxurious calm,
Feasting upon the spoils of him you stabb'd;
Your castle flow'd with revelry and wine,

And you the loudest of the sons of riot :
Where was your conscience then ?

Hild. With you it came ;
You are the father of my soul's repentance :
Your fascinating eye pervades my breast ;
Conscious, abash'd, uncover'd to the heart,
I stand before you—to your ear confide
Things unreveal'd to man. Now, as I see you,
Tho' in religion's peaceful garment cloth'd,
Saint Valori, methinks, appears before me,
Dreadful in arms, and braves me to the lists.

St. Val. Take food and rest, recruit your body's
strength,
And you'll forget these fears.

Hild. I'll die with famine
Before I'll eat the charitable bread
Of her I made a widow ; and for sleep,
I tell thee once again sleep is my horror.
Methought but now by shipwreck I was plung'd
Into the foaming ocean ; on the shore
Your figure stood with beck'ning hand outstretch'd
To snatch me from the waves ; cheer'd with the sight,
Thro' the white surf I struggled ; with strong arm
You rais'd me from the gulph ; joyful I ran
T' embrace my kind preserver—when at once
Off fell your habit, bright in arms you stood,
And with a voice of thunder cried aloud,
' Villain, avaunt ! I am Saint Valori !'
Then push'd me from the cliff : down, down, I fell,
Fathoms on fathoms deep, and sunk for ever !

St. Val. This was your dream.

Hild. Now hear my waking terrors.—

Rous'd by this dream I started; to the wall
Furious I rush'd, to dash my desperate brains :
Burst with the force, a secret door flew open,
Where full in view a lighted altar blaz'd
With holy tapers bright ; around it hung
The funeral trophies of Saint Valori ;
Red gleam'd the banner of the bloody Cross,
And on a tablet underneath was written,
' Pray for the peace of his departed soul !'
Upon my knees I dropt, and would have pray'd,
When soon, behold ! the Lady Widow enter'd,
Led by the generous youth who sav'd our lives :
I rose, made low obeisance, and retir'd.

St. Val. You left them there.—Did all this pass
in silence ?

Hild. All ; not a word was spoken.

St. Val. Did you note

Her look, her action ?—How did she dismiss you ?
Abruptly, eagerly ?

Hild. With matron grace,
Her hand thus gently waving, she dismiss'd me ;
The other hand most lovingly was lock'd
In his on whom she lean'd.

St. Val. No more of this.

Hark ! you are summon'd——Rouse from this de-
spair ;

Shake off your lethargy !

[*Trumpet.*

Hild. What trumpet's that ?

St. Val. To you, or to your challenger, the last ;
 Death sounds the knell, and justice seals the doom.

Hild. My soul sinks down abash'd : I cannot fight ;
 What wou'd you more ? I have confess'd the murder.

St. Val. You have confess'd you know not what :
 retire !

Go to your chamber ; I will quickly follow,
 And bring you comfort.—Nay, make no reply.
 The time is labouring, wondrous things and new
 Press to the birth ; prepare yourself to meet them.

[Exeunt severally.]

*Enter MATILDA and her Domestics, DE COURCI and
 his Train.*

Mat. My noble lord, thrice welcome ! you are come
 To glad the mourner's heart, and with your presence
 Make her poor cottage rich.

De Cour. Most noble lady,
 Henry of Normandy, the kingly heir
 Of England's mighty conqueror, of his grace
 And princely courtesy, by me his servant,
 As a most loving father, kindly greets you :
 Which salutation past, I am to move you
 Upon the matter of your suit afresh,
 Its weight and circumstance ; how many years
 It hath been let to sleep ? what forfeiture
 And high default you stand in, shou'd it fail :
 Conjuring you, as fits a Christian king,
 By the lov'd memory of your honour'd lord,
 Who now hath tenanted the silent grave

These twenty years and more, not to proceed
In this high matter on surmise, or charge
Of doubtful circumstance; the crime alledg'd
Being so heinous, the appeal so bloody,
And he whom you attaint so brave and noble.

Mat. I know, my lord, in property the law
Can plead prescription and the time's delay;
But justice, in an inquisition made for blood,
With retrospective eye thro' ages past
Moves her own pace, nor hears the law's demur.—
Why I have let this murder sleep thus long,
Necessity, and not my will, must answer.
The conqueror William, and his furious son,
With iron hand upheld th' oppressor's power,
And stopt their ears against the widow's cries.
In painful silence brooding o'er my grief,
On this lone rock, upon the ocean's brink,
Year after year I languish'd, in my dreams
Conversing oft with shadowy shapes and horrors,
That scar'd me into madness.—Oh, my lord!
Bear with my weakness: pray regard me not;
I have a remedy at hand—my tears. [Weeps.]

De Cour. Sad relict of the bravest, best of men,
Tell not thy griefs to me, nor let my words
(Which by commission, not of choice, I speak)
Shake thy firm purpose; for on England's throne
No tyrant sits, deaf to the widow's cause,
But Heav'n's vicegerent, merciful and just.
If stedfast thou art fix'd in thy appeal,
Stedfast in justice is thy sovereign too.

Bring forth thy knight appelliant, for the lists
Expect him, and may Heav'n defend the right!

Mat. Thanks to thy royal sender! on my knee
I offer prayers to Heaven for length of days,
And blessings shower'd on his anointed head.—
Now, gallant lord, you shall behold my champion,
My shepherd boy, who, like the son of Jesse,
Unskill'd in arms, must combat this Philistine.—
Montgomeri, come forth!

Enter MONTGOMERI.

De Cour. Is this your knight?

Mat. This is my knight. I trust not in the strength
Of mortal man; Heav'n will uphold my cause,
And to a murderer's heart will guide the blow,
Tho' from an infant's hand.

De Cour. Of what degree
Must I report him? In the royal lists
Against so proud a name as Hildebrand,
The warlike forms of knighthood will demand
That noble shall to noble be oppos'd.

Mat. Not unprepar'd I shall attend the lists,
And at my sovereign's feet prefer the proofs
Which honour's forms demand.

De Cour. You know the peril,
If you fall short.

Mat. I take it on my head.

De Cour. Where have you serv'd? What battles
have you seen?

Mont. Few and unfortunate have been the fields

Where I have fought.—I serv'd a sinking cause ;
Robert of Normandy was my liege lord,
For I am Norman born.

De Cour. Have you been train'd
In tournaments ?

Mont. I never broke a lance,
Nor shall I, as I hope, but in his heart
Who stabb'd Saint Valori.

De Cour. Noble lady,
I wou'd impart something of nearest import
To your more private ear.

Mat. Let all withdraw : *[They withdraw.]*
Leave us.—And now, my lord and honour'd guest,
Impart your noble thoughts ; for sure I am
None others can be native of a soul,
Where courtesy and valour are enshrin'd,
As in a holy altar, under guard
Of consecrated keepers—therefore speak.

De Cour. Let infamy fix on me, when I wrong
A confidence so generous !—Heav'n bestow'd
One friend, the pride and blessing of my life ;
Heav'n, when you lost a husband, from me also
Took that one friend away, and in his grave
Buried my heart beside him.

Mat. Yes, my lord,
We both have cause to mourn him : I remember
The day he parted for the Holy Wars,
His manly bosom struggling to repress
Its bursting passion, in those racking moments,
When stern religion rent him from my arms,

Then, even then, in his capacious soul
 Friendship had part—you shar'd it with Matilda.
 Need I proceed? ah, no! for you was present,
 You took him from me, on your neck he fell;
 I parted, sunk, and never saw him more.

De Cour. 'Twas in those parting moments he com-
 mitted

A sacred charge, the very test of friendship,
 Your soft unshelter'd beauty to my care.
 I serv'd, consol'd you, lov'd you as a brother;
 But soon Saint Valori call'd me from my charge,
 For war and sickness had consum'd our host,
 And Palestine was drench'd with Christian blood.—
 We fought, we conquer'd, and from Pagan hands
 Rescu'd the captive Cross: and now command
 My zealous heart, you are its mistress still.

Mat. There needs not this, my lord; for I can read
 Your zeal without a preface: freely then,
 As a friend shou'd, and plainly speak your thoughts.

De Cour. When rumour of this combat reach'd my
 ears,

Without delay I sent a trusty page,
 Offering myself as your devoted knight:
 He brought for answer, that you had a champion;
 You thank'd me for my offer;—cold repulse
 Temper'd in courteous phrase! still I submitted
 In silence, as became me, to your pleasure,
 Musing who this might be——

Mat. And now you find him

A stripling youth unknown, in arms a novice,
And you condemn my choice; these are your thoughts.

De Cour. I do confess it.—Oh, reflect in time!
Think not because nature hath cast a form
In fair proportion, strung his youthful joints
With nerves that bear him bounding to the chase,
Or hurl the wrestler in the shouting ring,
That you have train'd a champion to encounter
A combatant so practis'd in the lists,
So valorous in fight as Hildebrand.

Mat. What I have done, I've done: your zeal, my
lord,
May start new terrors for my hero's danger,
Shake me with new alarms, but change it cannot.

De Cour. Turn not away, but still with patience
hear me.
Think what you are, great in yourself, yet greater
As brave Saint Valori's widow: oh, preserve
That name untainted; hear what honour counsels;
Truth makes me bold, your danger is my warrant.

Mat. You was my husband's friend; I own your
plea.
Lo! I am turn'd to hear: proceed.

De Cour. I was his friend,
I am yours also; and as such I warn you
Against a deed so fatal, that the steel
Of Hildebrand gave not a stab more mortal
To life than this to fame.

Mat. My lord, my lord!
You rise too fast upon me, and advance

Too strongly on so weak a disputant,
So much to seek for reason as I am.

De Cour. May I not then demand, what is this boy,
Whom you thus dignify ? this page, this lacquey,
The very topmost pitch of whose promotion
Had been to touch the stirrup of Saint Valori ?

Mat. What is he !—but you question me too
harshly ;

I'll answer to the king ; but to a friend
Who treats me with suspicion, I am silent.
You bid me call to memory what I am :
I hope, when thus you school me, you yourself
In your own precepts need no monitor.
I think I am as humble as I shou'd be
Under such hard correction. I acknowledge
Two powerful duties : to my husband one,
The first and strongest ; to yourself the next,
As my much-honour'd guest ; but I oppose
The tyranny of friendship, which would stamp
Dishonour on the worthy, and forbid
My free affections to direct their choice
Where nature warrants, and my soul approves. [*Exit.*]

De Cour. [*Alone.*] Why then there's no perfection
in the sex,

Or I had found it here. Farewell to grief ;
So much for tears ! tho' twenty years they flow,
They wear no channels in a widow's cheeks ;
And still the ambush'd smile lurks underneath
The watery surface, ready to start up

At the next lover's summons ; now to greet
A hero's passion, now to wed a page.

Enter Saint VALORI.

St. Val. My Lord De Courci, doth your memory
serve

To recollect a certain pledge of love,
A jewel, which the lady of this house
Gave to her husband by your hands ?

De Cour. A bracelet ;

She took it from her arm when they did part :
I well remember it.

St. Val. Was it like this ?

De Cour. The very same ; I gave it to Saint Valori
When he embark'd for Palestine.

St. Val. You did :

I had it then ; your memory is perfect.

De Cour. You had it then !—What must I think of
this ?

St. Val. Can you this little token keep in mind,
And not remember him you gave it to ?

De Cour. Explain yourself ; you speak in mysteries.

St. Val. Be temperate then ; let not your loud sur-
prise

Betray me to the house : I'm here unknown.

De Cour. Impossible ! tho' the dead rose again,
Yet this can not be he.

St. Val. My friend ! my friend !

Come to my arms ! let this embrace convince you.

De Cour. Oh earth and heaven ! he lives.

St. Val. He lives indeed
To a new life of misery. Be still !
Forbear to question me : another time
Thou shalt hear all, but let this hour be sacred
To friendship's pressing call.—My wife ! my wife !

De Cour. Oh, my prophetic fears !

St. Val. Unhappy woman !
For why shou'd I accuse her ? twenty years
A mournful widow, and at last to start
So wide from all propriety ; and now,
After so brave a struggle, now to sink
Her honour, which still bore so proud a sail
Thro' the rough tide of time : oh bitter thought !
Oh aggravating shame !

De Cour. Alas, my friend,
How shall I comfort you ? I see you point
At young Montgomeri : in friendship's right
I ask'd her private ear, and boldly urg'd
The peril of her fame.

St. Val. And what reply ?

De Cour. Patient at first she heard ; but when I
touch'd

The master-string, and set to view how base,
The choice of such a minion, such a page,
Then—but 'twere painful to describe the scene,
Vain to conceal : she loves him to distraction.

St. Val. Can it be doubted ? She has married
him.

De Cour. Indeed !

St. Val. I have a trusty servant here,

Who saw her clasp him in her wanton arms,
Twine, like pale ivy round the polish'd bark
Of the smooth beech, whilst rapt'rous she exclaim'd,
'My hero! my Saint Valori! my husband!'—
Oh, she is lost, beyond redemption lost!

De Cour. Who now shall dream of constancy in
woman?

What's to be done?—Your life dissolves the combat.

St. Val. That shame I've sav'd her from: Lord
Hildebrand

Is dying in this house.

De Cour. Lord Hildebrand!

How many strange events are here combin'd
Of sorrow and surprise! so thick they crowd,
So swift they change, I know not where to turn,
Nor what to counsel.

St. Val. What can counsel give?

Can words revoke, can wisdom reconcile,
Th' indissoluble web which fate has wove?
And shall I stay and harbour here with shame?
Walk, like a discontented moping ghost,
To haunt and hover round their nuptial bed,
When I can die, as I have liv'd, in arms?—
Off, holy counterfeit! begone, disguise!

De Cour. Stop, I conjure you: rush not on despair.

St. Val. Despair!—And have I worn the Cross so
long

But as the mask and mockery of religion?
No, 'tis the armour of a Christian knight,
And with this gauntlet I defy despair.

De Cour. Then by that sacred symbol, by our
friendship

And faithful brotherhood in God's holy service,
I do beseech thee to persist in hope :
For whilst one circumstance of doubt remains,
One, tho' the slightest fragment is afloat,
That fond credulity ere clung to, still,
Still will I keep some happy chance in view
To save thy lady's honour.

St. Val. Gallant friend,
Thy counsel shall prevail, I will persist ;
And as misfortune is the world's best school
For true philosophy, I will extract
The cordial patience from the bitter root
Of this implanted pain. Come, brave *De Courci* !
Pleasure's gay scene, and hope's delusive dream,
Are vanish'd, lost ; love's fairy palace sinks
In the false fleeting sand on which 'twas built ;
Whilst thy immortal constancy alone
Stands in the waste, a solitary column,
To tell life's mournful traveller where once
Joy revell'd, and a stately fabric rose. *Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter MATILDA and Lord HILDEBRAND.

Matilda.

STOP, stranger! wherefore have you left your chamber?

Will you go forth with all your wounds about you?
Return, nor rashly counteract our care,
That labours to preserve you.

Hild. Shall I make

Your house a grave? The wounds you see are nothing,
Their pain may be assuag'd by drugs and ointments;
Nature abounds in simples, that can heal
These tumours of the body.

Mat. If the cure

Be, as you say, so easy, why oppose it?
Is pain your choice, that you resist our medicines,
And thus expose your rankling wounds undrest
To the raw fest'ring air?

Hild. Ah, generous lady!

'Tis but a superficial flattering art
To heal the skin, and make the surface whole,
When an unsearchable and mortal sting
Has pierc'd the nobler part.

Mat. That sting is grief:

You mourn a wife, perhaps, or some dear friend,
In your late shipwreck lost: if it be so,
I'll not arraign your sorrow; yet remember,

Tho' short of their allotted time they fell,
'Twas Heav'n that struck them short ; they were not
murder'd,

As my Saint Valori, by vile, treach'rous man.

Hild. Oh, horror ! horror !

Mat. Have I touch'd the cause ?

Was there a friend ? a wife ?

Hild. Nor wife, nor friend :

And yet——

Mat. What yet ? Your heart perhaps was fix'd

Upon your freighted treasures, hoarded up

By carking care, and a long life of thrift,

Now without interest or redemption swallow'd

By the devouring bankrupt waves for ever :

What then ! your cares have perish'd with your fortune.

Hild. The wreck of friends and fortune I bewail

As things Heav'n gives and takes away at pleasure ;

Conditional enjoyments, transient loans,

Bliss that accumulates a debt of pain :

Swift their succession, sudden their reverse.

To-day the setting sun descends in tears,

To-morrow's dawn breaks forth, and all is joy :

But guilt involves me in perpetual night ;

No morning star, no glimmering ray of hope ;

Eternal tossings on a bed of thorns,

Conscience, that raven, knelling in my ear,

And vulture furies plucking at my heart !

Mat. Then I conjectur'd right, and 'tis remorse

Which tortures you ; I read it in your eyes.

Did that descending virtue come on earth,
 To set at large the captive or the free ?
 'Twas to redeem the captive : turn to him,
 Turn then, and seek your saving hope, repentance ;
 Go to your Carmelite, confess to him,
 Fly to your soul's physician for a cure ;
 Whether with soft emollients he assuage,
 Or with corrosive penances consume
 The cank'rous gangrene that now gnaws your heart.

Hild. I have confess'd to him, he knows my guilt ;
 But what can he, alas ! there lives but one
 Under Heav'n's canopy, who can absolve.—
 Hither th' immediate hand of Heav'n has led me,
 Hopeless of pardon, to expire before you,
 And cast your husband's murderer at your feet.

Mat. Ah, scorpion ! is it thou ? I shake with horror.—

Thee have I pitied ? thee have I preserv'd ?——
 Monster, avaunt ! Go to the rocks for food,
 Call to the winds for pity ! lay thee down
 Beneath some blighted yew, whose pois'nous leaf
 Kills as it falls ; there howl thyself to death !——
 Hangs the roof o'er us yet ? I am astonish'd.—
 Art not asham'd, O earth, to bear him yet ?
 O sea, to cast him up again ?—Begone !

Hild. I do not wait for pardon, but for death :
 Call to your servants ; whelm me with their swords.
 Heav'n throws me on your mercy ; you receiv'd
 And gave me shelter ; hospitably tender'd
 Food and restoring med'cines ; I refus'd them :

My thirst is unallay'd, my wounds undrest,
 No particle of food has past my lips,
 For I disdain a fraud upon your pity;
 And, where I can't have pardon, scorn support.
 The only mercy I implore is death.

Mat. Mercy! and dare thy tongue pronounce the
 name?——

Mercy! thou man of blood, thou hast destroy'd it.
 It came from Heaven to save Saint Valori:
 You saw the cherub messenger alight
 From its descent; with outspread wings it sate,
 Covering his breast; you drew your cursed steel,
 And thro' the pleading angel pierc'd his heart.
 Then, then the moon, by whose pale light you struck,
 Turn'd fiery red, and from her angry orb
 Darted contagious sickness on the earth;
 The planets in their courses shriek'd for horror;
 Heav'n dropt maternal tears.—Oh! art thou come?

Enter MONTGOMERI.

Mont. Why dost thou tremble? Why this ghastly
 terror?

Mat. Save me, support me! In thy arms I fall:
 I mov'd not till thou cam'st, lest I had sunk
 Upon the floor, and catching at the hand
 That stabb'd Saint Valori, his touch had kill'd me.

Mont. That stabb'd Saint Valori! Is this the wretch?
 Is Hildebrand before me?—Draw, thou traitor!
 Stand to defence, or die!

Hild. Behold my heart !
Strike ! I expect no mercy.

Mat. Stop thine hand :
Black tho' he be, as infamy can make him,
He is defenceless, wounded, and expiring.

Hild. Wilt thou not add, repentant ?—I am van-
quish'd,
Body and soul laid prostrate by despair.
I do confess my crime : what can I more ?
Castle, demesne, and treasure, all the spoils
Of my accursed avarice, I resign :
Take my life too ; dismiss me from a world
Where I have none to mourn me, no kind hand
To close my eyes ; of children, wife, and friends,
(Save only this poor Carmelite) bereft ;
Be merciful to him, he is not guilty.
If I dare ask a little earth to cover me
For Christian decency, I would—but that,
That were too much—my tears will sink a grave.

Mont. He's deeply penitent : you'll not refuse
What he petitions for : 'twere most unchristian
To let him die without the church's rites.

Mat. Forbear !

Mont. He's dying—see, he faints—he falls.

[Hildebrand sinks on the ground.]

'Twill give him comfort in the hour of death ;
And that I'd give ev'n to a murderer.

Mat. You never knew your father, and in you
Pity is natural ; in me 'tis treason

To breathe the air which his pollution taints;
A crime to look upon his eyes and live.

Mont. I feel, I feel your cause; there let him fall:
Die where he lists, but give his corpse a grave.—
And see, the Carmelite approaches.

Mat. Hah!

The Lord De Courci too!—Stand by the body;
And if the wretch has breath to speak again,
Call them to witness his confession. Mark!
In Heav'n's own presence, mark this awful scene,
And write it on thy heart!—Farewell! Be constant!
[Exit Matilda.

Enter SAINT VALORI and DE COURCI.

Mont. Noble De Courci, and thou reverend father,
From whom the penitent in life's last hour
Draws holy comfort, look upon that wretch,
Visit his soul with peace at its departure,
And take confession from his dying lips.

St. Val. Withdraw, and stand apart then out of
hearing. [They withdraw.

Lord Hildebrand, if thou hast sense and motion,
Reach forth thine hand!—So! If thou canst, look
up!

I am the Carmelite.

Hild. Oh, save me, save me!

I am a sinful man.

St. Val. But not a murderer:

He who speaks to you is Saint Valori.

Hild. God of my hope! is it some blessed spirit,
Or living man that speaks?

St. Val. A living man,
Saint Valori, himself; no spirit.—Mark!
I grasp your hand in token of forgiveness:
Dost thou perceive it?

Hild. At my heart I feel it.—
Can you forgive me? May I die in peace?

St. Val. Lo! thus with friendly hand I close thine
eyes:

Sleep, sleep! and be at rest from thy afflictions;
Wou'd mine were laid beside thee in the grave!

Hild. Oh, balmy comfort! oh, how sweet to die!—
Farewell for ever: do not quit my hand;
Let it not go, till I am dead.—Farewell! [*Dies.*

St. Val. He's dead;—his soul forsook him with that
sigh.

Now, sirs, return—'tis past; I have beheld
Religion's triumph, a repentant death.

Re-enter DE COURCI and MONTGOMERI.

Call to your servants, and remove the body.

Mont. There is a charitable house hard by,
Where on the ocean's edge a few poor monks,
A slender brotherhood of Mercy, dwell;
For human misery is a small asylum;
There often from the foundering bark escap'd,
The houseless wretch finds shelter, and his wounds,
With balsams by the fathers cull'd, are dress'd:
There we'll entomb the body.

St. Val. Be it so !

Mont. You now alone survive the morning's wreck :
You by peculiar providence are sav'd
From a devoted vessel, which the sins
Of its dire owner sunk ; still I must wonder
How God's own servant with a dæmon leagu'd,
And piety with murder cou'd embark.

St. Val. You think he was a murderer ; have a care
How you incline too rashly to such tales.
Let not your vassals triumph and rejoice
Too much o' th' sudden ; let your castle keep
Some remnant of its old propriety :
And you, the champion, hang not up your lance
In token of a bloodless victory,
But keep it sharpen'd for a fresh encounter ;
And stick your valour to the test, young knight,
Lest haply some new questioner should come,
And dash your feast with horror.

Mont. Reverend stranger,
It will become your order to desist
From threats, which cover some mysterious meaning,
And speak without disguise. You boast yourself
Noble Saint Valori's friend, yet plead the cause
Of Hildebrand, defend him from the crime
Of murder, and with gloomy menace bid me
Expect some new appellant.—Lo ! I'm ready.

St. Val. Away, vain boy, away !

Mont. Vain let me be,
Not of myself, but of the cause I stand for :
The lady of Saint Valori accounts me

Worthy to be her champion, by that title
I do impeach the memory of Lord Hildebrand;
And in the presence of this lord, whose person
Stands for the king, arraign him as a murderer:
If any loves his memory so well
As to adopt his cause, let him stand forth,
I pledge myself to answer.

St. Val. Lord De Courci,
Shall I reveal myself? I'm strongly tempted. [*Aside.*

De Cour. I do protest against it; and conjure you,
Whilst he is thus in train, leave it to me
To draw confession up.

St. Val. I am content.

De Cour. Montgomeri, in virtue of my charge
I've noted your defiance: should there come
A knight of known degree to challenge it,
Say, by what stile and title wilt thou answer?

Mont. Ask that of her in whose defence I stand.

De Cour. We know thee for her champion; but
declare,

Hast thou no nearer name, no closer tie?

St. Val. Answer to that.—'Tis palpable, 'tis gross:
Your silence is confession.

Mont. Ah, good father,
Have you so us'd confession as an engine
To twist and torture silence to your purpose,
And stain the truth with colouring not its own?

St. Val. The man who flies to silence for evasion,
When plainly question'd, aims at a deception
Which candour's self will construe to condemn him.

Mont. Thyself a stranger, dark, inscrutable,
With Hildebrand associate, thou to question me!—
First answer for thyself.

St. Val. For myself then——

De Cour. Stop, recollect your thoughts!

St. Val. Thanks, noble lord!—

For myself, then, I own I am your debtor
For no less gift than life; and tho' that life
Makes what you gave a gift of misery,
Yet is the gift uncancell'd.

Mont. Set it down

For nothing but the mutual debt of nature,
Common from man to man.—To-morrow's sun,
With favouring winds to aid us, shall transport
This castle's noble mistress and myself
Across the streight that severs this fair isle
From its maternal shore; there to renew
At Henry's feet, against this bloody man
Newly deceas'd, our criminal appeal,
Arraigning him for murder.

St. Val. Hah! beware!

Mont. Who shall oppose it?

St. Val. I; this noble witness!

Truth, and the living evidence of sight.

Mont. To you, my Lord De Courci, not to him,
Who is a son of peace, to you, a knight
Seal'd with the Cross, and militant for truth,
Thus I appeal.—What say you to our charge?

De Cour. False, false; I pledge my life upon the
proof.

Mont. Hah ! by my father's soul, if thou shalt dare
To whisper that to-morrow—

De Cour. If I dare
To whisper it !—My herald shall proclaim it ;
I'll cry it in the lists.—There is my gauntlet.
[*Throws it down.*]

St. Val. Hold, I forbid it—

[*Takes up De Courci's gauntlet.*]

Brother of the Cross,
Upon your knightly honour I conjure you
Put up your gauntlet : I revoke the combat.—
Hear me, young sir, you tread upon your grave ;
Fate waves the sword of vengeance o'er your head ;
I've pass'd it by, and paid you life for life.
Lo ! I provoke you to a gentler combat ;
Behold my peaceful gauntlet !—Take this jewel,
[*Gives the bracelet.*]

And an hour hence, when I am on my way,
Shew it to her (what shall I call your lady ?)
To her that own'd it once.

Mont. I will obey you.

What more have you in mind ?

St. Val. Tell her the monk,
Thro' all his pilgrimage from Holy Land
Preserv'd it sacred ; journeying night and day,
By sea, by land, in shipwreck, in the waves,
Still guarded it with reverence more devout
Than holy relicks of departed martyrs.
Now 'tis no longer worth : 'tis hers, 'tis yours,
'Tis the next favourite's prize, a transient bauble,

The fleeting emblem of a woman's love.—

No more: farewell!—Come, gallant lord, to horse!

[*Exit with De Courci.*

Mont. To horse! why so a warrior would have
call'd;

With such a step a warrior would have trod:

A monk!—Mysterious man! I'll not believe it.

This jewel may unfold the labyrinth—

What then? shall I commit the clue

To sorrow's trembling hand, or firmly hold it

Till more shall be discover'd?—Time direct me!

[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Chapel with an Altar decorated with the funeral Trophies of SAINT VALORI. MATILDA is discovered kneeling at the Altar. MONTGOMERI enters, and, after a Pause, speaks.

Montgomeri.

STILL at the altar! Ever on her knees—

Nothing but peace! peace to her husband's soul!

Perpetual requiems.—If, as we believe,

Th' uncircumscribed spirit of a man

Walks after death, till it can find a grave,

Or holy church, with soul-compelling hymns,

Shall chant it to repose, I am amaz'd

My father's ghost, whilst unappeas'd by prayer,
Ne'er took it's shadowy journey to this spot.

Why, when De Courci and the monk outfac'd me,
Did he not then arise with all his wounds,
And scare them to confession ? I am lost,
Bewilder'd, and perplex'd ! But see ! she moves—

[*Matilda arises, and comes down from the altar to
Montgomeri.*

Mat. My son ! my joy ! my blessing !

Mont. Whence is this ?

What sudden transformation ? By my hopes,
There is a joyful emanation round thee,
That strikes a gleam of rapture to my heart.—
What angel of good tidings hath been with thee ?
Who hath exorcis'd thy despair, and breath'd
This beam of placid pleasure in thine eyes ?

Mat. Thy father hath been with me.

Mont. Heav'ns ! my father !

Mat. I've seen him in my vision ; commun'd with
him

Before the altar : soft his accents fell,
Like voices of departed friends heard in our dreams,
Or music in the air, when the night-spirits
Warble their magic minstrelsy.

Mont. Indeed !

Wou'd I had seen him too !

Mat. Wou'd to Heav'n thou hadst !

Mont. What was his form ?

Mat. Majestically sweet

He snail'd upon me ; strait thro' all my veins
 Methought I felt a thrilling virtue run,
 Healing, where'er it cours'd, both heart and brain.

Mont. Saw you no wounds about him ?

Mat. None, no wounds ;

Nor was he in his youth, as when he died,
 But grey with years, and much transform'd by time :
 At first I knew him not, and as he spoke
 So chang'd methought he was, with pain I trac'd
 The faded record.

Mont. Spoke he of murder ?

Mat. Oh ! not a word ; but as it ne'er had been,
 And he were living now, so look'd and spoke.

Mont. 'Tis strange !—One question more—Say, did
 this form

Ne'er visit you before ?

Mat. Never, till now.

Mont. Nor this, nor any other shape ?

Mat. Oh ! never, never.

Mont. Then, then I own my confidence is shaken ;
 And fit it is no longer to conceal
 What I have newly heard so boldly vouch'd,
 That my faith reels.

Mat. Speak, I conjure thee, speak !

Mont. I came this instant from the Carmelite
 And Lord De Courci : on the floor was stretch'd
 The breathless corpse of Hildebrand ; the monk
 In his last moments had been private with him :
 I urg'd the murder, to his own confession
 Appealing in my accusation's proof ;

When, strange to tell ! his confessor the monk
Boldly denied that he had kill'd Saint Valori.
Rous'd at this daring insult, and indignant,
I turn'd upon De Courci, and demanded
If he wou'd vouch the falsehood : he, more hot
And no less confident than t' other, hurl'd
Defiance in my teeth, and to the ground
Threw down his gauntlet, pledging to the truth
Of what the monk affirm'd.

Mat. I am amaz'd ;
There is a trembling expectation in me,
That by some secret impulse draws me on
To the great revelation of my fate :
Therefore, proceed !

Mont. Before I could reply,
The Carmelite had seiz'd De Courci's pledge,
And with a tone and gesture more beseeching
A haughty warrior than a son of peace,
Sternly forbade the challenge to proceed :
Then with a mournful action turning tow'ards me,
And sighing, drew from forth his bosom this,
This pearly chain. *[Produces the bracelet.]*

Mat. Ah !—Do my eyes betray me ?—
Help, help ! uphold me, whilst I look upon it.—
The same ; the same ! I gave it to my husband ;
My last, fond, parting pledge : guide, guide my
hands,
My trembling hands to touch it.—Sacred relic !
Enthusiastic as the pilgrim's kiss,
Thus to my lips I press thee. Hail, thrice hail !—

To thee, O altar, with these banners deck'd,
Hallow'd with daily incense, and besieg'd
With never-ceasing requiems for his soul,
I dedicate this trophy of my love!—

Lead me, my son!

Mont. Oh! dost thou love thy son?

Mat. Love thee! O Heaven!

[Falls on his neck weeping.]

Mont. By that then I conjure thee.

Come to thy couch! Now, as thy cheek turns pale,
Convulsion shakes thy lip, and the full stream
Bursts from thine eyes, return not to the altar;
Let me conduct thee forth.

Mat. Where, where's the monk?

Shall I not see him?

Mont. Yes, thou suffering saint!

Be patient for a while, and thou shalt see him.

Mat. Come then, dispose of me as to thy love

And piety seems best: I will obey.

Let me have this—Thou wilt not take this from me.

[Holding the bracelet.]

Mont. Not for the worth of all this world.

Mat. I thank thee.

[Exeunt.]

Enter SAINT VALORI, DE COURCI, and GYFFORD.

St. Val. Suffer this last one weakness.—Hah! she's
gone;

The chapel is deserted: I had hop'd
Once more to have look'd upon her ere we parted.

De Cour. 'Tis better as it is.

St. Val. It may be so ;
And yet 'twere stern philosophy, methinks,
That could refuse the sight one short indulgence,
Ere the heart breaks with sorrow.

De Cour. I am pain'd
To see this tender sorrow swell so fast.

St. Val. Oh ! call to mind how I have lov'd this
woman !

Gyfford, thou know'st it : say, thou faithful servant,
What was my passion ; how did absence feed it ?
But how canst thou compute my sum of sorrows ?
Years upon years have roll'd since thou wast with me :
Time hath been wearied with my groans, my tears
Have damp'd his wings, till he scarce crept along ;
The unpitying sun ne'er wink'd upon my toils ;
All day I dragg'd my slavery's chain, all night
Howl'd to its clanking on my bed of straw ;
And yet these pains were recreation now,
To those I feel, whilst I resign Matilda.

Gyf. Stay then, my noble master, here abide,
And to this awful place convoke your lady.

St. Val. This awful place ! she'll visit it no more ;
Or, if she does, 'twill be to strip these trappings ;
These mockeries shall come down, they've had their
day,

They've serv'd the uses of hypocrisy,
And festive garlands now shall fill their place
Around this nuptial altar.

De Cour. No, my friend,
I am a witness to her unfeign'd sorrows ;

And were I left to judge of them unbiass'd
 By what I saw besides, I should believe
 She were the very mirror of her sex
 For matchless constancy.

St. Val. You rend my heart.

Gyf. Thrice on her knees this morning hath she
 wash'd

This altar's feet with tears, and with her prayers
 Sent up a mingled cry of sighs and groans.

St. Val. Why then, old man, didst thou distract
 my soul

With gossip tales to slander her fair fame,
 And murder my repose? If thou art conscious
 Of having wrong'd her, get thee hence, begone!
 Fall at her feet for pardon, howl for pity,
 And hide thyself where light may never find thee.

Gyf. With grief, but not with shame, I will retire
 From thee and light.—I have not wrong'd the truth.

St. Val. Stay, Gyfford, stay, thou loyal, good old
 man!

Pity thy master, and forgive my phrenzy.
 Lo! I am calm again: the pledge I've given
 To young Montgomeri shall be the test:
 Yes, with that chain I'll draw her to the proof;
 Link'd and entwin'd about her heart I'll hold it,
 And tent her nature to its inmost feelings.—
 See, the young favourite comes!

Enter MONTGOMERI.

Mont. Oh! timely found,
 G ij

Well are you thus encounter'd, holy sir!
The lady of Saint Valori demands you;
And lo! where she advances.

Enter MATILDA.

Mat. Hah! 'tis well.

In presence of this altar we are met:
And may the sacred genius of the place
Prosper our interview!

St. Val. Amen! amen!

Mat. Good friends, withdraw! let none approach
the chapel

Whilst we are private.—Now be firm, my heart!

[They go out—she pauses some time, and then addresses herself to Saint Valori.]

Father, I thank you!—I've receiv'd your pledge,
The small, but prizeless relic you have brought me.
The bracelet, given by Lord De Courci's hands
In times long past (fie, fie upon these tears,
They will have way!) to a departed friend.
Perhaps he priz'd this trifle—but alas!
'Tis fated, like the arm from which 'twas taken,
Never to clasp him more.

St. Val. Alas! I fear it.

Mat. I hope De Courci gave it to my lord.

St. Val. He did: I saw him give it.

Mat. Hah! you saw him!

St. Val. When he embark'd for Palestine; I've
told you

We never march'd apart. I wore the Cross
In those fame-seeking days.

Mat. I do remember.—

And this poor favour, did my hero wear it ?

St. Val. Devoutly, at his heart.

Mat. Then, then indeed

Thou hast bestow'd a treasure.—Welcome, welcome !

[As she is pressing it to her heart, St. Valori, observing her agitation, runs to her assistance.]

St. Val. He wore it like an amulet ; with this
Before his heart, first thro' the yawning breach
Thy sacred walls, Jerusalem, he storm'd ;
Tore down the moony standard, where it hung
In impious triumph ; thrice their Pagan swords
Shiver'd his mailed crest, as many times
That sacred amulet was dy'd in blood
Nearest his heart.

Mat. Stop there ! I charge thee, stop !
Tell me no more : oh, follow him no further,
For see, th' accursed Pyrenæans rise,
Streaming with blood ; there hellish murder howls ;
There madness rages, and with haggard eyes
Glares in the craggy pass !—She'll spring upon me
If I advance. Oh, shield me from the sight !

St. Val. Be calm, collect thyself : it was not there,
It was not there Saint Valori met his death.
'Twas not the sword of Hildebrand that slew him ;
Tho' pierc'd with wounds, that ambush he surviv'd.

Mat. What do I hear ? Oh, look upon this altar !
Think where you stand, and do not wrong the truth.

St. Val. He, who is truth itself, be witness for me!
 Deep was the stroke that dire assassin gave,
 Yet short of life it stopt; unhors'd and fall'n,
 Welt'ring in blood, your wounded husband lay,
 'Till haply found by charitable strangers
 Journeying to Venice, he was heal'd, restor'd;
 And, thence embarking, by a barbarous rover
 Was captur'd.—Start not; but repress your terrors.

Mat. Admire not that I tremble; marvel rather
 That I hear this and live.—Saint Valori captur'd!
 The bravest captain of the Cross enslav'd
 By barbarous Pagans!

St. Val. Tedious years he suffer'd
 Of hard captivity——

Mat. Oh, where, ye heavens!
 Where was your justice then?—And died he there?

St. Val. 'Twas not his lot to find a distant grave.

Mat. Where, where?—Oh, speak! release me from
 the rack!——

Where did my hero fall?

St. Val. Where did he fall!——

Nor Pagan swords, nor slavery's galling chain,
 Nor murderers' daggers, Afric's burning clime,
 Toils, storms, nor shipwreck, kill'd him—here he
 fell!

Grief burst his heart—here in this spot he fell!

[*He falls to the ground.*]

Mat. Ah, horror, horror!——Help, for mercy,
 help!

My son, my son! your father lies before you.

MONTGOMERI *runs in, followed by* DE COURCI *and*
GYFFORD.

Mont. My father! Heav'n and earth! Oh, save
him; save him!

Where shall I turn? See, see! she faints, she falls!

[*Supports her in his arms.*]

De Cour. He is her son. Awake, look up, my friend!
Live, live! De Courci bids Saint Valori live.

Your rival is your son.

[*Saint Valori raising himself on his knee, unsheaths
his dagger.*]

St. Val. Off! give me way:

I'll kill him in her arms.

De Cour. He is your son——

Hear me, thou frantic father! I, De Courci,
I speak to you.—Would you destroy your son?

St. Val. Bind up his wounds. Oh, if I've slain
my son,

Perdition will not own me!

Mont. He revives.

Nature awakens reason.—Hush! be still.

She stirs.—Withhold him from her arms awhile;

Let all be silence, whilst disposing Heaven,

That showers this joy, shall fit them to receive it.

Mat. How could you say my husband is alive?

Which of you keeps him from me?—Oh! 'tis cruel!

St. Val. Uncase me of my weeds; tear off my cowl!

Now, now she'll know me; now I am Saint Valori.

[*Throws off his habit, and appears in armour.*]

Mat. Stand off! Oh, blessed light of Heav'n, shine forth!

Visit my aching eyes, ye solar beams,
And let me see my hero!—Hah! the Cross——
He gleams—he glimmers;—like a mist he rises.——
He lives! he lives! I clasp him in my arms.
My lost Saint Valori! my long-lost husband!

[Runs into his arms.]

St. Val. Oh, my heart's joy! do I again embrace thee?

Soul of all honour, constancy, and truth!

Mat. This transport is too quick, it melts my brain;
The sky runs round; the earth is all in motion;
Nay, now it whirls too fast.

St. Val. Ye saints in bliss!

Heroic matrons! Ye angelic virtues,
Protect your fair resemblance!—Hah! she weeps!—
Kind tears, I thank you! Nature's soft relief,
Waters, that from the soul's full fount run o'er,
To joy or grief welcome alike ye flow,
Assist our patience, and assuage our pain.

Mat. Alas! alas! that I shou'd know thee not.—
What ravages have time and sorrow made
In Heav'n's most perfect work, the fairest temple
Nature e'er rear'd in majesty and grace!

St. Val. What dire calamity have we escap'd!
Now 'tis dispers'd, the mists of doubt are fled;
Truth, like the sun, breaks forth, and all is joy.—
My son! my son! Oh, throw my arms about him,
And let me cling for ever to his neck!

Mont. Oh sympathetic energy of nature !
This morn a nameless orphan, now the son
Of living parents : he for virtue fam'd,
For dignity of soul, and matchless courage ;
She for affection, constancy renown'd,
Inspir'd with truth, with every grace adorn'd,
A woman's fondness, and an angel's face.

Mat. Heaven hear my praises ! echo them, O earth !
Cherubs, that come with healing on your wings,
Waft my thanksgiving back !——Bright beam of
mercy !

Visit the inmost chambers of my heart ;
And where grief rear'd a husband's monument
Fix now his living image : there, as time
Shook not the faithful witness from my soul,
When grief assail'd it, so in joy support me,
And guard my constancy in both extremes.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

BY THE AUTHOR.

Spoken by Mrs. SIDDONS.

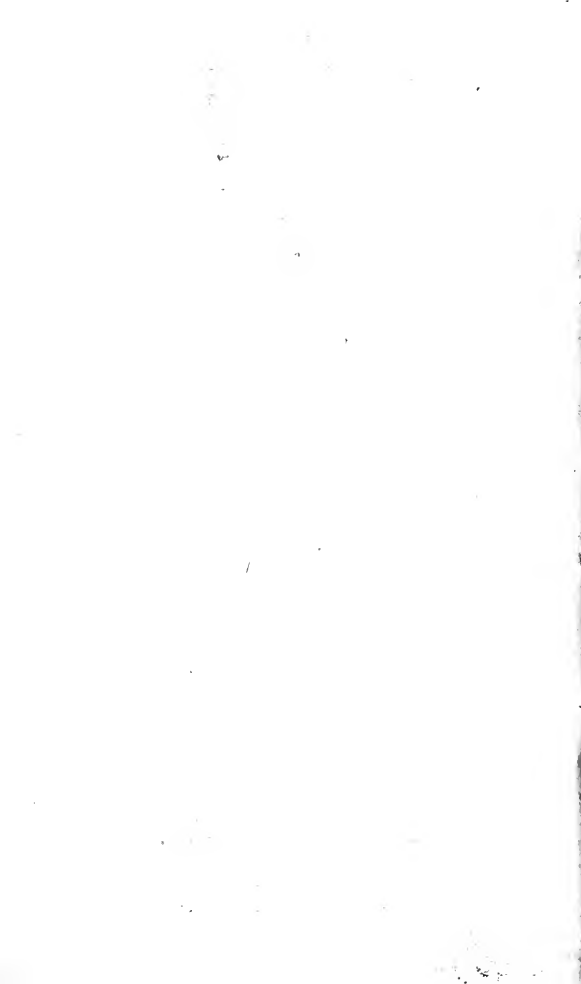
*LADIES, we now have shewn a faithful wife,
And trust our scene prevails in real life;
We hope that nuptial truth's your reigning passion,
If not—why let the stage begin the fashion :
'Tis ours to paint you innocent and true ;
To be what we describe depends on you.—
Two tragic masters grac'd th' Athenian stage,
One sketch'd with candour, t'other dash'd with rage :
Old Sophocles's dames were heavenly creatures,
His rival drew them all in fury features ;
Both err'd, perhaps.—The milder urg'd this plea,
“ I paint my women as they ought to be :”
The angry bard, relentless to the Fair,
Sternly replied, “ I paint mine as they are.”*

*Our Author (pardon if he brings his name
Too near to those of an immortal fame)
At humble distance takes the milder plan,
Less proud to be a poet than a man :
Scorns first to forge and then enforce a crime,
Or polish libels into truth by rhyme.*

*If you have faults, alas! he bids me say,
Oh! that his wish cou'd charm them all away!
For if no cure but caustics can be found,
He will not make a sore to heal a wound;
If you have faults, they're faults he won't discover,
To your own sex he begs to bind you over.
So many ladies now there are who write,
You'll hear of all your trips some winter's night:
Since Pegasus has learn'd the jadish trick
To bear a side-saddle, you'll find him kick.*

*But let no satyrist touch my lips with gall,
Lips, from which none but grateful words shall fall.
Can I forget?—But I must here be dumb,
So vast my debt, I cannot count the sum;
Words would but fail me, and I claim no art,
I boast no eloquence—but of the heart.*









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